Feb. 24, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/6/86.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Knot—Two brothers, one black and one who could pass for white, struggle in vain to emerge from the cultural hell to which they are condemned in South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, plays one brother, Zakes Mokae plays the other. Their performances are very fine and not to be missed. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—A revival by the New York City Opera of the Lerner and Loewe musical. The director is Gerald Freedman. Previews Friday evening and Saturday matinée, Feb. 28-March 1. Opens officially on Saturday evening, March 1, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

The Caretaker—An early Pinter play, in which the author's elliptical snatches of conversation for once fail to convince us that something awful is just about to happen. A Steppenwolf Theatre Company production. (2/10/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Circle Repertory Company—The first two of three plays in rotating repertory: **THE MOUND BUILDERS,** a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's **CALIGULA,** adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—Being a notably law-abiding people, the British relish murder mysteries, especially those with a prevalence of corpses. Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea are the stars of this classic example of the genre. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of W. Somerset Maugham's play **THE CONSTANT WIFE** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	1

Fresh Horses—A play by Larry Ketron. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Gertrude Stein and a Companion—A play by Win Wells, about Miss Stein and Alice B. Toklas, with Jan Miner and Marian Seldes. (2/17/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Halala!—A musical written and directed by Welcome Msomi, performed by a company of eight people who also play traditional South African instruments. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—Nobody knows how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, but Noël Coward has eight fascinating non-angels dancing on the equivalent space, in one of the earliest and funniest of his comedies. The perfect cast is headed by Rosemary Harris. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"WEBBING" . . . . *Ian Frazier* 29
"BOXES" . . . . *Raymond Carver* 31
"ALONE IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS" (POEM) . . . . *John Ashbery* 34
ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD (GEOLOGY—PART I) . . . . *John McPhee* 38
"TO HIS IMPORTUNATE MISTRESS" (POEM) . . . . *Peter De Vries* 40
LETTER FROM MOTT STREET . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 72
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 76
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 80
"A WALK" (POEM) . . . . *Katha Pollitt* 85
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 86
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 89
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 94
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 98
BRIEFLY NOTED 104

RECEIVED
FEB 26

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8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Home Street Home—A play with music, written by Phil Bosakowski. Opens Thursday, Feb. 20, and will run through Sunday, March 2. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, *though often entertaining, comedy about two* old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—Not a play, not a musical, but a recital of Jerry Herman's songs which might better have been entitled "With Love to Jerry from Jerry." The all-woman cast stars Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Lillian—A kindly view of the late Lillian Hellman, drawn from her kindly view of herself in her not very accurate autobiographical writings. A one-person show, with Zoe Caldwell. (1/27/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Loot—A revival of a play by Joe Orton. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Mirror Repertory Company—A revival of W. Somerset Maugham's play **THE CIRCLE**, with Geraldine Page. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 6:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Room Service—A sadly disappointing revival of the sturdy farce by John Murray and Allen Boretz, but with a very funny performance by Keith Reddin, as a young playwright, still wet behind the ears, who comes to town from Oswego and outsmarts everybody. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26	27	28	1

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock documentary tells the story of a credulous Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny. The production, under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Tony Plana, Polly Draper, and Frank Maraden. (2/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7.)

The Second Man—S. N. Behrman's rather weak comedy about a dilettante writer, done well enough to indicate what it might have been like with Alfred Lunt or Noël Coward, almost sixty years ago. (2/17/86) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

To Whom It May Concern—A musical by Carol Hall, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. 315-5020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Uptown . . . It's Hot!—Any musical that pretends to begin in Heaven (especially a Heaven that consists of swirling clouds of dry ice) is off to a bad start. When we are not in Heaven, we are supposed to be in Harlem, at various moments over the past fifty years. Song, dance, and silliness. (2/10/86) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Williams and Walker—A musical about the comedy team of Bert Williams and George Walker, written by Vincent D. Smith. The score is made up of music by Williams, Scott Joplin, and others. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. After Sunday, Feb. 23, no performances until Thursday, Feb. 27, when the show will reopen at the American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St., 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 3; and Saturday, March 1, at 2.)

Long Runs—**BILOXI BLUES:** The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** *10,744 performances so* far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Songs of the Auvergne," "Eight More," "Valse Triste," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Songs of the Auvergne,"

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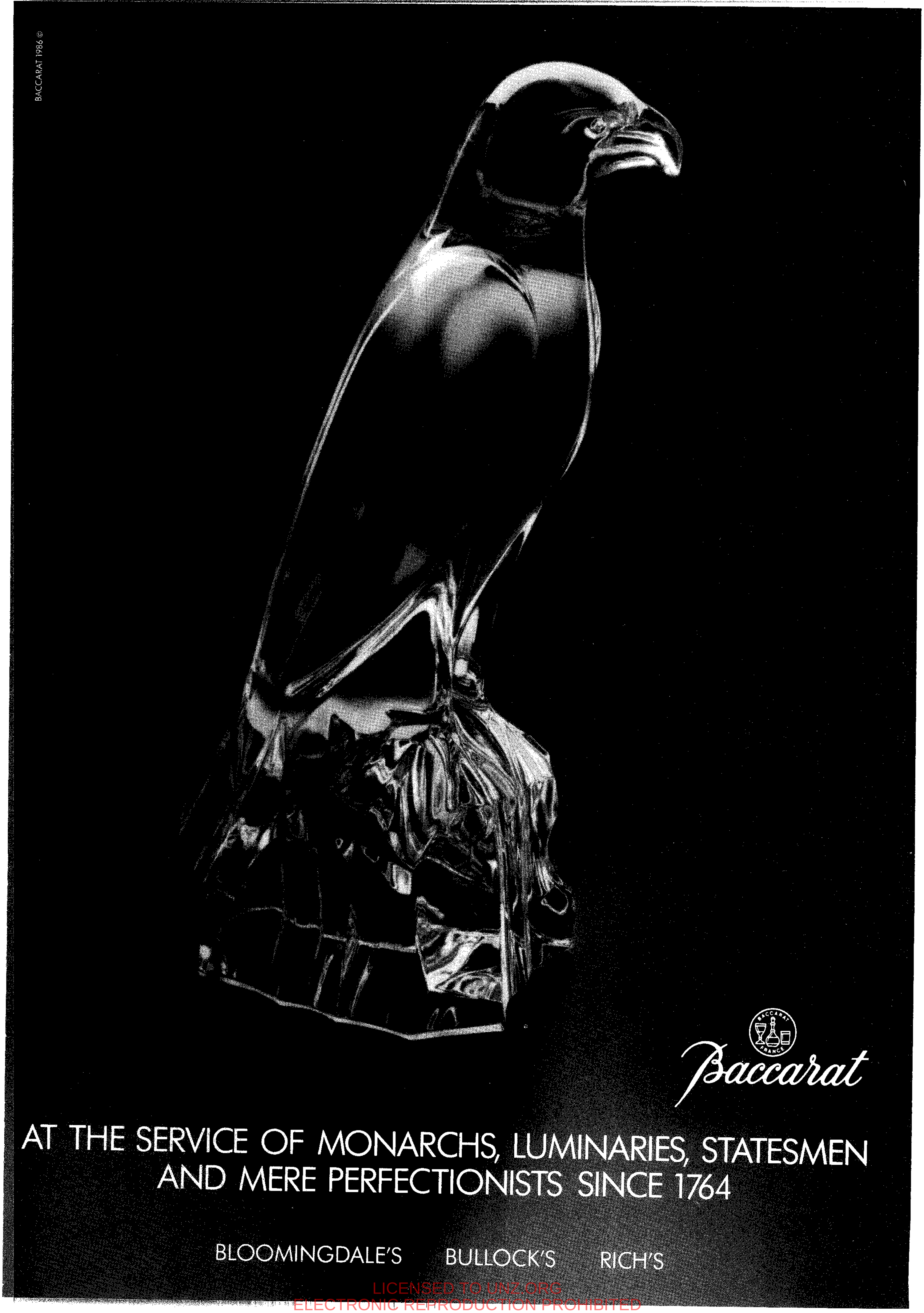
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	1

"Eight More," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 1: "Songs of the Auvergne," "Fancy Free," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7: "Mozartiana," "Symphony in C," and other works to be announced. A benefit performance. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Compagnie Maguy Marin—Presenting "May B," a full-length work. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 19-21, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

Jennifer Muller & the Works—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 27, and Saturday, March 1, at 8; and Sunday, March 2, at 3: "Darkness and Light" (première) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, and Friday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Saturday, March 1, at 2: Act I of "Beach," "Speeds," and "Solo: For Burt" (première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ohio Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8: "Untitled," "Songs Without Words," and two New York premières—"Feral" and "Cascade." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 7:30: "Allegro Brillante," "Tristeza," "Light Breeze," "Summoned Echoes," and "Patterns of Change." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—New and repertory works. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 20-22, at 8.)

José Limon Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 9—Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30: "Also Egmont, Bitte!" (première), "Recueil" (New York première), "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: Three New York premières—"El Ultimo Canto," "Solo," and "Poème Danse"—"Break" (company première), and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Recueil," "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "There Is a Time," "Icarus" (company première), "Growing Up in Public," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Also Egmont, Bitte!," "Icarus," "Dances for Isadora," and "There Is a Time." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Serena Dance Theatre—In a program called "Visions of Salome." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Feb. 27, and Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 8.)

Dancemobile Winter Series—A series of eight performances by twelve companies, which will run through Sunday, March 2—Thursday, Feb. 20: Foot Steppin' Steps. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21: Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theatre and Calabash Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22: The Urban Bush Women and Philadanco. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23: The Fred Benjamin Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27: Sandman Sims. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28: Mafata and the Olatunji Dancers, Singers, and Drums of Passion. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Evenings at 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, the 29th Street Sax Quartet; Sunday, Feb. 23, the Sweet Hots; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, Mark Morganelli & the Jazz Forum All-Stars. Mondays are the property of Cecil Gregory and his trio, Tuesdays the Marie McAuliffe duo, Wednesdays the Alan Kamen duo, and Thursdays the Charles Blenzig duo. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Mouth-organ virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** is here at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The Latin-jazz schedule continues with the **RAY BARRETTO** orchestra trading sets with the **DAVE VALENTIN** quartet through Sunday, Feb. 23; Monday, Feb. 24, will belong to **JERRY GONZALEZ & FORT APACHE;** and starting Tuesday, Feb. 25, **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band and the **ARTURO SANDOVAL** band will be on the bandstand. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session every night but Monday after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

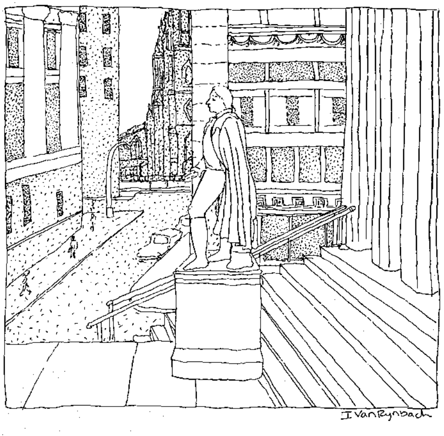
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The partial schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 19, singer John Hiatt; Thursday, Feb. 20, Hiroshima; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, the **WEATHER GIRLS,** the pop-soul singing duo. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate musicians. **LARRY WILLIS** and **RUFUS REID** perform piano-bass duets through Saturday, Feb. 22; on Sunday, Feb. 23, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will drop in; and on Monday, Feb. 24, composer, conductor, multi-instrumentalist, and singer **DAVID AMRAM** will come in with guitarist **VIC JURIS** and bassist **VICTOR VENEGAS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. **GEORGE SHEARING,** a stylized, breathy vocalist and a generously melodic pianist, can be found in it with bassist **DON THOMPSON** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. The **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** trio and the **GARY BURTON** group share the stage through Saturday, Feb. 22; Sunday, Feb. 23, will be **OREGON** night, with **RALPH TOWNER, PAUL MC CANDLESS, GLEN MOORE,** and **TRILOK GURTU;** and starting Tuesday, Feb. 25, soulful tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will lead his band. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.



Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Feb. 19, the Lyres, the Ben Vaughn combo, and the A-Bones; Thursday, Feb. 20, the Stigalators and Fourplay; Friday, Feb. 21, **ELLEN MC ILWAINE;** Saturday, Feb. 22, Jim Dawson; Wednesday, Feb. 26, the Oysters and Louie Louie & the Lost Hombres; and Friday, Feb. 28, blues singer **PAULA LOCKHEART.** Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Keely Smith sings here through Sunday, Feb. 23, and on Tuesday, Feb. 25, **CAROL SLOANE,** whose singing style sprang full blown from the brow of Ella, will move in. Singers' shows run Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. And still available is the straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who works here with bassist **FRANK TATE** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays belong to Stephanie Crawford, Amy Duncan, and Wayne Roberts; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—Pianist **RALPH SUTTON,** a stirring traditionalist, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard; and Mondays **DICK HYMAN** has charge of the music. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **STEVE LA SPINA** are the pianist and the bassist through Saturday, Feb. 22, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 25, pianist and harpist **CORKY HALE** will head up a trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, the nostalgic sounds of San Francisco acid rock (B.Y.O.A.); Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, rockabilly singer **ROBERT GORDON;** Sunday through Tuesday, Feb 23-25, **CHUCK BERRY** (the correct answer to the question, What is rock and roll?); Wednesday, Feb. 26, singer and accordionist **QUEEN IDA** and her non-flashy, sweet-shuffling Louisiana zydeco band; Thursday, Feb. 27 Roomful of Blues; and Friday and Saturday Feb. 28-March 1, a new edition of the Byrds Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Disk jockey, novelist, and singer Jonathan Schwartz is on the podium at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. The music: Wednesday, Feb. 19, **TOM PIERSON & TURNING POINT;** Thursday, Feb. 20 Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Feb 21-22, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD;** Sunday Feb. 23, Wanda & the Way It Is; Monday Feb. 24, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Feb. 25, Michael Dolan; Thursday, Feb. 27, Dan Wilensky; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28 March 1, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his driving, macho Latin-jazz quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneaker rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, com

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Friday, Feb. 21, the **FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS**, a fine English blues, ska, and rock outfit; Saturday, Feb. 22, Social Distortion, Vandals, Screams, and Murphy's Law; Thursday, Feb. 27, Bad Manners and Mass Extension; and Friday, Feb. 28, the Damned. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, and American music. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, **EGBERTO GISMONTI**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Feb. 25, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Thursday, Feb. 27, **HECTOR LAVOE**; and Friday, Feb. 28, **MIKATA**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer and father figure for more than three decades **ART BLAKEY** and his current crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** are here through Sunday, Feb. 23. On Tuesday, Feb. 25, pocket trumpeter and jazz spiritualist **DON CHERRY** will arrive with saxophonist **CARLOS WARD**, bassist **MARK HELIAS**, drummer **ED BLACKWELL**, and percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS**. Mondays are given over to the uplifting and unjaded **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple basic (in the age of extravagance) blues and rock club. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 19, Cakewalk; Thursday, Feb. 20, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, and Saturday, March 1, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen to his mom) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Monday, Feb. 24, the Young Turks and Block Rock; Tuesday, Feb. 25, the Bullies; Wednesday, Feb. 26, Rosie Rex & the Cuchifritos and the Invaders; Thursday, Feb. 27, the Mad Violets; and Friday, Feb. 28, blues saxophonist **BIG JAY MC NEELY**. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On the Terrace, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** can be heard at nine-thirty nightly, except Mondays; Mondays after ten are now claimed by pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY**, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, and guitarist **TED DUNBAR**. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present with a trio on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Drummer **MEL LEWIS** and his orchestra are on hand through Monday, Feb. 24, and on Tuesday, Feb. 25, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Red Holloway heads a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 23; starting Wednesday, Feb. 26, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON** will bring in his quintet. Tuesdays, Don Leight & Masters of Swing can be found at work. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and sometimes guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are here through Saturday, Feb. 22, and **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** will take over beginning Monday, Feb. 24. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their longtime collaboration, which produces their own brand of lively chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PATTI LABELLE—A three-week engagement. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7. Through Sunday, March 9.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—A program celebrating the thirteenth anniversary of this series will feature Don Sebesky and his orchestra, Jay Leonhart, Mike Renzi, and Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

EDDIE LOCKE QUARTET—Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

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JOHNNY WINTER and **JORMA KAUKONEN**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.

LOISAIDA EMPIRE—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.

VALERY PONOMAREV—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 6:30.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs entitled "Broadway Songs of the Forties," this one devoted to songs from musicals based on plays, and featuring Martin Charnin as narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

A HARLEM REVIEW—The Pazant Brothers, the Fine Browns, Zoe Walker, and Frank Dell. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30.)

JASON HWANG—With Leroy Jenkins, Billy Bang, and others. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

TITO PUENTE ORCHESTRA and **CELIA CRUZ**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, March 1, at 8.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Feb. 21, at 9 and 10:30: Walter Bishop, Jr., trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 9:30 and 11: Billy Harper quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7: Sathima Bea Benjamin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: Thom Gambino & the Umano Foundation Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 9 and 10:30: Bobby Sanabria & Ascension. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 9:30 and 11: George Coleman quartet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HORST ANTES—A retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

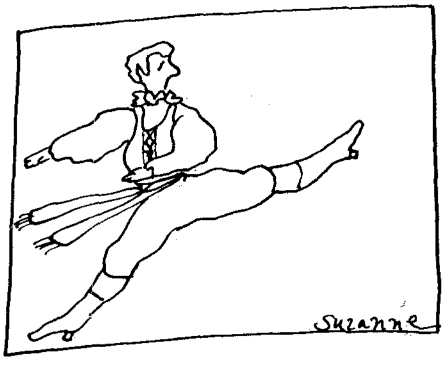
MICHAEL DAVID—Abstractions in mixed mediums on large shaped canvases. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—A large cast-cement sculpture, with a polished, wrinkled surface, which rises about a foot and a half off the floor. Through Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

MAX KLINGER (1857-1920)—Prints. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

DAVID LEVINE—Pen-and-ink caricatures that exaggerate the virtues as well as the flaws; the Reagans, Shultz, and Iacocca are especially well done. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Freestanding abstract wood sculptures painted dark green and mahogany. Through March 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)



DANIEL MORPER—Oil paintings of the Grand Canyon. Through Saturday, March 1. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GRAHAM NICKSON—Paintings in which the beach is a stage for figures whose placement resembles choreography. Through March 11. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

STEPHEN POSEN—Recent paintings. Through March 29. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—Paintings dating from 1968 to the present. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

MARTIN SILVERMAN—Bronze sculptures of sumo wrestlers and other figures. Through March 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

HORACIO TORRES (1924-76)—Paintings of nude figures done in the last years of the artist's life. Through Saturday, March 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

HELEN MIRANDA WILSON—Small, neatly painted views of Manhattan, from unusual perspectives, and landscapes of the American West in which whole mountain ranges are compressed onto seven-by-eleven-inch Masonite boards. Through Saturday, March 1. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

JOSEPH WOLINS—Paintings of New York during the thirties and forties. Through March 15. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: An exhibit marking the fiftieth anniversary of the American Artists' Congress which reunites, through paintings, sculptures, and photographs, seventy of the organizing artists, including Berenice Abbott, Philip Evergood, Abraham Walkowitz, and Alexander Calder. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Eight drawings by Paul Klee, in ink, watercolor, and oil; two paintings and two costume designs by Sonia Delaunay; and works by other early-twentieth-century Europeans. Through March 29. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: About a hundred drawings owned by members of the Drawing Society: works by Caravaggio, Degas, Homer, Matisse, Willem de Kooning, and others. Through March 8. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among new acquisitions here are a Matisse (still-life), a Modigliani (head of a young woman), a Picasso (his studio), and a small Archipenko bronze of a nude figure. Through March 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOSEF ALBERS (1888-1976)—A large show that includes paintings from the "Homage to the Square" series and studies on blotting paper Through March 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JERRY ATKINS—Bronze figures reduced to a few telling gestures. Through Saturday, March 1 (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Portraits. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RONALD BLADEN—Wall sculptures composed of strips of aluminum, up to twenty-three feet long, set in handsomely carpentered wood supports. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

ALLEN BLAGDEN—Watercolors and drawings depicting quiet landscapes, plus a few still-lifes figures, and animals. Through Thursday, Feb 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER / WILLIAM CONLON—Crusty abstractions in oil. Through Saturday, March 1. / Abstractions on paper showing isolated geometric shapes. Through March 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

LARRY BROWN—Abstractions applied to layered wood panels. Through Saturday, March 1 (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD—Tabletop-size horses cast in bronze. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Heesy 50 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD CHAET—Paintings representing his work from 1942 on. Through March 8. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

MATTHEW DAUB—Highly detailed cityscapes Through Saturday, March 1. (French, 41 W 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LOIS DODD / ANNE ARNOLD—The Louisiana countryside and other landscapes. / Pastel draw

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Seatbelts save lives. © 1986 Volkswagen

ings of animals by a sculptor. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Les Frères Duchamp—Approximately forty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by the brothers Marcel, Raymond, and Jacques. Through March 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman—Realist Western landscape paintings, seventy per cent mountains and sky, thirty per cent human or man-made forms. Through Saturday, March 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Eugenie Gershoy—Painted-papier-mâché sculptures, mostly of dancers and circus performers. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

K. M. Graham—Abstract landscapes. Through March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mike Green—Brooding watercolors of interior details of mansions in Melbourne, Australia, where high Victorian style reached its apogee. The artist is Australian. Through Saturday, March 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Figures and landscapes in clear watercolor laid down on immaculate pencil drawings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anton Heyboer—Works on paper by a Dutch artist. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Kerr, 225 W. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4:30.)

Rebecca Horn—A conceptual installation called "The Gold Rush," which contains a number of electronic devices and a solid-gold bar. Through Saturday, March 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roberto Juarez—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) and **Paula Modersohn Becker** (1876-1907)—Drawings, paintings, and prints. Through March 15. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Kruger—Rough-wood figures, plus woodblock prints. Through March 8. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / Nabil Nahas—Paintings on stretched canvas, a new method for her. / Paintings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James McGarrell—Allegorical paintings; one is a triptych with seven predella panels. Also, monotypes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Canvases occupied by numerous figures wearing fashionable attire of the twenties. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969) / **Paul Rudolph**—More than forty drawings. A larger Mies show is at the Museum of Modern Art. / Drawings for public buildings under construction in Southeast Asia are the most recent works in a survey of more than fifty. Through Saturday, March 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Moskowitz—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—Abstractions. Through March 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Feb. 28. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Stewart Waltzer—Abstract paintings. Through March 8. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Marlene Tseng Yu—Semi-abstract paintings on paper. Through March 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Domenico Bianchi—Large, sombre paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Ross Bleckner—Large paintings in which, for instance, funerary urns or great chandeliers are seen in the dark behind what appear to be rain-blurred windows. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Gregory Botts—Large new paintings, in some of which black figures borrowed from Goya are partially blocked out by a square of a single color. Through March 8. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

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Vivian Bower—Pastel studies of cloud formations and sparkling seas. Through Saturday, March 1. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Toby Buonagurio—Ceramic works (classical heads, robots, mythical beasts) caked with beads, bangles, and glitter, not to mention Day-Glo coloration. Through Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Gretna Campbell—Expressionist landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Jane Dickson / Dick Miller—New paintings by a young artist who interprets the hypnotic aspects of artificial lighting in Times Square and elsewhere. / Abstract sculptures. Through March 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Constance Dodge—A sculpture-and-painting installation. Through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Sandra Eisenstein—Abstract painted-cardboard constructions. Also, a slide installation in which images of the constructions are projected onto translucent theatrical drops. Through March 8. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Edgar Franceschi—Paintings. Through March 2. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Jeff Gompertz—Paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Laura Grisi—Massive wall pieces collaged with bric-a-brac of the type found in Cornell boxes—bronze bunches of grapes, drafting tools, pieces of marble, brass disks, and so on. Also, isolated bric-a-brac sculptures mounted on pedestals. Through Saturday, March 1. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Harmony Hammond—Paintings (with shapes reminiscent of this artist's wrapped sculptures) on canvas and paper. Through March 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Reuben Kadish—A retrospective of sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.)

Dennis Kardon—Oil paintings that consider skin: as seen on a person's back, as tissue, as obscured in an X-ray. Through Saturday, March 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

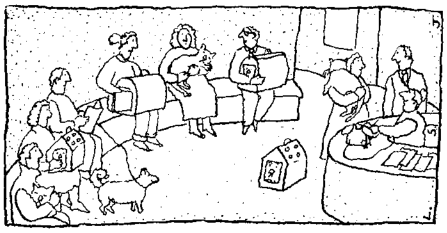
Barbara Kruger—Photographic works by an artist who subverts advertising techniques to her own purposes. Through Saturday, March 1. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Tom Lieber—Recent works by a painter of unusually strong abstractions. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Steve Linn—Sculptural tableaux, combining etched glass, metal, and wood. Through Saturday, March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Robert Lowe / Robert Rohm—Figure paintings of remarkable solidity, in the tradition of Picasso's portrait of Gertrude Stein. / Antic sculptures, involving wood pillars, skeletonized vases, stepladders, and such, shown with miniatures of the same works. Through Saturday, March 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Matta—Twenty-two paintings and five drawings of the fantasy world this artist created, territory where you wouldn't be surprised to bump into Tanguy and Gorky. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Totah-Stelling, 152 Wooster St.)



John Miller—New paintings, some abstract and some narrative, by an artist whose works have a political edge. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Manuel Neri—Sculptures of female nudes who seem to be struggling to get out of the marble blocks the artist found them in. Also, bronzes and drawings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Edith Posel—Abstract paintings. Through March 8. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Lucio Pozzi / Taro Suzuki—Eleven paintings that show the artist's various styles from the seventies to now. / A light installation. Through March 8. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Daniel Newburg, 44 White St., is showing paintings and sculptures by Mr. Suzuki. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—An antiseptic-looking installation of white ceramic tiles with black grout, by a French artist who uses them democratically to provide bases for both Etruscan urns and used oil drums. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Carpenter + Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Edward Ruscha / Nassos Daphnis—New oils. / Photographs of some of his famous tree peonies. Through Saturday, March 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Saba—Large abstract paintings sparsely crisscrossed with thin shafts of color. Through March 12. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Salvo (Salvatore Mangione)—Mosques and stylized tropical vegetation are seen in many of these small, colorful paintings. Through Saturday, March 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Outsize, rousing geometrical abstractions on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 1. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Paintings of figures in dreamlike settings. Through March 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Trevor Winkfield—Recent paintings by a British artist who combines heraldic devices and antique-comic-strip artistry into narrative works. Through Saturday, March 1. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Jackie Winsor—A new series of cube sculptures, these being two and a half feet square, with peepholes in the sides. Some are made of mirrors, some of plaster or wood, and there is also a heavy concrete sphere with twenty pounds of blue pigment mixed into its composition. Through Saturday, March 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Terry Winters—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Pam Adler**, 578 Broadway: Abstractions by three painters—Sharon Gold, Judith Murray, and Lynn Umlauf. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . **First Street Gallery**, 386 West Broadway: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Red Grooms, Alice Neel, Mark Kostabi, Sue Coe, and others) from a show recently held in South Carolina at the Greenville County Museum of Art. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **Little-John-Smith**, 133 Greene St.: Assorted works by the gallery's women members, among them Roberta Fels and Cindy Kane. Through Saturday, March 1. . . . **Soho 20**, at 469 Broome St.: Small-scale paintings and other works by women artists from Southern California, including Joyce Treiman and Betye Saar. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—At **Germans van Eck**, 420 West Broadway: Large sculptural works based, sometimes remotely, on nature—a five-foot-tall presence made of red-cedar strips and entitled "Old Mole," by Martin Puryear, for instance, or what looks like a huge rhino horn, made of bronze and colored concrete, by Mia Westerlund Roosen. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . **Kind**, 136 Greene St.: Folk sculpture shown with sculpture that is more sophisticated but mostly in the same down-to-earth vein. Thirteen artists and fifty-five pieces. Through Saturday, March 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Guy Augeri / Mike Bidlo—Large encaustic paintings on linen, usually appointed with some-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thing found—a chair, for example, or a heavy rope. / An installation consisting of a framed peephole looking in on a wall-size rendition of Matisse's "Red Studio." Through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paul Bowen—A two-gallery exhibit of works by a Welsh sculptor. Eleven pieces, including several wall reliefs, from the past ten years. Through March 2. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Sculptures made of found objects and held together with tar, wood, and wax. Through March 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford and Max Coyer—Paintings. Through March 2. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Mark McCloud—Abstract sculptures up to eight feet tall and made of glazed clay. Through March 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **CERES**, 91 Franklin St.: Dotty Attie, Louise Bourgeois, and Ellen Lanyon head a list of women painters and sculptors depicting "The Heroic Female." Through Saturday, March 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **P. S. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Mixed-medium abstractions on slate by Merrill Wagner, computer-plotted paintings on fibre glass by Jantje Visscher, and hammered-aluminum reliefs of rocks and trees by Robert Lobe are prominent in a collection concentrating on contemporary American landscapes. Through March 23. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Marianne Engberg / Carlo Gajani—Studies of Greenland by an artist who practices pinhole photography. / Photographs of the Po Valley. Through Saturday, March 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

André Kertész (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Grace Knowlton / Beatrice Held—Platinum prints of architectural details by a photographer-sculptor. / Surreal still-life sets built by the artist and photographed with a 20 × 24 Polaroid. Through Saturday, March 1. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Steel Stillman—Mixed-media photographs employing painting, collage, and ornate frames for surrealist effects. Through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Francesca Woodman (1958-81)—Photographs, some of which were done as assignments for the artist's classes at the Rhode Island School of Design. Through March 14. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **BURDEN**, 20 E. 23rd St.: A two-part exhibit. Photographs of studio tableaux by Nic Nicosia, Dianne Blell, and others. . . . ¶ Prints from the thirties and forties by Lejaren à Hiller, a pioneer of this method. Through March 29. (Opens at 1.) . . . **303 GALLERY**, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: Prints by twenty-two contemporary artists. Through March 15. (Opens at 1.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, whose "Toilet of Venus" (1751) was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV, where it probably resided in a bathroom. Starts Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also, accessories, furnishings, and portraits. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by André Kertész. Through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. A complementary show is at the Max Protetch Gallery, 37 W. 57th St. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Variants," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

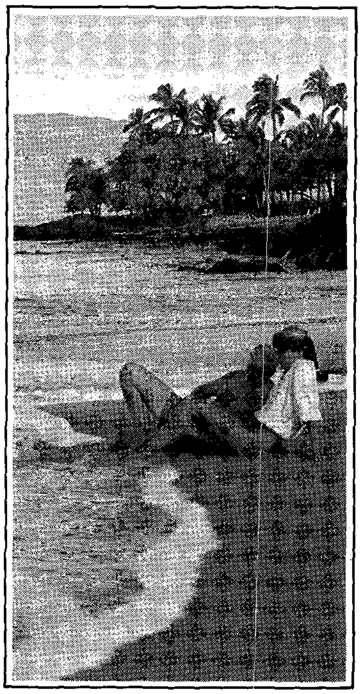
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Festival of India has brought a comprehensive survey of terra-cotta objects, one of whose characteristics is that they bear a striking family resemblance to one another, whether they were produced in 2500 B.C. or in the twentieth century. The more than a hundred and thirty pieces include cult figurines, animals, and toys. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A survey of American prints done in the past two years. Artists represented include Richard Diebenkorn, Alex Katz, Janet Fish, and Elizabeth Murray. Through April 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional Indian costumes and jewelry, for example. Through Sunday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings for furniture, lamps, etc., by members of the Milan-based design group Memphis, along with such finished products as a Michele De Lucchi sofa that rests on metal poles attached to suction cups. Through April 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. . . . ¶ A display of eighteenth-century pop culture in the form of English and Dutch single-sheet prints of illustrations and prose which were called "catchpenny prints," because they were sold on the streets for a penny. Both shows through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stuart Davis's New York," an exhibit of paintings (including a mural), drawings, and prints centered on Manhattan's landscape, which inspired so many of the artist's works. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Choices: Making an Art of Everyday Life," an exhibit of videos and installations, mostly. One work is a room filled with notebooks, diaries, charts, and graphs kept by Morgan O'Hara, documenting every detail of her life for fifteen years. Also on view is a statement explaining that Tehching Hsieh's latest work is that of not doing any art. Further, Linda Montano will be seated in one of the museum's windows on Sunday, Feb. 23, from noon to 5:30,



THE LIGHT
AT THE END
OF THE
TUNNEL.

*"So many times when things
were going badly, she was the
only one who understood.
Now we're sitting here together,
letting fish nibble at our toes
and watching our lightshow.
Maybe we'll dress for dinner
and maybe we won't."*

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speaking to passersby about art, a continuation of a seven-year project. And Marina Abramovic and Ulay will remain motionless while they meditate for seven hours daily, Friday through Sunday, Feb. 21-23 (the museum's schedule will stretch to seven o'clock on those days). . . . ¶ A display of videos by eleven artists, including Jill Kroesen, Michael Marton, and Maxi Cohen. Both shows through March 30. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century depictions of Niagara Falls when it was a mecca for artists as well as tourists. Among the painters galvanized by the spectacle were Church, Hicks, Bierstadt, Cole, and Twachtman. Paintings, drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of illustrated Japanese manuscripts of prose and poetry, culled from the library's collection; it includes notable ukiyo-e woodblock prints and an early Japanese how-to hand-scroll from the Edo period, explaining two flower arrangements. Through March 25. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has a show of early newspapers by black publishers (such as Marcus Garvey's *Negro World*) and other documentary material of historical interest. Through April 7. (The center is open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Continuous showings of videos on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, from 8 until midnight (a different program each night). "Collision," by Gisela Getty and David Boatwright, starts off each evening.

Note—Peter Reed will present his theatre-dance piece at the Bette Stoler Gallery, 13 White St., Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 19-23, at 8:30. For tickets, call 255-3326.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Timothy Jenkins, and John Macurdy; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, William Lewis, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Falstaff," with Judith Blegen, Carol Neblett, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi.

Amato Opera Company—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays and Friday, Feb. 21, at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Michael Recchiuti conducting performances of Donizetti's "An Unconventional Rehearsal," in a new English translation by William Ashbrook and Michael Kaye. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Anton Coppola conducting benefit performances of Gounod's "Mireille." Staged by Bernard LeFort. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3; and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—The first three of six performances (in English) of Alexander Dargomyzhsky's "The Stone Guest." Conducted by Vladimir Kin and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30—a benefit performance; Friday, Feb. 28, at 8; and Sunday, March 2, at 4. For tickets, call 496-0806.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta directing—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: A Bartók-Beethoven program in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Rudolf Serkin's New York début, with Mr. Serkin, piano. A benefit for the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30: A Schubert-Pergolesi program, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and Lucia Valentini-Terrani, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8; Friday, Feb. 28, at 2; Saturday, March 1, at 8; and Tuesday, March 4, at 7:30: A performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall and Peter Schreier, tenors; Peter Wimberger, bass-baritone; James Morris, bass; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8, a Mozart-Stravinsky program, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8, a Bartók-Shostakovich program, with Shlomo Mintz, violin.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8, with André-Michel Schub, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8, with Lynn Harrell, cello.)

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur directing a series of four all-Brahms programs—Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 24, at 8: Symphony No. 3 and Piano Concerto No. 1, with Garrick Ohlsson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: Symphony No. 4 and the Violin Concerto, with Kyung-Wha Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: A performance of "A German Requiem," with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Theo Adam, baritone; and the Westminster Choir.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss directing the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Joan La Barbara, sopranos, and the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6374.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Stephen Somary directing, with the Great Neck Choral Society; the Amor Artis Chamber Choir; the Horace Mann Chamber Chorus; and Heather Porter, viola. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus—With Ivan Moravec, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

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Frederick Renz conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a program that will include the première of Chick Corea's piano concerto, with Mr. Corea at the keyboard. The third in a series of five concerts. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Brandenburg Collegium—Anthony Newman conducting a period-instrument performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Thomas and Patrick Romano, tenors; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and William Sharp, bass. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Harvard-Radcliffe Collegium Musicum—Jameson Marvin directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, March 1, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Pete Seeger. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

"Theodora"—Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society and the Little Orchestra Society in a performance of Handel's oratorio. (Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-5496.)

RECITALS

Earl Wild—The last two in a series of all-Liszt programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesdays, Feb. 19 and 26, at 8.)

Michala Petri Trio—Music for recorder, cello, and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Music Spectrum—The second in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Music from the People's Republic of China—A program of traditional Chinese music, performed by an ensemble from Peking's Central Conservatory. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 20-22, at 8. A pre-concert lecture/demonstration will be presented each evening at 7:30.)

Composers Concordance—A program of contemporary music. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

American String Quartet—A Haydn-Bartók-Schubert program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Elmar Oliveira and Lilian Kallir—Violin and piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Jean-Bernard Pommier—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2, an all-Haydn program, with Lilian Kallir, solo piano. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of instrumental music by Varese and Stravinsky, and choral works by Schoenberg. With the Gregg Smith Singers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2.)

Virtuosi Quintet—With Benton Hess, piano. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, at 77th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2. No charge beyond the museum's ordinary entrance contribution.)

Canadian Brass—*The last in a series of concerts, this one with Judith Blegen, soprano.* (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30.)

Omega Ensemble—A Chopin-Schubert program. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30. *Admission by contribution.*) . . . ¶ An expanded program, with Catherine Metz, violin, and Eddie Gomez, jazz bassist. Composer William McKinley will be present. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

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23	24	25	26	27	28	1

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 280-3825.)

National Association of Composers, U.S.A.—A program of music by Charles Bestor, Richard Nanes, and Leo Kraft, all of whom will be present. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Gerald Ranck—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of concerts, this one a performance of Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Daniel Barenboim—The first two of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 4. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Laurie Smukler, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Christopher Hogwood, harpsichord/fortepiano; and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 24-25, at 7:30.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Harvey Pittel, saxophone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Wendy Young—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Jonathan Sprague, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Barry Tuckwell—Horn, with Richard Rodney Bennett, piano; Richard Sarpola, bass; and Tony Tedesco, percussion. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser *conducting, with Paul Sperry, tenor.* (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Toshiya Eto—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Steven Mayer—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Stephen Hough—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Annie Fischer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting a program of music for wind instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The third in a series of four concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old, Austrian-based festival. With Lukas Hagen and Annette Bik, violin; Veronika Hagen, viola; Clemens Hagen, cello; and Eduard Brunner, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

Continuum—A twentieth-anniversary concert that includes premières of works written for the group. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts, this one an all-Mozart program. (St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Note—Ton Koopman, harpsichord, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 9, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Seattle, Friday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Sunday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 1. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Friday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Feb. 28. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Monday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 27. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 22, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, March 1.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championship Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 28, at 6.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Margaret Atwood and Hortense Calisher reading from their own fiction. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. For tickets, call 645-5590.) . . . ¶ Carolyn Kizer and Al Young reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:15.) . . . ¶ Jane Cooper reading from her own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: Contemporary art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 22.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, *Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)*
Through Feb. 20: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; directed by John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price.
Feb. 21-27: "Ornette: Made in America" (Shirley Clarke), a documentary about Ornette Coleman.
From Feb. 28: "Latino" (Haskell Wexler).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 3: "F/X" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 20: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.
From Feb. 21: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Turtle Diary" (John Irvin), with Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lady Jane" (Trevor Nunn), with Helena Bonham Carter and Cary Elwes.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Goodbye People" (Herb Gardner), with Martin Balsam, Judd Hirsch, and Pamela Reed.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"F/X" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
Theatre 2: "Terrorvision."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 20: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
From Feb. 21: To be announced.

BARONET AND
CORONET
Tom Funk

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "The Kindergarten" (1983; directed by Yevgeny Yevtushenko; in Russian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer. From Feb. 26: "The Women of Summer" (Suzanne Bauman), a documentary; and "A Day at the Grave of Karl Marx" (1983; Peter von Bagh; in thirty languages), a short documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Stripper" (Jerome Gary). From Feb. 21: "The Mystery of Picasso" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Huey Long" (Ken Burns).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary. From Feb. 21: "Straight Through the Heart" (Doris Dörrie; in German).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman. From Feb. 21: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 20: "Witness" (†).
From Feb. 21: "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (†) and "After Hours" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.
Theatre 4: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 2: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 20: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (†).
From Feb. 21: "French Lesson" (Brian Gilbert), with Jane Snowden.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Brazil" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kaos" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).
Theatre 2: "Kaos."
Theatre 3: "The Crazy Family" (Sogo Ishii; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II is shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 20: "White Nights" (†). From Feb. 21: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "F/X" (†). From Feb. 21: "9 1/2 Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 3: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 6: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 20: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy. From Feb. 21: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Power" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.
Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).
Theatre 5: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 6: "Back to the Future" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"White Nights" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and

Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Theatre 4: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Out of Africa" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
Theatre 2: "Terrorvision."

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"101 Dalmatians" (†). No performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 24-25.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From Feb. 21: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 20: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; directed by Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
Feb. 21-22: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (1984; W. D. Richter), with Peter Weller and John Lithgow; and "The Last Starfighter" (1984; Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Feb. 23: "Ghostbusters" (1984; Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, Harold Ramis, and Rick Moranis; and "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Feb. 24-25: An erotic film festival.
Feb. 26-27: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Feb. 28-March 1: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

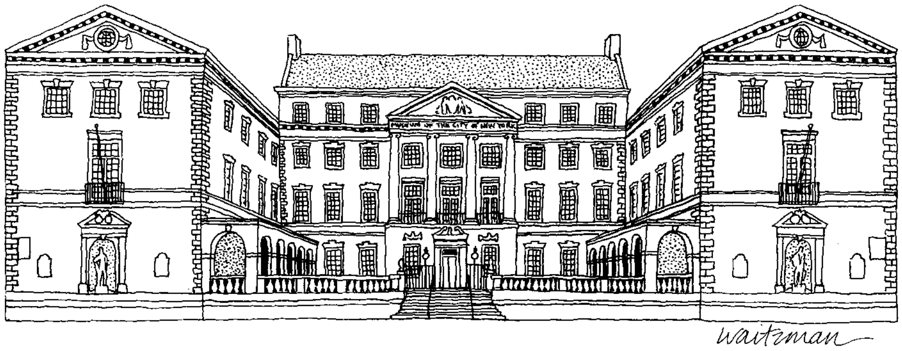
METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 19: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
Feb. 20: "La Notte" (1962; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Before the Revolution" (1964; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).
Feb. 21-22: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).
Feb. 23-24: "A Passage to India" (1984; David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft, Judy Davis, and Victor Banerjee.
Feb. 25: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Dreyer; a French film with an English narration), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud; and "Pickpocket" (†).
Feb. 26: "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes; and "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes.
Feb. 27: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
Feb. 28-March 1: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 22: "The Old Maid" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Jane Bryan, and George Brent; and "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.
Feb. 23-25: "Ex-Lady" (1933; Robert Florey), with Bette Davis, Gene Raymond, and Frank McHugh; "Fog Over Frisco" (†); and "The Menace" (†).
Feb. 26-March 1: "The Letter" († 1940); and "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 19: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Hallelujah!" (1929; King Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes.
Feb. 20: "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "The Public Enemy" (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.
Feb. 21: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Feb. 22: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Invitation au Voyage" (1983; Peter Del Monte; in French).
Feb. 23: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
Feb. 24: "Beyond the Forest" (1949; King Vidor), with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian; and "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey.
Feb. 25: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (†) and "Brewster McCloud" (†).
Feb. 26: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (†) and "Killer of Sheep" (1982).
Feb. 27: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Eli Wallach; and "Duck, You Sucker" (1972; Sergio Leone), with Rod Steiger and James Coburn.
Feb. 28: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
March 1: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 19: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).
Feb. 20: "The Cool and the Crazy" (1957); and "Girls in Prison" (1956; Edward L. Cahn), with Richard Denning.
Feb. 21-22: "Wedding in Blood" (1974; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli; and "La Rupture" (1970; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet.
Feb. 23: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "Paisan" (†).
Feb. 24: "Gun Crazy" (†); and "Force of Evil" (1948; Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield.
Feb. 25: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "That'll Be the Day" (1973; Claude Whatham), with David Essex and Ringo Starr.
Feb. 26: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (†); and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Feb. 27: "It Conquered the World" (1957; Roger Corman), with Peter Graves, Beverly Garland, and Lee Van Cleef; and "The Cat Girl" (1958; Peter Hennesey), with Lynn Tracey.
Feb. 28-March 1: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 19: "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Irving Cummings), with Bette Grable, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.
Feb. 20: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as Chan.
Feb. 21-22: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson.
Feb. 23: "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
Feb. 24: "Elvira Madigan" (1967; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark; and "Intimate Lighting" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech).
Feb. 25: "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott; and "The River" († 1951).
Feb. 26: "How to Steal a Million" (†); and "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Feb. 27: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.
Feb. 28-March 1: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud,



Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Feb. 20 at 2:30 and 6: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930; directed by Lewis Milestone). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "Mint Tea" (1984; Bahloul Bahloul; in French; with English subtitles), with Abdel Kechiche. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6: "Poulet au Vinaigre" (1985; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Poiret, Stéphane Audran, and Michel Bouquet. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2: "The Fourth Estate" (1985; Serge Leroy; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Nicole Garcia, and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5: "Family Life" (1985; Jacques Doillon; in French, with English *subtitles), with Sami Frey and Juliet Berto*. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2: "Strictly Personal" (1985; Pierre Jolivet; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Arditi and Jacques Penot. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 5: "Vaudeville" (1985; Jean Marboeuf; in French, with English subtitles), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Guy Marchand, and Roland Giraud. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "The Bullfighter and the Lady" (1951; Budd Boetticher), with Robert Stack and Gilbert Roland. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 6: "Comanche Station" (1960; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott, Nancy Gates, and Claude Atkins. Mr. Boetticher will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Family Life." . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: "Strictly Personal." . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: "Forbidden Love" (1983; Jean-Pierre Dougnac; in French, with English subtitles), with Brigitte Fossey and Fernando Rey. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: "Staircase C" (1985; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French, with English subtitles), with Robin Renucci and Jean-Pierre Bacri. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Elsa, Elsa" (1985; Didier Haudepin; in French, with English subtitles), with François Cluzet and Christine Pascal. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6: "Forbidden Love." . . . ¶ March 1 at 2: "Le Grand Carnaval" (1983; Alexandre Arcady; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Macha Meril, and Richard Berry. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5: "Gag Men" (1985; Claude Zidi; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Serrault, Gérard Jugnot, Thierry Lhermitte, and Macha Meril.

THEATRE 2: Feb. 20 at 3: "Sea Travels" (1978; Anita Thacher), "Clotheslines" (1982; Roberta Cantow), "Thicket" (1985; George Griffin), and "A Private Life" (1980; Mikhail Bogin). . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 6: "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980; Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "The Philosopher" (1983; G. V. Iyer; in Sanskrit, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6:30 and Feb. 22 at 2: "Phatik and the Juggler" (1983; Sandip Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ *Feb. 22 at 5: "The Philosopher."* . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2 and 5: "The Home and the World" (1984; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles), with Soumitra Chatterjee. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 3 and 6:30: "Before the Nickelodeon: The Early Cinema of Edwin S. Porter" (1982; Charles Musser). . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 3 and 6:30: "Strong Medicine" (1979; Richard Foreman), with Kate Manheim. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 3: "Broken Rainbow" (1985; Maria Florio and Victoria Mudd), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6:30: "Las Madres—The Mothers of Plaza De Mayo" (1985; Susana Muñoz and Lourdes Portillo), a documentary. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Soldiers in Hiding" (1985; Japhet Asher) and "Unfinished Business" (1985; Steven Okazaki), both documentaries. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5:30: "Broken Rainbow."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Museum Reaction Piece" (1978-86), an installation by Howard Fried. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 21.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the lunatic edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy (like "A Clockwork Orange" or "Blade Runner")—a *melancholy, joke-ridden view of the* horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. It's like a stoned, slapstick "1984," a nightmare comedy in which the comedy is just an aspect of the nightmarishness. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking, with a weirdly ingenious vertical quality: the camera always seems to be moving up and down, rarely across. You get the feeling that people live and work squashed at the bottom of hollow towers. The clothes, like the furnishings and the ancient TV sets and assorted gadgetry, suggest that nothing has been made or manufactured since the forties. It's a thrift-shop world of the future. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus, and there's a superrealistic inevitability about this. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. And the film is *both torpid* and frantic. Yet Gilliam's vision *is an organic thing on the screen—and that's* a considerable achievement. Pryce's dead-eyed performance is charmless, but Robert De Niro turns up in a cameo role as a prankster daredevil, a freedom fighter; chomping on a cigar and all revved up, he's the life of the party. *And Katherine Helmond*, as Pryce's mother, delivers an elegant, broad caricature of a woman obsessed with plastic surgery. Also with Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. (Thalia; Feb. 25.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians (1976)—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) *is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout*; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (Thalia; Feb. 25.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning *more than thirty years, is the clumsiest*, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, *Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex*, and Criterion Theatres.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Taking off from Renoir's 1931 film "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (which was based on a play by René Fauchois), Mazursky and his writing partner, Leon Capetanos, set you down in a bastion of the new rich, and the cinematographer, Don McAlpine, gives you a vision of the sensuousness of money wrapped in sunshine. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. Lean now, Dreyfuss is more precise and agile than he used to be, and he uses his slightness for comic effects vis-à-vis the deep-voiced Nolte, who towers over him. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm rather like that of Teri Garr, but riper, juicier; she trots through the halls of her mansion jiggling in her frilly dresses and making tippy-taps with her high heels. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. Mazursky isn't afraid of uproarious silliness: there are some dizzying slapstick routines that reach their peak when a small black-and-white Border collie takes over. The cast includes Elizabeth Peña as a sulky, hot maid with a bedroom mouth, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich as a dog psychiatrist, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

Fog Over Frisco (1934)—One of the routine Warners gangster pictures that Bette Davis was tossed into. She's a dissolute heiress, out *for thrills; her socializing with the mob* lands her, at last, curled up in a rumble seat, nastily dead. It moves along, but everything is stamped "synthetic," and there's time wasted on Donald Woods as a smart-aleck reporter with deadline troubles. Davis gives it that nervy flash of hers; she doesn't get much help from the likes of prissy-voiced Margaret Lindsay, or from Lyle Talbot, either. Directed by William Dieterle. With Arthur Byron, Hugh Herbert, and Douglas Dumbrille. (Regency; Feb. 23-25.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

F/X—With Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy, directed by Robert Mandel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, U. A. East, Olympia Quad, and U. A. Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Feb. 20.)

Gun Crazy (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, Annabel Shaw, and Don Beddoe. Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 24.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—Directed by Woody Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

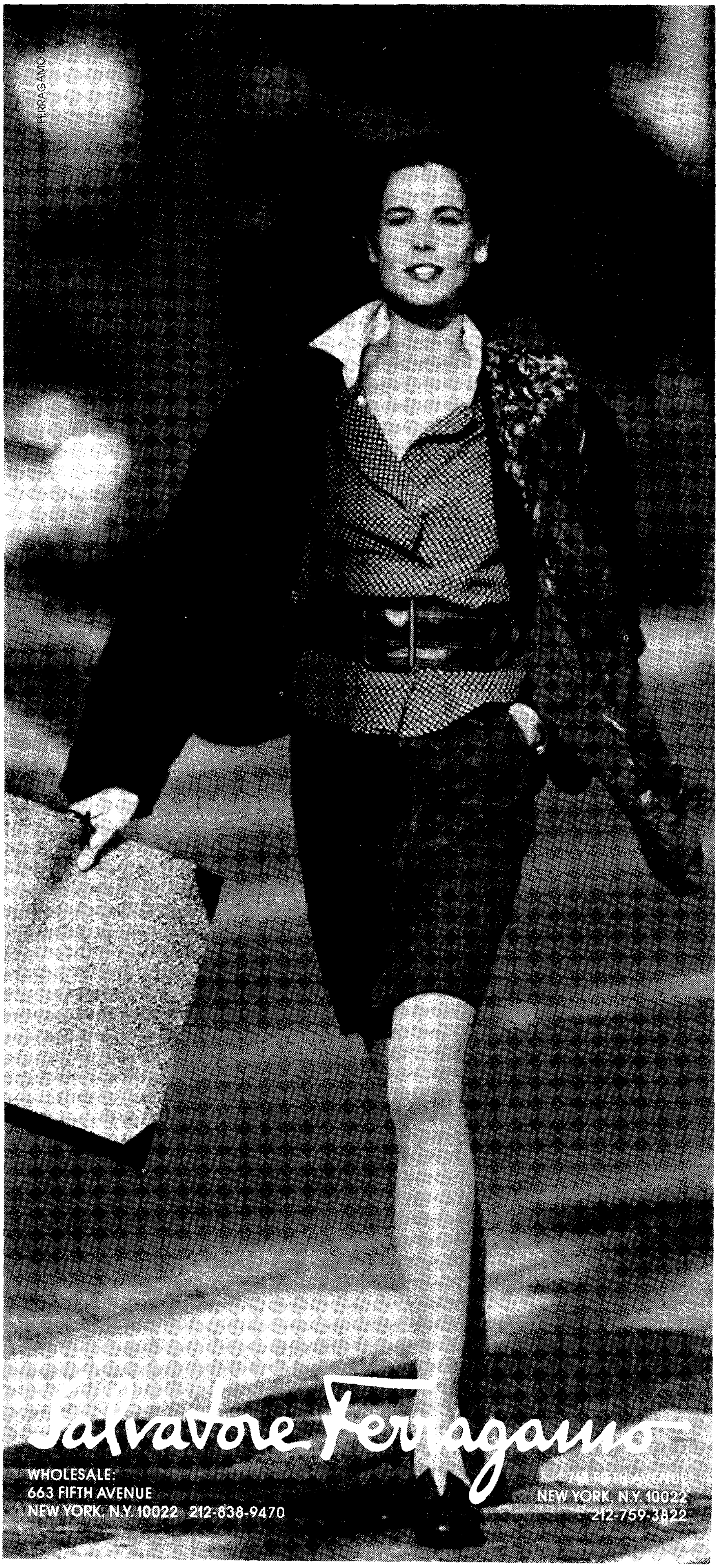
How to Steal a Million (1966)—An expensive cast in an anemic suspense comedy-romance. Audrey Hepburn is the devoted daughter of a vain, roguish art forger (Hugh Griffith); in order to save him from jail she persuades a detective (Peter O'Toole) to help her steal a bogus Cellini "Venus" that her father has exhibited in a Paris museum. The picture isn't offensive, and it's handsome enough, but it's just blah. William Wyler directed. With Charles Boyer, Eli Wallach, Marcel Dalio, and Fernand Gravey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St. No performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 24-25.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Festival; through Feb. 20.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Feb. 20.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it is one of her few good vehicles. The central figure of Somerset Maugham's melodrama is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it. Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes Frieda Inescort, Gale Sondergaard, Bruce Lester, and Cecil Kellaway. The insistent music is



pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material. (Regency; Feb. 26-March 1.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. A pianist, Louis Jourdan, seduces the impressionable adolescent Joan and promptly forgets her; years later he meets her again, and, thinking her a fresh conquest, seduces her again. But in the intervening years she has borne him a child and remained hopelessly in love with him. This ironic love story, which is probably the toniest "woman's picture" ever made, is based on Stefan Zweig's "Brief Einer Unbekannten." Directed by Max Ophuls. With Mady Christians. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 26.)

The Menace (1932)—Bette Davis's fourth picture, a corpse-filled thriller (adapted from Edgar Wallace's novel "The Feathered Serpent"), which Davis says was shot in eight days. H. B. Warner, Natalie Moorhead, Walter Byron, and Halliwell Hobbs are in the cast; Roy William Neill directed. (Regency; Feb. 23-25.)

The Mystery of Picasso (1956)—Picasso and Henri-Georges Clouzot ("The Wages of Fear," "Diabolique") collaborate. The result is one of the most joyful of all records of an artist at work. (It was a disastrous failure, though, when it opened in a few American theatres.) Picasso has a volatile, explosive presence. He seems to take art back to an earlier function, before the centuries of museums and masterpieces; he is the artist as clown, as conjurer, as master funmaker. For most of the film the screen is his paper or canvas, and in seventy-five minutes he draws or paints fifteen pictures. When he complains to Clouzot that the canvas is too small, the screen expands to CinemaScope size. Some sequences use time-lapse photography to compress the working time on a canvas to a few minutes: the changes and developments (when, for example, a goat's head becomes a skull and then a head again) suggest what animation might be but isn't. In one sequence he does a really bum picture and you watch to see what he can possibly do to salvage it; he reworks it, making it more and more complicated, and it gets worse and worse. Finally he gives up in disgust and scribbles over it, and you feel relieved that he didn't like it any better than you did. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; score by Georges Auric. (Don't be put off by the fatuous narrator who tells us that we will see what is in the mind of a genius at work, and exclaims, "We would give much to know what was in Joyce's mind while he was writing 'Ulysses!' ") (Film Forum; starting Feb. 21.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his breakthrough with "Open City" the year before. Each of the six parts has a story and deals with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative, the content less so. Some of the stories have a tidy O. Henry finish, and there's a lot of sentimentality, though the film gives the impression of being loose and open. With Maria Michi, Gar Moore, and Dots M. Johnson. In English, French, Italian, and German. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 23.)

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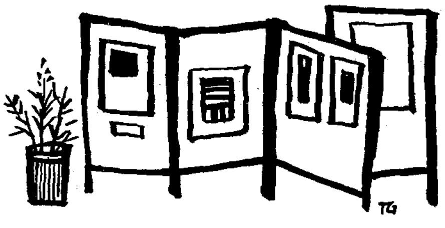
Pee-wee's Big Adventure—This slapstick novelty starring the grown-up yet prepubescent Pee-wee Herman—a Peter Pan of the shopping-mall era—is somewhere between a parody of kitsch and a celebration of it, and it has the bouncing-along inventiveness of a good cartoon. It's set in a candy-colored period of its own—a fifties-eighties Twilight Zone, where you might not be surprised to bump into Harry (the baby) Langdon or Steve Martin as the Jerk. When Pee-wee's bike—the love of his life—is stolen, his search to recover it takes him from L.A. to Texas (to the Alamo) and back. Hitching rides, he encounters a series of American-movie archetypes (an escaped convict, a waitress out of "The Petrified Forest" who dreams of going to Paris, truckers, hoboes, rodeo riders, a mean, wild motorcycle gang), and the twenty-six-year-old director, Tim Burton, shows his flair for the silly-surreal. The movie is full of slobby, hairy giants—they make you think of Paul Bunyan or Bluto—and you see them from Pee-wee's point of view. He looks at the dirty, uncouth, threatening men and would rather remain a ten-year-old. With Jan Hooks, who has a juicy comedy routine as the tour guide at the Alamo; Mark Holton as Pee-wee's rival Francis; Judd Omen as the convict; Elizabeth Daily as Dottie; Alice Nunn as Large Marge; and Diane Salinger as the waitress. Pee-wee Herman shares the writing credit (with Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol) under his own name, Paul Reubens. (11/4/85) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 21.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

The River (1951)—Jean Renoir's first color film, made in India, in English, was adapted from Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India. It's a poetic study of the contact of two civilizations. Renoir sees India with Western eyes—eyes so sensitive and highly trained that his vision of India is a mythic poem set in the midst of the Indian river of life. This river encompasses death in a way that American audiences tend to find disturbing. Rumer Godden's themes and story line are part of the texture, interwoven with the ritual feasts, the festivals, and the rhythms of native music. The theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With the dancer Radha, Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 25.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)



The Story of a Three Day Pass (1968)—An American Negro soldier (Harry Baird) with three days' leave has an affair with a French girl (Nicole Berger), which ends in idly dealt-out retaliations by the whites around him. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. In French and English. (Thalia; Feb. 26.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II.)

Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psychobanality presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian Dennehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 20.)

Witness (1985)—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 20.)

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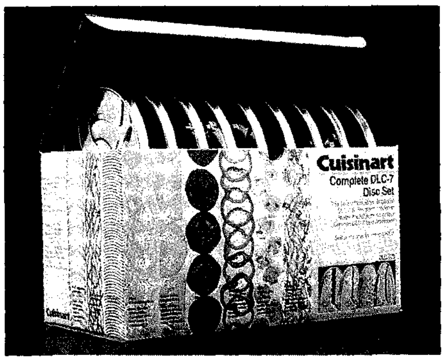

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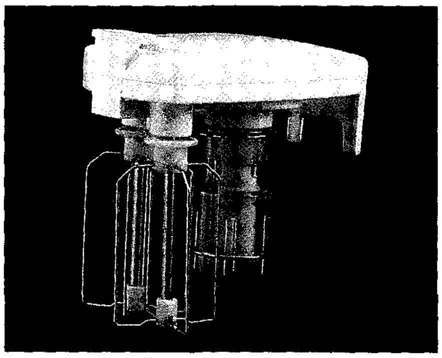

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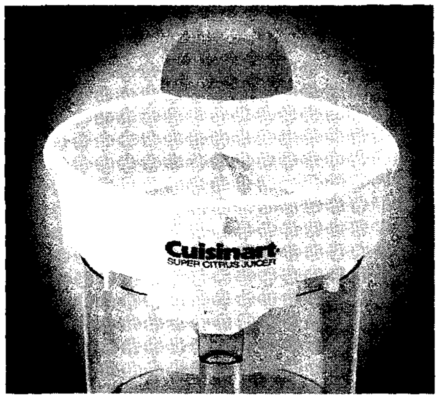

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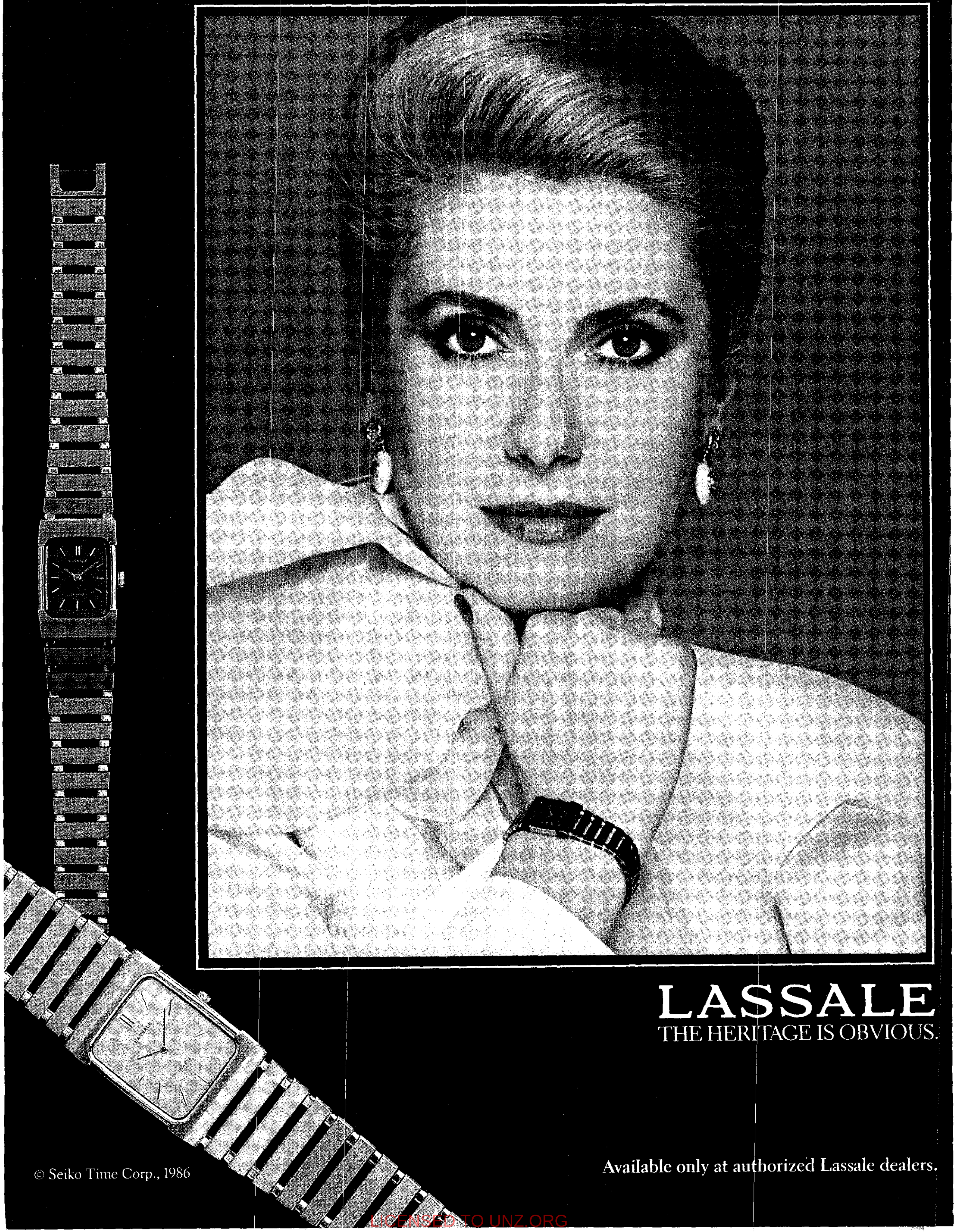

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

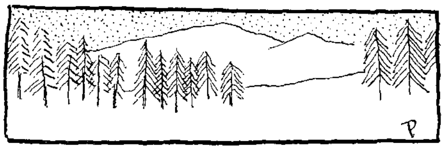
THE other day, we visited one of New York's most distinguished bookstores in search of "The Gulag Archipelago," by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Failing to find it in the hardcover division, under either "World History" or "Current Events," we proceeded—passing shelves with such designations as "Occult," "Self-Help," and "Computer," all groaning with volumes—to the paperback department and asked a salesman there if he could find the book.

He looked blank. "What's it about?" he asked.

"It's about the concentration-camp system in the Soviet Union," we answered.

He paused for a moment, then said, "You might try fiction."

Solzhenitsyn's towering work of fact—certainly the greatest act of historical witness of our century—was not, we are pleased to report, to be found on the fiction shelves. It was, we regret to have to add, to be found nowhere in the store that day—or, at any rate, none of three further salespeople we asked were able to locate it for us. Leaving empty-handed, and with our mind full of despondent thoughts about the state of letters in general in the United States and of bookstores in particular, we recalled Kafka's parable of the imperial messenger in his story "The Great Wall of China." In the parable, the Emperor has sent a message to "you, the humble subject . . . from his deathbed has sent a message to you alone." The messenger sets forth: "A powerful, an indefatigable man; now pushing with his right arm, now with his left, he cleaves a way for himself through the throng. . . . But the multitudes are so vast; their numbers have no end. If he could reach the open fields how fast he would fly, and soon doubtless you would hear the welcome hammering of his fists on your door. But instead how vainly does he wear out his strength; still he is only making his way through the chambers of the innermost palace; never will he get to the end of them; and if he succeeded in that nothing would be gained; he must next fight his way down the stair; and if he succeeded in that nothing would be gained; the courts would still have to be crossed." And even if he should overcome all those difficulties and more, and reach the outer gates—though "never, never can that happen"—he would then still face the imperial capital, "the center of the world, crammed to bursting with its own sediment." And "nobody could fight his way through here even with a message from a dead man." Such, it seems to us, are the difficulties that Solzhenitsyn has met with in his quest to bring the truth about his country and his time to the world. The story, or much of it, is told in his memoir "The Oak and the Calf," among other places. It contains the stuff of myth. No dragon or Minotaur would be more daunting than the antagonists he faced. First were the camps and their guards: "The First Circle" and worse—Hell itself. Against the isolation of captivity he pitted memory. He began by composing verse, and memorized that. Then, having tested and disciplined his powers, he turned to prose: "Dialogue at first, but then, bit by bit, whole densely written passages. My memory found room for them!" Deprived of the external world, he forged a literary world—built to endure—within. The next adversary was the universal one of death. A few months after Solzhenitsyn was released from the camps and sent into internal exile, he was told that he had incurable cancer. "All that I had memorized in the camps ran the risk of extinction together with the head that held it," he realized. He proceeded, therefore, in the three weeks of life allotted him by the doctors, to write down on scrolls of paper everything he could of what he had memorized, stuff the scrolls into a champagne bottle, and bury it. Like Zeus cracking open his head to give birth to a fully grown and fully armed Athena, Solzhenitsyn spilled completed works from his mind onto the page. However, thanks to what he regards as a divine miracle, he did not die, and, having, like Lazarus, been given back his life, he concluded, "It is not mine in the full sense; it is built around a purpose." And that purpose was to bring his message to the world. Now he decided to "master a new trade"—making "hidey-holes" for his work. Soon, one new skill leading to another, he was busy microfilming his writings. Further, he had to shape his life to "the need for tight security." He shunned all invitations, and never extended any. As additional disguise, he pretended indifference to all literature (while composing literary work non-stop at home). In the hope of escaping any official notice, which might lead to discovery of his secret work, he carefully suppressed all signs of indignation at the daily humiliations of life under the Soviet bureaucracy. And although he thought it might be safe to express his indignation in the works he was secretly writing he "would not allow that either, because the laws of poetry command us to rise above our anger and try to see the present in the light of eternity." Then, after Khrushchev, with "sudden fury" and "reckless eloquence," attacked Stalin at the Twenty-second Party



Congress, in 1961, our messenger began to make his way through a new realm—the labyrinth of the Soviet literary bureaucracy. There, too, he met myth-sized figures—helpers and antagonists both. There was, for example, Aleksandr Tvardovsky (brilliant editor and poet, sometime drunkard, wily bureaucrat), who published Solzhenitsyn's pathbreaking "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," and who seemed to contain in his conflicted soul the full range of possible responses—from the lowest abasement to the highest purity, from cowardice to superhuman courage—of those whose lot it is to tangle with the Soviet state. And, finally, throughout, there was the omnipresent, brutal, whimsical Soviet state itself, with which Solzhenitsyn somehow managed to battle as an equal. ("I shall continue returning blow for blow, and perhaps hit still harder," he wrote at one point to Tvardovsky, adding, "So that if they are wise, they will think twice before touching me again.")

Solzhenitsyn got through to our shores. But here a new gantlet was waiting. The difficulties this time were not a Minotaur or dragon—not imprisonment, hard labor, and death, not even government harassment and censorship—but cupidity, boredom, sloppiness, indifference: not the acts of a mighty, all-pervading repressive government but the failure of a listless public to make use of the freedom that is its birthright. This painless gantlet, which instead of torturing and killing people stupefies them and puts them to sleep, stretches past the "Occult," "Self-Help," and "Computer" shelves and, at the end, brings one to the voice that suggests, "You might try fiction."

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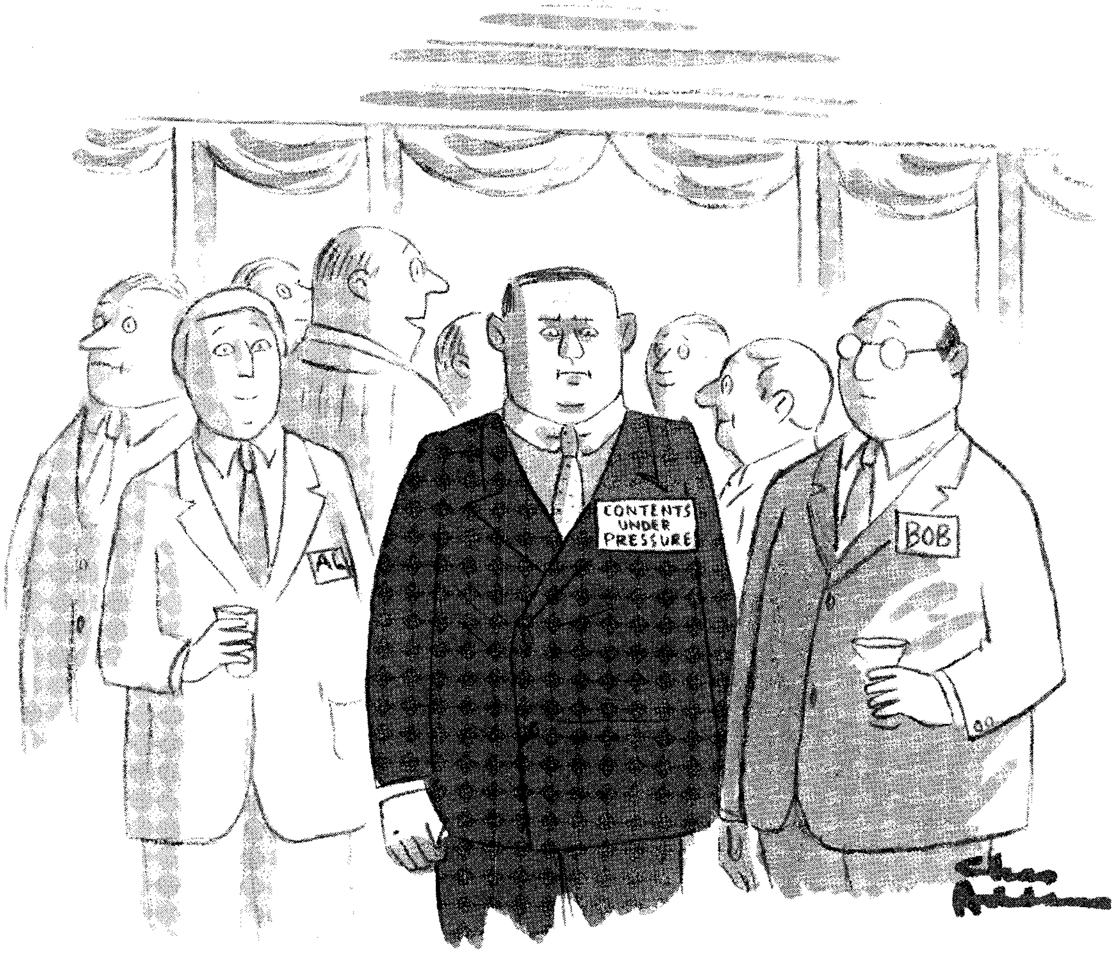
Destiny

SOMETIMES an idea feels a little lonely. What it could really use is another idea, to provide loyal companionship, to share long walks, to be there for a warm snuggle in the easy chair next to the fireplace at the end of a long day. Don Mensh is the person who came up with the Montrose Pet Hotel idea. The slogan "Introducing a hotel so exclusive it doesn't accept people"—Don Mensh invented that. He also deserves credit for "spacious, private suites, complete with comfortable sleeping areas and a continuous supply of sparkling-fresh drinking water;" rooms "cleaned and disinfected daily by a modern high-pressure washing system;" "extra human contact that we provide—that extra scratch behind the ears;" "specially-designed disposable feeding bowls—a fresh table-setting at every meal;" "comfort for your pet—and peace of mind for you;" and "the ultimate in in-town boarding and grooming." The Montrose is on Ninety-fifth Street between First and Second Avenues, and it has rooms for a hundred and thirty-four dogs and eighty-four cats. Don Mensh's partner, Richard Messina, says, "We're primarily a Manhattan demographic." When Richard Messina, who is an attorney, shows a visitor the carpeted cat-exercise area in the front window of the Montrose, he says, "That's where they scratch and whatever. Whatever cats do."

The scene at the registration desk as Choo-Choo or Pookie or Coco or Missy or Duffy or Dudley or Sabrina or Cleo or Caviar or Woofer or Little Bear checks in for the weekend—the handing over of the familiar items with the smell of home (the beanbag chair, the old bath towel, the panty hose); the writing down of special diet instructions and emergency phone numbers; the last-minute purchase of rawhide bones or puppy chips or realistic-looking fur mice from the Montrose Pet Hotel gift shop; the moist goodbyes—Don and Richard hired Sam Arlen to manage all that. Sam sits opposite a sign that says "Hotel Reserves the Right to Dip Guests Checking In with Fleas or Ticks." When the phone rings, Sam answers, and if it's Mr. and Mrs. Mooney calling from Barbados to ask whether someone couldn't please bring their schnauzer Marlene to the phone, Sam gets on the intercom and says, "Billy, come to the front, please." Then, when Billy, a factotum, comes to the front, Sam says, "There's a long-distance call for Marlene Mooney, in Room No. 61. Get her and bring her to the phone, please."

Sam has heard every joke: the joke about the



poodle and the Irish wolfhound who sign the guest register "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jones;" the joke about the all-dog and all-cat cable TV; the joke about the in-heat suite; the joke about the Magic Paws mattress massage. If you are a dog, a room at the Montrose runs from sixteen to nineteen dollars a night, depending upon your weight. If you are a cat, the price is ten dollars. Long-stay discounts can be arranged. The lady who owns the nineteen cats—she has delivered them in installments—perhaps qualifies for a long-stay discount. Or perhaps, considering the several hours she spends visiting every day, she, too, should be charged rent. The Montrose can accommodate a limited number of cockatoos and cockatiels and other birds with strong personalities. Rabbits, guinea pigs, and ferrets are welcome. "I'm a little wary of reptiles," Sam Arlen says. "We had a chance to take a six-foot iguana, but we weren't quite set up for it, with heat lamps and everything."

"Have you seen my castanets?"

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Don Mensh means what he says when he says, "The idea is a hotel for pets. But, in reality, what are we talking about? We're talking about *quality care* for pets."

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THE Critter Car ("Have You Taken Your Pet for a Ride Today?") was Barbara Meyers' idea. There are actually two Critter Cars, but they're the same idea. Each is a Chevrolet Cavalier wagon with enough cargo space to handle three Great Danes or at least eight cat carriers or a six-foot iguana if it had anywhere to go, and each is operated by a skilled, pet-sensitive driver who wears a beeper and has a mobile phone to facilitate maximum communication as he proceeds with his job, which is to insure a safe, stress-free ride. Barbara Meyers dispatches the Critter Cars from her office, in Old Mill Basin, in Brooklyn. For ten years, she was a nurse, and for five years she drove a taxi, accompanied by a toy poodle named Skila. She now owns, besides the Critter Cars, a mini-fleet of taxis and a filling station. When you talk to Barbara Meyers on the phone, she says, "That sound you hear is a cat purring. If he got any closer, he'd be in the telephone." The Critter Car idea came to her during a time when her German shepherd Duke had to make regular trips to a vet in Manhattan. A photograph of Duke (now the late Duke) has been attached to the glove compartment of each Critter Car.

It was destiny, of course, for Barbara Meyers to discover the Montrose Pet Hotel, and vice versa. The Montrose used to operate a guest-pickup-and-delivery service, but about nine months ago it turned that job over to Critter Car. Jim Viviano and John Feyko are the skilled, pet-sensitive drivers. About one in ten Critter Car trips terminates at the Montrose. The other morning, Jim Viviano had a ten-o'clock pickup on West Twenty-third Street—a golden retriever named Max Goldstein. He went inside the building lobby and announced himself to the doorman, the doorman made a call on the intercom, and two minutes later Max was shaking the doorman's hand. Jim Viviano led Max outside and into the Critter Car. He drove east on Twenty-sixth Street and then north on First Avenue, heading for the Montrose. Along the way, he said that he regarded Max as an ideal Critter Car passenger, because although Max was a celebrity dog—he once appeared on a television program called "Weekend Style"—he was not an arrogant or demanding celebrity dog. Before Jim drove a Critter Car, he drove a limousine. "That was a real demanding crowd," he said. "I didn't care for most of the clients. Then I happened to see an ad in the *Village Voice*. It mentioned an exciting new opportunity for people who liked animals. Getting in on the ground floor sounded good. I thought, Gee, I like animals and I like to drive, so . . ."

In addition to celebrity dogs, Jim Viviano has had a celebrity's dogs in the Critter Car—the Shih Tzus of a popular female singer whose career goes up and down but who is nevertheless a bona-fide celebrity. Jim likes a challenge. There were the two guard dogs he gave rides to—one from Alexander's and one from the Frick Collection—each without his handler. And the time a Siberian husky gave birth inside the car. Jim's most difficult client was a Doberman from downtown that he was taking to the Montrose. "He gave me a look that said, 'I'm gonna do what *I* want to do.' What he wanted was to ride shotgun, up front, in the passenger's seat. I finally let him up here. The Doberman just wanted to put his head in my lap. Then he fell asleep."

The Critter Car had now arrived at the Montrose, where Max Goldstein would calmly go inside and, on the way to his quarters, get the once-over from Sam Arlen, who would say, "Max, look at the tartar on your teeth. Don't you ever brush?"

"We're providing a service that people want," Jim Viviano said. "We take reservations. We take you to the vet, we take you to the Montrose. You and your Saint Bernard are going to Acapulco? You've got a plane at J.F.K. at eight-thirty in the morning? We'll get you there. How many people are gonna get a cab at that hour, much less one that'll take a dog? Who do you call? Who will do what we do?"

Pneumonia

WE were supposed to meet Janet for lunch, but we had to visit her in the hospital instead.

"I have pneumonia," she said. "First I was fine, then two minutes later I had a cough. Two hours later, I had a hundred and one fever, and two days later here I am. In the wrong bed. You have the most beautiful view of the bridge if you're in Bed B. I have a view of a curtain."

She closed her eyes. Then she opened them. "When I went to see the doctor, he had a long telephone conversation with my brother in White Plains, who happens to be a doctor. I heard my doctor say, 'All alone . . . no one to take care of her . . . at her age.' When I realized they were talking about me, I burst into tears. They decided to put me in the hospital because of this accumulation of tragedies."

The phone rang. We lifted the receiver and handed it to Janet, as she looked weak. "Oh, hi," she said. "I have pneumonia."

A few days later, Janet was home. She was sitting on a couch and talking on the phone when we got to her place. There was a plate of cheese and crackers on the table.

"The doctor orders you a sleeping pill," she was saying, "but you have to lie awake until ten-thirty to get it. My own doctor came by every morning and stared at me morbidly and left. He asked how I was, but I don't think he waited for the answer. They take your temperature with a big blue square box that beeps, and then they won't tell you what it is. They say, 'You'll have to ask your doctor that.' The food was terrible. I said, 'This tastes like the kind of food that's left over from airplanes.' They told me I was very observant—they brought it in from LaGuardia. I lost three pounds."

We passed Janet the plate, and she took a piece of cheese.

"The lady in the good bed was a born-again Christian," she said into the phone. "I told her we were exact opposites—I wasn't religious. I had a sore throat and I could hardly talk, but I thought I ought to call Pavarotti. I said I had pneumonia and was going to miss his concert. 'Who is speaking?' he said. Maybe I'll catch him in Kentucky."

We took a cracker.

"I was in Macy's a few years ago," Janet was saying, "around the time everyone was stealing children, and I met a family from Kentucky who had lost one of theirs. The kids that were left were jumping up and down on mattresses. So I ran around the store calling out, 'Minnie-Lou, Minnie-Lou, your mother and father are on the ninth floor in Bedding!' We found her. Then I never heard from them again, until a couple of weeks ago. They called, and said that Pavarotti was going to be in Kentucky and would I be their guest? Can you imagine Pavarotti's face when I walk backstage in Kentucky?" Janet hung up.

"I had one confrontation in the hospital," she said to us. "There was a woman in pain in the next bed—a new patient. I first reported her pain over the loudspeaker. You push a button, and a voice comes out of the air and says 'Yes?' I said, 'She needs a pill for pain.' No one came, so I went out in the hall. 'Go back to your room,' a nurse said. I said, 'This is a hospital, not a jail.' "

Janet thought that over while munching on a cracker. "Maybe I said, 'This is not a prison, it's a hospital.' Or 'This is a hospital, not a prison.' I did go back to my room. There wasn't anything else to do. All the doctors were old, and the patients, too. I asked them to put me in a room with a middle-aged man, but they refused. I kept telling them I had to leave. Every party I've ever been invited to was that week. I missed everything. Would you like a drink?"

We said yes.

Janet brought drinks.

"I left without paying," Janet said. "I hope I'm covered by something."

The phone rang. "You're calling from Utah? That's very sweet of you. . . . Oh, my God, I think I did something terrible. I have a feeling that I'm spending checks that I stopped. I reported missing checks, right? . . . I received money from you, right? . . . I have a feeling that— Go ahead . . . And also the three that I cashed, right? . . . Hold on a minute."

Janet put the phone down and said to us, "Some terrible thing happened with some travellers' checks."

She picked the phone up again. "I was hoping that these were just some checks I found, but they may be cancelled." She recited some numbers into the phone. "Oh, goody, then these are still good. I thought— I've been feeling guilty as hell. Go ahead, ask me anything you wish. Except my age. Don't ask me how old I am."

She put her hand over the mouthpiece. "They want me to rate their service," she explained to us.

"I leave my pocketbook open all over the place," she said into the phone. "This was quite a while ago. My memory's not— I would say three. . . . How fast? . . . Four. Is four the top score? . . . Sympathetic? Well, there was one person who stared at me as though it was all my fault. I would say three. . . . Professional? I would give them a four and I'd give me a one. I didn't behave with the utmost dignity. . . . Satisfactory? Very satisfactory. I love getting money. I think I walked out of there with money. I wonder what ever happened to the checks I lost. . . . Cashed? Oh, my God, could I see the signature? You'd better send me the file, in case it's my own writing. Or do you know it's forged? Maybe I shouldn't want to find out. I'm not sure I want the file. I'm getting very nervous. It was a lot of fun. Thank you. Goodbye."

Janet leaned back on the couch.

"Oh, God, that scared me," she said. "I hope it's not me. I have a feeling I may not have lost them. I may have spent them all in Europe without knowing. It's a mystery."

She sat up and pointed to an empty spot in the bookcase.

We looked.

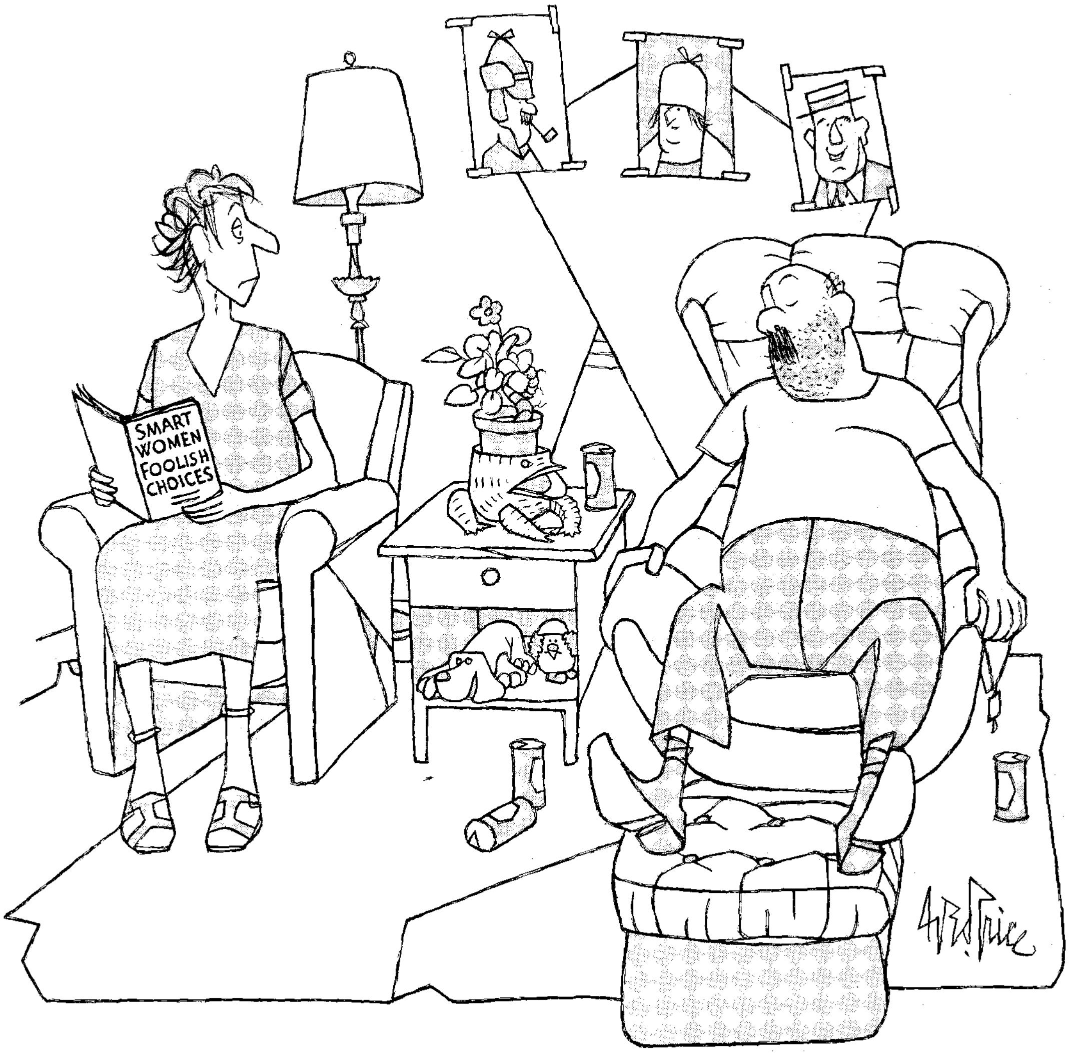
"They take different mechanical things out of this house every day," she said, "and they don't bring them back."

She reached for the phone and dialled. "Hello," she said. "Are you going to bring back my phonograph? . . . This is Janet. . . . They need parts? It had all its parts when it left. . . . Oh. Well, when are you planning to bring it back?"

She hung up. "They're from either Iran or Iraq," she said to us, "and I keep thinking there's going to be a war and they won't bring my things back."

We looked thoughtful.

"You know, I may give up my job and do something worthwhile for the rest of my life," Janet said "I'd like to either work for the homeless or work for Mario Cuomo or wipe out apartheid. If I had won the thirty million dollars, I wouldn't grow tomatoes or buy a car. The first thing I was going to say was 'Thank God, now I can find a man who'll love me for my money instead of for myself.' Nobody is interested in my serious side. My serious side is not as profound as it should be."



Janet took a sip of her drink. "I daydream all day and all night," she said. "Mostly at night, now that I think of it. Sometimes I don't hear my phone ring when I'm in the kitchen. I call my service and I find out that eight people have called. 'Your daughter,' they say, but they won't tell me which one. Or 'Sue.' I know four Sues. Which reminds me, I gave eight hundred dollars to a man—a certified public accountant—and I don't know what's happening. He said I owe three years to the I.R.S. I haven't heard from him, and he hasn't heard from me. I got a letter from the I.R.S. It said, 'We understand that you feel that you have sent in your '82 return. Would you mind sending it in again?' It was the least threatening letter I ever got from them. It's like a letter I got from the phone company: 'We understand that you don't want to pay a deposit of two hundred and sixty dollars. We appreciate your position. However,' it goes on to say."

The phone rang again. We took a sip of our drink.

"Oh, are you that guy from that country?" Janet said. "You're in New Jersey? . . . Yes, I know you, of course. Your name is what? . . . I've had pneumonia since I met you."

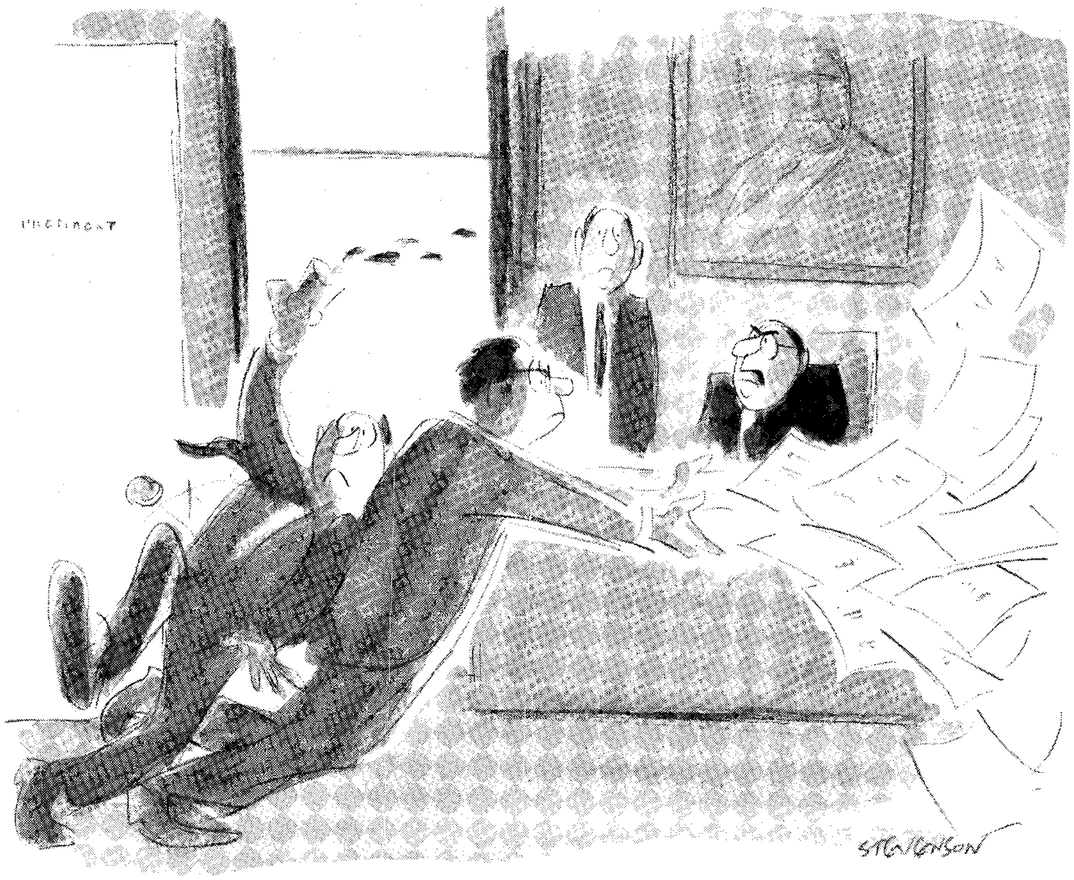
We leaned back in our chair.

Some Art

IGNORING people—that's a terrible thing to do. Perhaps you haven't heard of Barry Le Va. In his 1969 art work "Velocity Piece (Impact Run)," Mr. Le Va ran back and forth as fast as possible between two walls fifty feet apart, crashing into them, until he collapsed. Mr. Le Va is not one of the conceptual artists taking part in the current show at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, "Choices: Making an Art of Everyday Life," but he has had an effect on the other artists, and now that you know about him he has had an effect on you. You may not exactly realize how Mr. Le Va is affecting your life, but that just shows his subtlety. Are you jittery? Mr. Le Va may be the cause.

Michael Osterhout, who *is* in the show, used to tattoo people, but he wanted to go beyond that, conceptually. "A brand on a cow seemed like a logical choice," he writes in the show's catalogue. "I bought a cow, branded her, and arranged for her to be boarded on a friend's farm. My cow was accidentally hit and killed by a truck. I pulled prints from the steaks and eventually dried them into art objects."

Marina Abramovic and Ulay (his full name) are also taking part. They are the pair who braided their long hair together one day in Bologna, in 1977, and sat back to back for seventeen hours. "Tree," done in Wiesbaden a year later, employed a python that hadn't eaten in two weeks. "The space was warm; we stretched piano wires across the floor, which we made sounds with—vibrations for the snake," Ms. Abramovic recalls in the show's catalogue. "The snake followed me for a long time, coming very near. She put her tongue out and I put my tongue out. . . . The tension was



“Why can’t I have a skilled team of staffers, like other top executives?”

• •

so strong; I felt that at any movement she would jump around my neck to strangle me. . . . After four hours and fifteen minutes, for no visible reason, the snake turned and went away. And that was the end.”

One would have expected Tehching Hsieh to be included in the show—he’s the man who remained in a cage for a year, and who punched a time clock every hour on the hour for a year, and who tied himself to Linda Montano with a rope for a year. He is there, but in a very quiet way, because his current performance involves not looking at, making, reading about, or talking about art for twelve months. It is in that capacity that he is not there.

It is a little like what’s going on with James Lee Byars. James Lee Byars is the man who during last fall’s hurricane telephoned a number of people to announce that seven gold men would be smelling six museums and the *Times* building that day. Although the museums were closed, and very few passersby witnessed the performance, it actually did happen. For this show, James Lee Byars’ installation is called “The Ghost of James Lee Byars,” and it is the black room you walk through at the entrance. His absence from the gallery—and this is true of most Americans and, indeed, people of other lands—is his presence. As a result, he missed all the finger food at the press opening. But art is like that.

Morgan O’Hara was there, however. She had a room all to herself—a room filled with charts and graphs recording how she has spent each moment of her life for the last fifteen years. “In 1970, I just didn’t know what I was doing or why,” she told us. “I was just raising a child and earning a living—perfectly adequately, but I felt like there was no purpose, no broader purpose. I thought, Maybe if I pay attention to how I spend my time I’ll be able to make some sense of things. I wanted to take the tools used by modern management for business and apply them to my life.” At first, she merely kept statistics. “But they weren’t visual enough for my brain, so I started making the charts, and one day I just looked at them and said, ‘Hey, this is conceptual art.’ I just laughed and laughed.” The charts use shades of red to indicate time spent creating (different shades for drawing, coloring, meditating [written or visual], looking at other people’s work, recording dreams, explaining her work, and doing nothing); green for socialization (time spent with her daughter, friends, writing letters, making love); blue for education (studying, reading, exercising, meditating [physical], listening to music, working on languages, and analyzing dreams); and yellow for survival (earning money, doing paperwork, accounting, errands, commuting, and sleeping). Ms. O’Hara, who is going to live to at least eighty-six and then “have a choice of when I check out” any time before ninety-six, told us she had a “lifetime commitment” to the project but still found time for other work. She has done a number of drawings that trace the physical paths of people through their lives. “From the moment we’re born, we give off molecules in the air—they sort of trail behind us,” she said, pointing to one of the drawings. “This man has spent a lot of time in Mexico, and you can see his molecules heading south. Another thing—there is the musical piece that will be created by bouncing radar waves off different surfaces of the moon, but that isn’t until 1987.”

Linda Montano, the woman who was tied to Tehching Hsieh for a year, isn’t joining him in his art sabbatical. In fact, she’s an important part of the show. She is spending a minimum of three hours a day in a colored space (this year orange, last year red), listening to a single pitch for a minimum of seven hours a day, wearing one-color clothes, and speaking, except with her immediate family, in an accent (this year Spanish, last year French). This project will last until December 8, 1991, and, according to the catalogue, “others can collaborate in their own way, wherever they are.”

WEBBING

(What Happened. Really.)

"WHAT'S come over Janine, anyway?" Stu asks, reaching for the Chianti. He is sitting at the umbrella table on the patio, reading an article in the Sunday magazine section ("Milton Friedman, Economist for the Eighties," June 17th, page 32). I am sitting at the edge of the pool, dangling my feet and looking at the way the water makes my shins appear to bend a little bit forward. We are at my mother's third husband's summer house on Long Island, approximately a ninety-minute drive from New York City.

Stu looks at me, but I don't answer. Janine is his stepsister, and, to tell the truth, I have always found her disturbing. Stu knows that; after a moment, he fills his glass and returns to his magazine. Since Stu is in advertising, being employed by Miles & McMullan, on Sixty-fourth Street, he loves to look at the ads. He turns the pages smoothly, as if the magazine were an extension of himself.

From the portable radio sitting on the cocktail cart, the latest hit song blares:

She's ferocious,
And she knows just what it takes
to make a pro blush . . .

"Earth calling Pam! Earth calling Pam!" Nat startles me. Nat has come onto the patio through the sliding glass doors while I was lost in my reverie. Nat is Stu's best friend from Bennington, in Vermont, and my former lover. Actually, he was my lover, then he was my former lover, then he was my lover again, and now he's my former lover again. (Stu knows nothing of this.) Nat is a carpenter, and a good one. His hands caressing the grain of fine wood furniture have a beauty all their own. Stu and I are being gentle with Nat these days, because his grandmother just died. Not his real grandmother but a regional sales representative for True Temper Hardware, whom Nat used to call Grandmother. Nat's lady, Alice, is in the hospital having a baby this morning, so Nat has both death and birth in his life.

From the Sony portable television in the cabaña, the happy jingle of a tuna-fish commercial can be heard:

Yum-Yum Bumble Bee
Bumble Bee Tuna.
I love Bumble Bee
Bumble Bee Tuna

I look at Nat over my sunglasses. "Hi, Nat," I say.

"Wrong again. Nat's gone to the station to pick up Claudette," Jerry says. Jerry is Nat's identical-twin brother, as well as a skilled potter.

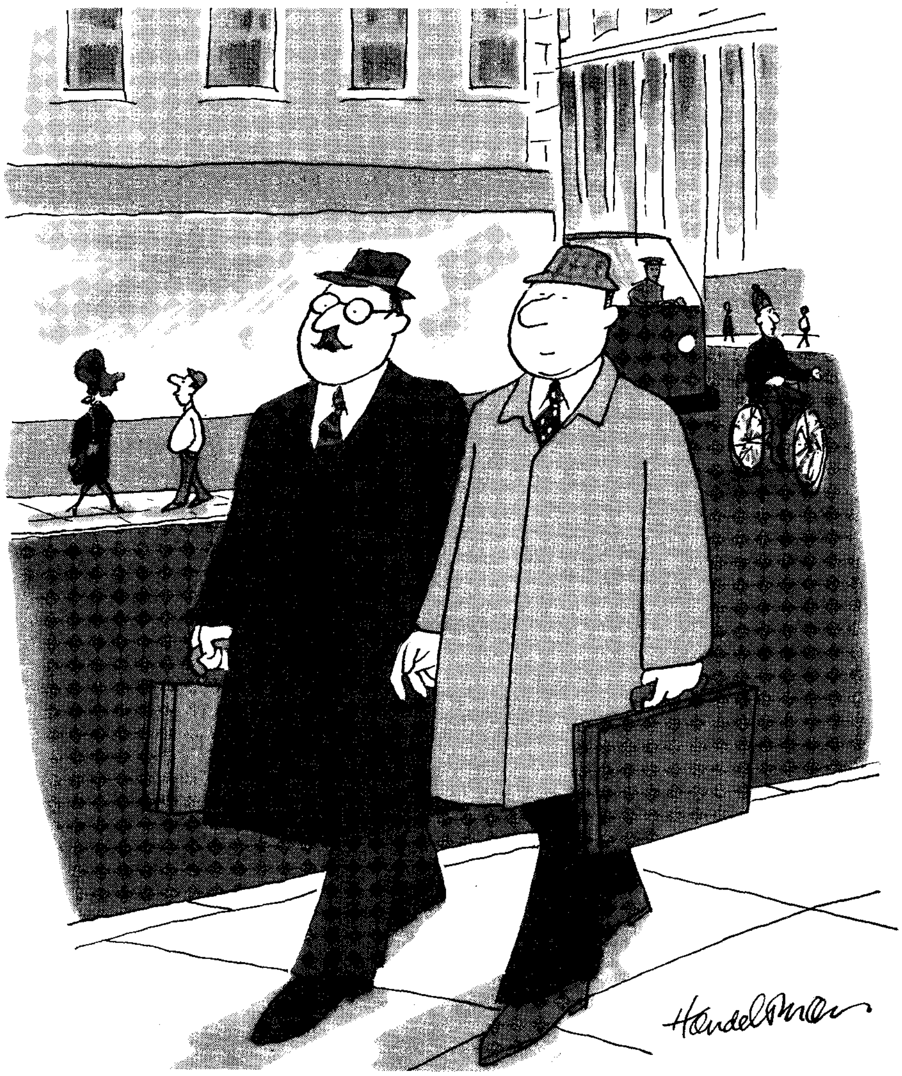
"Jerry . . ." Stu says, reaching for an apple. "You didn't invite Claudette up here? Did you?"

"Well, I kind of did, actually," Jerry says, scanning the distant tree line. Claudette is a sculptor, and a Hawaiian. Stu knows I find Hawaiians very troubling.

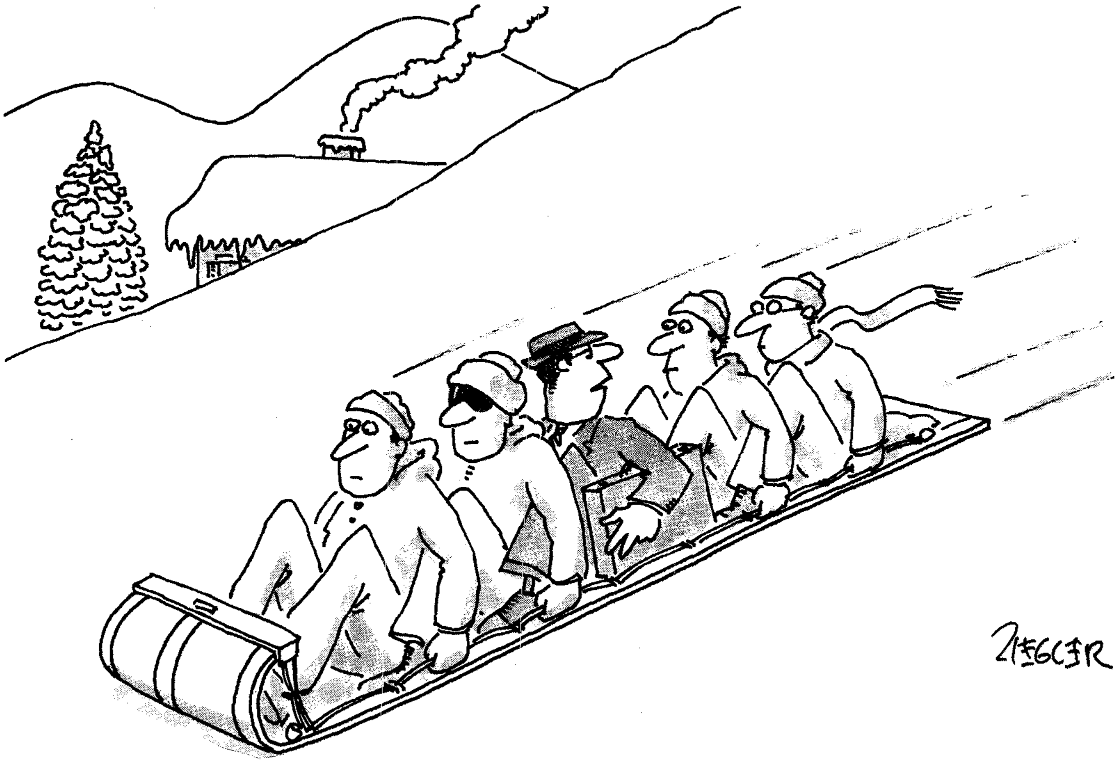
On the television, on "The Magilla Gorilla Show," Magilla is trying to explain something to Mr. Peebles, the pet-store owner.

Suddenly, a memory of when I was a little girl comes to me, vaulting over the years as fresh and vivid as if it happened yesterday. One Sunday in June, when I was ten or eleven, my father (or was it my older brother; no, it was my father, I'm pretty sure)—anyway, he took me and my friend Kathy, or, rather, Beverly, in our car down Route 632 and we drove to Forster's and we got frozen custard. Either that or maybe we went to the park.

There is a crunch of gravel in the driveway. A minute later, Nat, Claudette, Aida, and René come through the hedge. Aida and René are two other people whom we know. Almost telepathically, I can feel Stu start to worry. For his sake, and for the sake of the life he has so carefully



"John Stuart Mill taught that the happiness of the individual is paramount. He didn't name names, but I suspect that you and I are the sort of individual he had in mind."



"Look, I'm not saying it's going to be today. But someday—someday—you guys will be happy that you've taken along a lawyer."

• •

imagined for us, I smile up at them all. The look of terror on Nat's face freezes my greeting in my throat.

"Krauts!" Nat screams, tackling Claudette to the terrazzo and shielding her body with his own as the deafening blast of jet engines fills the air and twin .50-calibre machine guns stitch the wood siding above him into a splintered needlepoint of death.

"Hit the dirt!" Stu cries, but I am way ahead of him, hugging the concrete so fiercely as to weld its very soul to mine.

In the next few moments, total pandemonium takes over. Explosions are everywhere. The earth beneath me lifts and falls. *Whomp! Whomp!* Troops run by carrying rockets and mortars. Theirs or ours? I cannot tell. Ricocheting bullets sting my cheek with spurts of pulverized brick dust. Am I screaming? I must be; the universe is one endless scream, and I am part of it. More guys run by with guns and radios. One horrible thought fills my entire mind: *America is being invaded! And by Germans!* The staccato burst of a machine gun stutters out its fatal message as tracer bullets set the garden ablaze. How can it be? We defeated the Germans soundly over forty years ago! But it's true—I knew the moment the plane came over on its strafing run and I smelled that familiar Boche smell (not familiar to me, of course, because I was too young for WW II; I mean familiar to my father, who told me about it)—that smell of ether, camel dung, and boiled cabbage that the German Army carried wherever it went.

"Move out! To the trees! It's our only chance!" Nat shouts, as the rain of spent shell casings on the tile roof sounds a grim counterpoint to his hoarse command. There is a brief lull in the firing, like a rest in a famous symphony, and then all hell breaks loose again and we are on our feet, suddenly, and running. Running blindly, running and crawling and dodging through a world of fresh craters newly in bloom with orange orchids of smoky flame. Just then, I happen to look up at the trees we are running toward, only to see them begin to topple to one side and another—an entire division of Panzer tanks, heading straight for us! With the energy born of desperation, I grab a German paratrooper who has just landed, hit him with a karate chop on the bridge of the nose, and wrestle his submachine gun away. Throwing myself flat in one of the nearby craters, I begin pumping round after round into the approaching ranks of the invader, as a brassy taste I know to be fear fills my parched and tightening throat.

WHEN I was in the fourth grade—when I was nine years old, and ten—I sometimes used to wonder if somewhere on earth there might not be another little girl who was exactly like me in every way, who looked like me and dressed like me and talked like me and had the same barrettes and everything. And what if we went to the same school—who would be the more popular, she or I? Then, too, I used to wonder what I would do if I had a million dollars, and which movie star I would like to marry, and who would win if God and Superman got into a fight, and which horse was prettier, Misty of Chincoteague or National Velvet, and whether ballerinas had to do gym at school or could get excused. I guess every kid wonders about stuff like that. Now that I am grown, with a husband and a wife and children of my own, I can see that many of the questions I used to wonder about, while not wrong, were certainly misguided. All of us—friends, lovers, colleagues, German troopers—are usually caught up in a scheme much larger than we imagine at the time. It's just like the webbing of the lawn chair I was sitting near right before the attack: to us, our lives seem to be straight lines, but in fact they are interwoven with other lives in a way that makes a net, or web, that maybe some greater being might use for something, just in the way we use that lawn chair. Nat loves me; I love Stu; Stu loves Claudette; Claudette loves Mr. Hurstwood (from "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser). Weaving and reweaving, these many separate strands seek their own warp and woof. To me, it is all quite astonishing. This raid by combined German air and ground forces only serves to underscore my point.

—IAN FRAZIER

BOXES

MY mother is packed and ready to move. But Sunday afternoon, at the last minute, she calls and says for us to come eat with her. "My icebox is defrosting," she tells me. "I have to fry up this chicken before it rots." She says we should bring our own plates and some knives and forks. She's packed most of her dishes and kitchen things. "Come on and eat with me one last time," she says. "You and Jill."

I hang up the phone and stand at the window for a minute longer, wishing I could figure this thing out. But I can't. So finally I turn to Jill and say, "Let's go to my mother's for a goodbye meal."

Jill is at the table with a Sears catalogue in front of her, trying to find us some curtains. But she's been listening. She makes a face. "Do we have to?" she says. She bends down the corner of a page and closes the catalogue. She sighs. "God, we been over there to eat two or three times in this last month alone. Is she ever actually going to leave?"

Jill always says what's on her mind. She's thirty-five years old, wears her hair short, and grooms dogs for a living. Before she became a groomer, something she likes, she used to be a housewife and mother. Then all hell broke loose. Her two children were kidnapped by her first husband and taken to live in Australia. Her second husband, who drank, left her with a broken eardrum before he drove their car through a bridge into the Elwha River. He didn't have life insurance, not to mention property-damage insurance. Jill had to borrow money to bury him, and then—can you beat it?—she was presented with a bill for the bridge repair. Plus, she had her own medical bills. She can tell this story now. She's bounced back. But she has run out of patience with my mother. I've run out of patience, too. But I don't see my options.

"She's leaving day after tomorrow," I say. "Hey, Jill, don't do any favors. Do you want to come with me or not?" I tell her it doesn't matter to me one way or the other. I'll say she has a migraine. It's not like I've never told a lie before.

"I'm coming," she says. And like that she gets up and goes into the bathroom, where she likes to pout.

We've been together since last August, about the time my mother picked to move up here to Longview from California. Jill tried to make the best of it. But my mother pulling into town just when we were trying to get our act together was nothing either of us had bargained for. Jill said it reminded her of the situation with her first husband's mother. "She was a clinger," Jill said. "You know what I mean? I thought I was going to suffocate."

It's fair to say that my mother sees Jill as an intruder. As far as she's concerned, Jill is just another girl in a series of girls who have appeared in my life since my wife left me. Someone, to her mind, likely to take away affection, attention, maybe even some money that might otherwise come to her. But someone deserving of respect? No way. I remember—how can I forget it?—she called my wife a whore before we were married, and then called her a whore fifteen years later, after she left me for someone else.

Jill and my mother act friendly enough when they find themselves together. They hug each other when they say hello or goodbye. They talk about shopping specials. But Jill dreads the time she has to spend in my mother's company. She claims my mother bums her out. She says my mother is negative about everything and everybody and ought to find an outlet, like other people in her age bracket. Crocheting, maybe, or card games at the Senior Citizens Center, or else going to church. Something, anyway, so that she'll leave us in peace. But my mother had her own way of solving things. She announced she was moving back to California. The hell with everything and everybody in this town. What a place to live! She wouldn't continue to live in this town if they gave her the place and six more like it.

Within a day or two of deciding to move, she'd packed her things into boxes. That was last January. Or maybe it was February. Anyway, last winter sometime. Now it's the end of June. Boxes have been sitting around inside her house for months. You have to walk around them or step over them to get from one room to another. This is no way for anyone's mother to live.

After a while, ten minutes or so, Jill comes out of the bathroom. I've found a roach and am trying to smoke that and drink a bottle of ginger ale while I watch one of the neighbors change the oil in his car. Jill doesn't look at me. Instead, she goes into the kitchen and puts some plates and utensils into a paper sack. But when she comes back through the living room I stand up, and we hug each other. Jill says, "It's O.K." What's O.K., I wonder. As far as I can see, nothing's O.K. But she holds me and keeps patting my shoulder. I can smell the pet shampoo on her. She comes home from work wearing the stuff. It's everywhere. Even when we're in bed together. She gives me a final pat. Then we go out to the car and drive across town to my mother's.

I LIKE where I live. I didn't when I first moved here. There was nothing to do at night, and I was lonely. Then I met Jill. Pretty soon, after a few weeks, she brought her things over and started living with me. We didn't set any long-term goals. We were happy and we had a life together. We told each other we'd finally got lucky. But my mother didn't have anything going in her life. So she wrote me and said she'd decided on moving here. I wrote her back and said I didn't think it was such a good idea. The weather's terrible in the winter, I said. They're building a prison a few miles from town, I told her. The place is bumper-to-bumper tourists all summer, I said. But she acted as if she never got my letters, and came anyway. Then, after she'd been in town a little less than a month, she told me she hated the place. She acted as if it were my fault she'd moved here and my fault she found everything so disagreeable. She started calling me up and telling me how crummy the place was. "Laying guilt trips," Jill called it. She told me the bus service was terrible and the drivers unfriendly. As for the people at the Senior Citizens—well, she didn't want to play casino. “They can go to hell,” she said, “and take their card games with them.” The clerks at the supermarket were surly, the guys in the service station didn't give a damn about her or her car. And she'd made up her mind about the man she rented from, Larry Hadlock. King Larry, she called him. “He thinks he's *superior* to everyone because he has some shacks for rent and a few dollars. I wish to God I'd never laid eyes on him.”

It was too hot for her when she arrived, in August, and in September it started to rain. It rained almost every day for weeks. In October it turned cold. There was snow in November and December. But long before that she began to put the bad mouth on the place and the people to the extent that I didn't want to hear about it anymore, and I told her so finally. She cried, and I hugged her and thought that was the end of it. But a few days later she started in again, same stuff. Just before Christmas she called to see when I was coming by with her presents. She hadn't put up a tree and didn't intend to, she said. Then she said something else. She said if this weather didn't improve she was going to kill herself.

“Don't talk crazy,” I said.

She said, “I mean it, honey. I don't want to see this place again except from my coffin. I hate this g.d. place. I don't know why I moved here. I wish I could just die and get it over with.”

I remember hanging on to the phone and watching a man high up on a pole doing something to a power line. Snow whirled around his head. As I watched, he leaned out from the pole, supported only by his safety belt. Suppose he falls, I thought. I didn't have any idea what I was going to say next. I had to say something. But I was filled with unworthy feelings, thoughts no son should admit to. “You're my mother,” I said finally. “What can I do to help?”

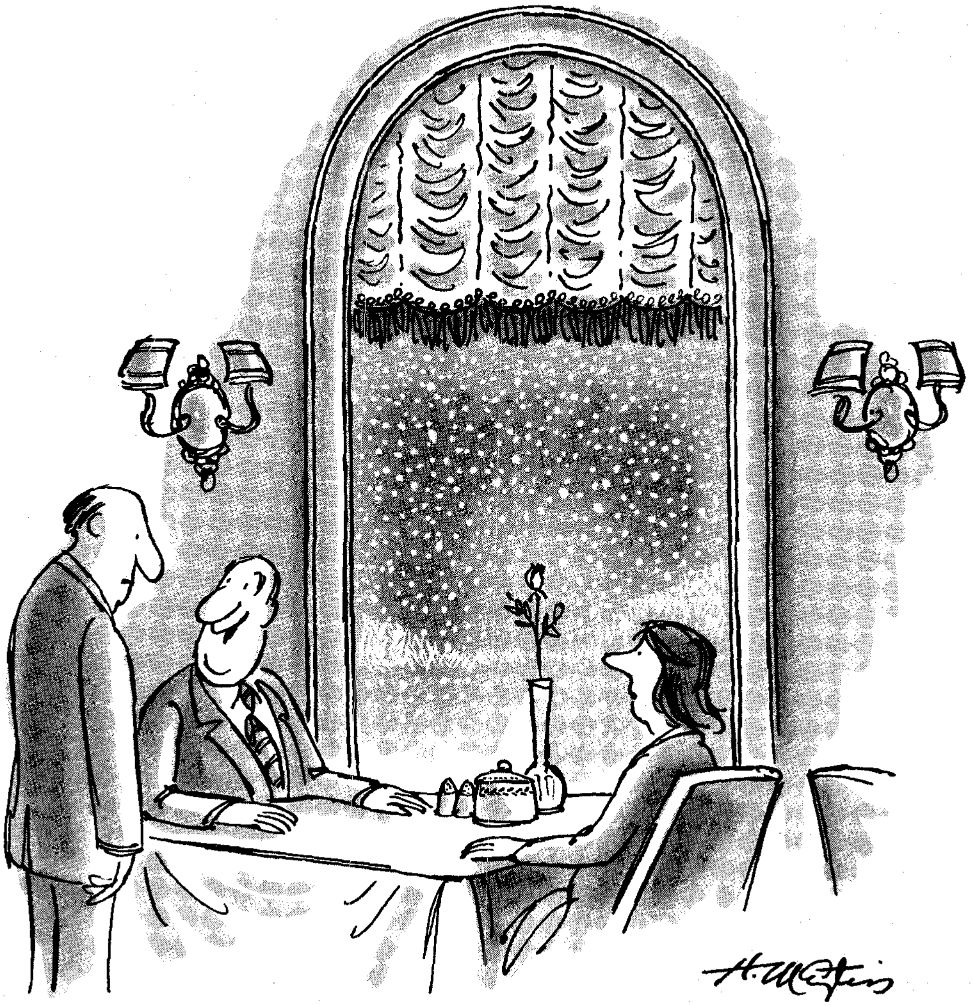
“Honey, you can't do anything,” she said. “The time for doing anything has come and gone. It's too late to do anything. I wanted to like it here. I thought we'd go on picnics and take drives together. But none of that happened. You're always busy. You're off working, you and Jill. You're never at home. Or else if you are at home you have the phone off the hook all day. Anyway, I never see you,” she said.

“That's not true,” I said. And it wasn't. But she went on as if she hadn't heard me. Maybe she hadn't.

“Besides,” she said, “this weather's killing me. It's too damned cold here. Why didn't you tell me this was the North Pole? If you had, I'd never have come. I want to go back to California, honey. I can get out and go places there. I don't know anywhere to go here. There are people back in California. I've got friends there who care what happens to me. Nobody gives a damn here. Well, I just pray I can get through to June. If I can make it that long, if I can last to June, I'm leaving this place forever. This is the worst place I've ever lived in.”

What could I say? I didn't know what to say. I couldn't even say anything about the weather. Weather was a real sore point. We said goodbye and hung up.

Other people take vacations in the summer, but my mother moves. She started moving years ago, after my dad lost his job. When that happened, when he was laid off, they sold their home, as if this were what they should do, and went to where they thought things would be better. But things weren't any better there, either. They moved again. They kept on moving. They lived in rented houses, apartments, mobile homes, and motel units even. They kept moving, lightening their load with each move they made. A couple of times they landed in a town where I lived. They'd move in with my wife and me for a while and then they'd move on again. They were like migrating animals in this regard, except there was no pattern to their movement. They moved around for years, sometimes even leaving the state for what they thought would be greener pastures. But mostly they stayed in Northern California and did their moving there. Then my dad died, and I thought my mother would stop moving and stay in one place for a while. But she didn't. She kept moving. I suggested once that she go to a psychiatrist. I even said I'd pay for it. But she wouldn't hear of it. She packed and moved out of town instead.



“Spring's just around the corner, George. I think I'll have a gin-and-tonic.”

I was desperate about things or I wouldn't have said that about the psychiatrist.

She was always in the process of packing or else unpacking. Sometimes she'd move two or three times in the same year. She talked bitterly about the place she was leaving and optimistically about the place she was going to. Her mail got fouled up, her benefit checks went off somewhere else, and she spent hours writing letters, trying to get it all straightened out. Sometimes she'd move out of an apartment house, move to another one a few blocks away, and then, a month later, move back to the place she'd left, only to a different floor or a different side of the building. That's why when she moved here I rented a house for her and saw to it that it was furnished to her liking. "Moving around keeps her alive," Jill said. "It gives her something to do. She must get some kind of weird enjoyment out of it, I guess." But enjoyment or not, Jill thinks my mother must be losing her mind. I think so, too. But how do you tell your mother this? How do you deal with her if this is the case? Crazy doesn't stop her from planning and getting on with her next move.

SHE is waiting at the back door for us when we pull in. She's seventy years old, has gray hair, wears glasses with rhinestone frames, and has never been sick a day in her life. She hugs Jill, and then she hugs me. Her eyes are bright, as if she's been drinking. But she doesn't drink. She quit years ago, after my dad went on the wagon. We finish hugging and go inside. It's around five in the afternoon. I smell whatever it is drifting out of her kitchen and remember I haven't eaten since breakfast. My buzz has worn off.

"I'm starved," I say.

"Something smells good," Jill says.

"I hope it tastes good," my mother says. "I hope this chicken's done." She raises the lid on a fry pan and pushes a fork into a chicken breast. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's raw chicken. I think it's done. Why don't you sit down? Sit anyplace. I still can't regulate my stove. The burners heat up too fast. I don't like electric stoves and never have. Move that junk off the chair, Jill. I'm living here like a damned gypsy. But not for much longer, I hope." She sees me looking around for the ashtray. "Behind you," she says. "On the windowsill, honey. Before you sit down, why don't you pour us some of that Pepsi? You'll have to use these paper cups. I should have told you to bring some glasses. Is the Pepsi cold? I don't have any ice. This icebox won't keep anything cold. It isn't worth a damn. My ice cream turns to soup. It's the worst icebox I've ever had."

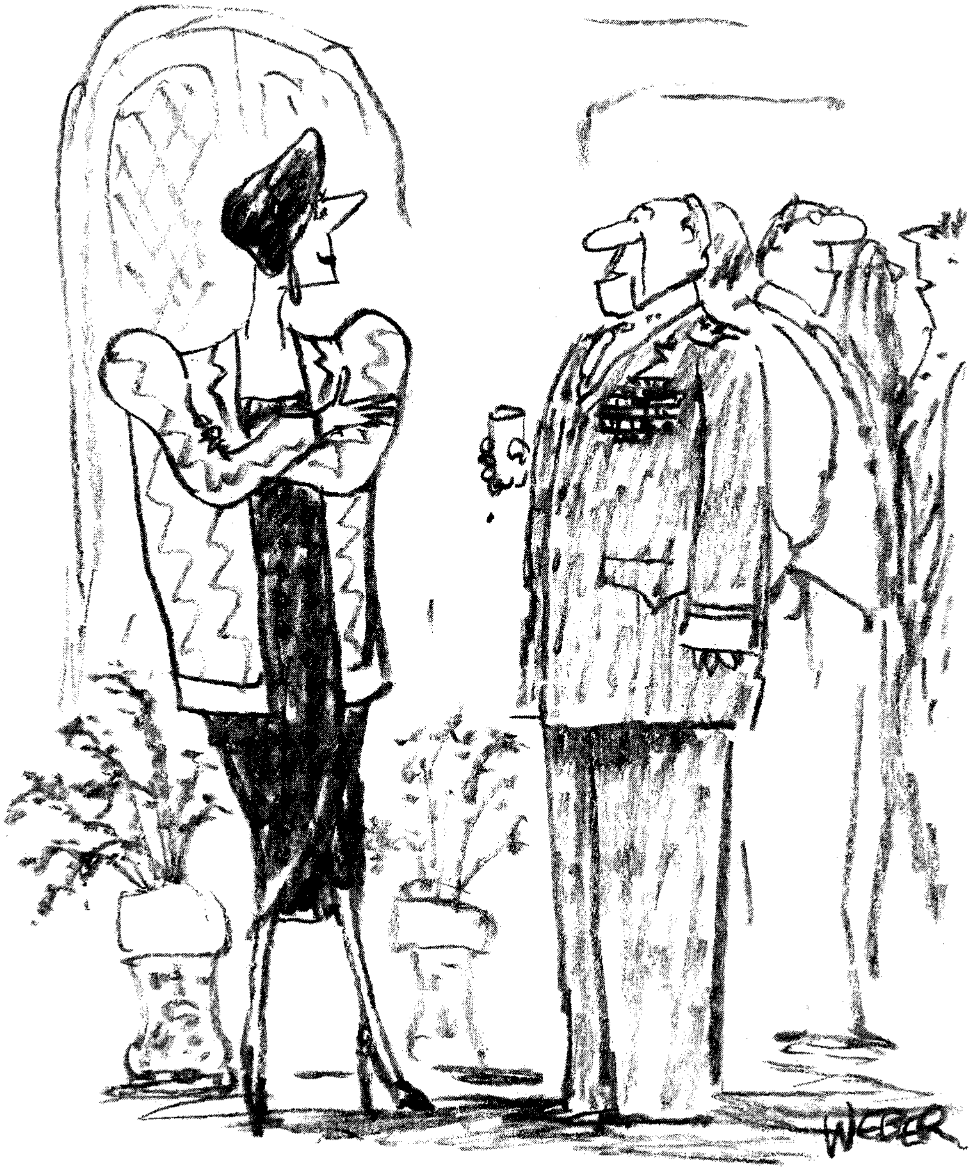
She forks the chicken onto a plate and puts the plate on the table along with beans and coleslaw and white bread. Then she looks to see if there is anything she's forgetting. Salt and pepper! "Sit down," she says.

We draw our chairs up to the table, and Jill takes the plates out of the sack and hands them around the table to us. "Where are you going to live when you go back?" she says. "Do you have a place lined up?"

My mother passes the chicken to Jill and says, "I wrote that lady I rented from before. She wrote back and said she had a nice first-floor place I could have. It's close to the bus stop and there's lots of stores in the area. There's a bank and a Safeway. It's the nicest place. I don't know why I left there." She says that and helps herself to some coleslaw.

"Why'd you leave then?" Jill says. "If it was so nice and all." She picks up her drumstick, looks at it, and takes a bite of the meat.

"I'll tell you why. There was an old alcoholic woman who lived next door to me. She drank from morning to night. The walls were so thin I could hear her munching ice cubes all day. She had to use a walker to get around, but that still didn't stop her. I'd hear that walker *scrape, scrape* against the floor from morning to night. That and her icebox door closing." She shakes her head at all she had to put



"You're very interesting, for a civilian."

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ALONE IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS

It's still too early to make concessions.
Meanwhile the long night glided on,
Intent on some adventure of its own, like a dog
Dreaming of a bone. But under the coat of burrs

Lay the stones, and they were awake, desire
Still shrivelled in the bud, but they were there,
Soon to be on fire. As the tree beautifies itself
Over a period of several months, all things

Take up their abode in the questions it asks,
And don't even dream of them, perhaps. Poor, misguided pilgrim,
It says, overtaken by every new tempest
That comes along, your cloak, the half you kept, caked with mud.

Life, it thinks, is like growing up
Entrusted to the sole care of a French governess,
Never knowing anything about your parents,
As lights come on in the city far across the bay.

Then it's suddenly an orgy of name-giving,
Of hyphenated names, names with "Dr." attached to them,
The flowers waiting to be named, the days
Of the month, and so on. And the medicines.

And it's like not being grown up anymore,
Like being a fifty-seven-year-old child or something,
The secret having leaked out again. No
Name quite sticks. Wine and cider

Taste like Chinese-restaurant tea.
One has cobbled a kind of life together,
The cloud and outlines of the sod
Still glowing, longing to touch you with the fire

That shapes us, then replaces us on the shelf.
It's safe around here though. Something
In the darkness understands, tries to make up for it all
But it's like a new disease, a resistant strain.

Where were you when it was all happening?
Night is full of kindred spirits now,
Voices, photos of loved ones, faces
Out of the newspaper, eager smiles blown like leaves

Before they become fungus. No time to give credit
Where it is due, though actions, as before,
Speak louder than words. To dot the "i"s,
Cross the "t"s and tie everything up

In a loose bundle stamped "not wanted on the voyage."
There were flowers in a garden once,
Monkey business, shenanigans. But it all
Gets towered over. There would be no point

In replying to the finer queries, since we live
In our large, square, open landscape. The bridge
Of fools once crossed, there are adjustments to be made
But you have to settle in to looking at these things.

—JOHN ASHBERY

* * *

up with. "I had to get out of there. *Scrape, scrape* all day. I couldn't stand it. I just couldn't live like that. This time I told the manager I didn't want to be next to any alcoholics. And I didn't want anything on the second floor. The second floor looks out on the parking lot. Nothing to see from there." She waits for Jill to say something more. But Jill doesn't comment. My mother looks over at me.

I'm eating like a wolf and don't say anything, either. In any case, there's nothing more to say on the subject. I keep chewing and look over at the boxes stacked against the fridge. Then I help myself to more coleslaw.

Pretty soon I finish and push my chair back. Larry Hadlock pulls up in back of the house, next to my car, and takes a lawnmower out of his pickup. I watch him through the window behind the table. He doesn't look in our direction.

"What's he want?" my mother says and stops eating.

"He's going to cut your grass, it looks like," I say.

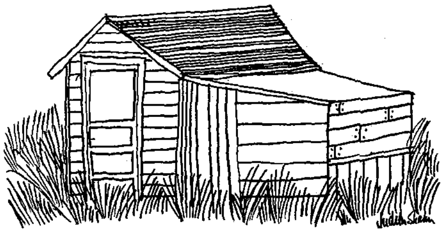
"It doesn't need cutting," she says. "He cut it last week. What's there for him to cut?"

"It's for the new tenant," Jill says. "Whoever that turns out to be."

My mother takes this in and then goes back to eating.

Larry Hadlock starts his mower and begins to cut the grass. I know him a little. He lowered the rent twenty-five a month when I told him it was my mother. He is a widower—a big fellow, mid-sixties. An unhappy man with a good sense of humor. His arms are covered with white hair, and white hair stands out from under his cap. He looks like a magazine illustration of a farmer. But he isn't a farmer. He is a retired construction worker who's saved a little money. For a while, in the beginning, I let myself imagine that he and my mother might take some meals together and become friends.

"There's the king," my mother says. "King Larry. Not everyone has as much money as he does and can live in a big house and charge other people high rents. Well, I hope I never see his cheap old face again once I leave here. Eat the rest of this chicken," she says to me. But I shake my head and light a cigarette. Larry pushes his mower past the window.



"You won't have to look at it much longer," Jill says.

"I'm sure glad of that, Jill. But I know he won't give me my deposit back."

"How do you know that?" I say.

"I just know," she says. "I've had dealings with his kind before. They're out for all they can get."

Jill says, "It won't be long now and you won't have to have anything more to do with him."

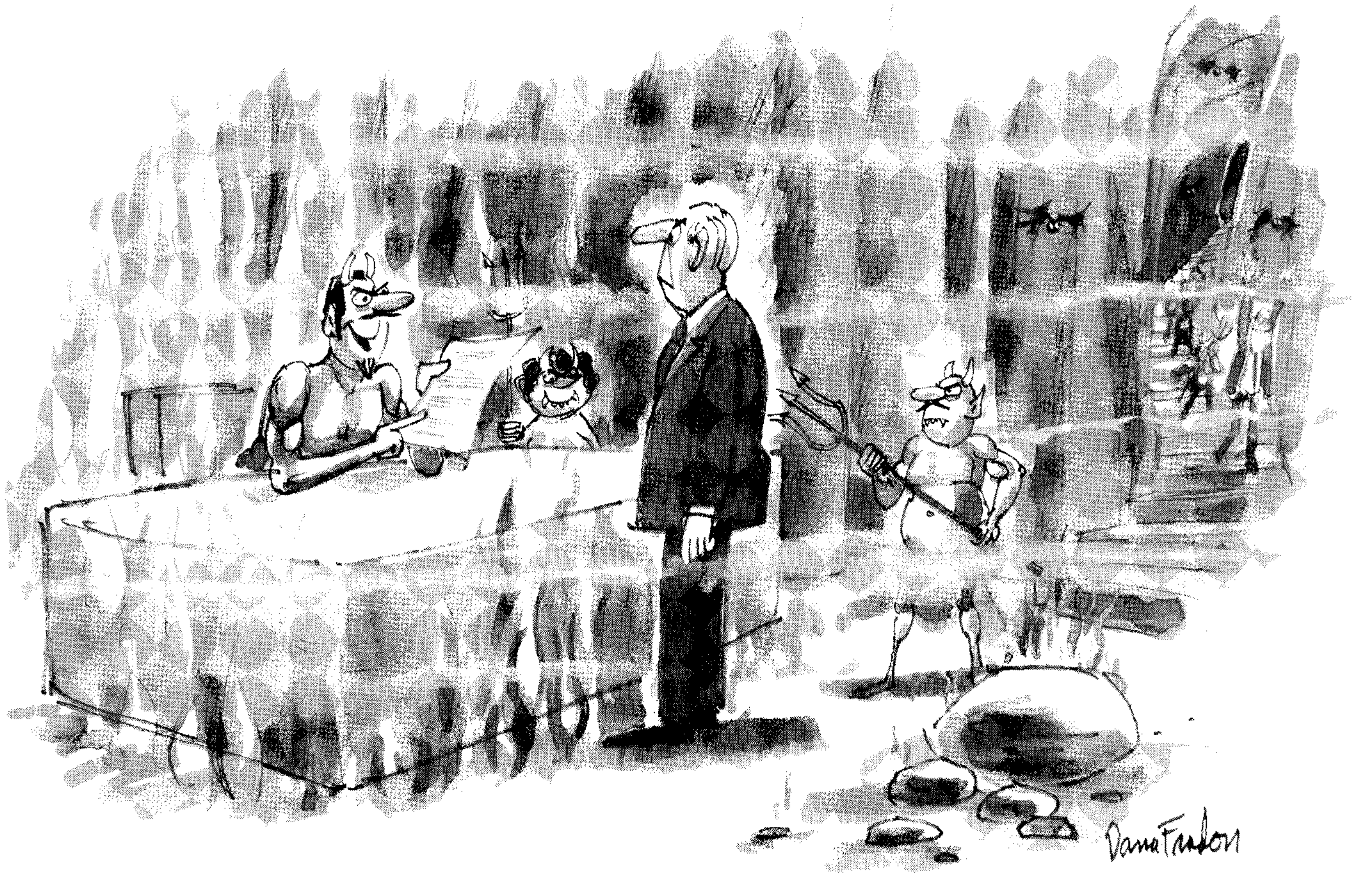
"I'll be so glad."

"But it'll be somebody just like him," Jill says.

"I don't want to think that, Jill," my mother says.

She makes coffee while Jill clears the table. I rinse the cups. Then I pour coffee, and we step around a box marked "Knickknacks" and take our cups into the living room.

Larry Hadlock is at the side of the house. Traffic moves slowly on the street out in front, and the sun has



"Aged ten, Camp Potawatamee in the Catskills, thirty-five demerits. Forgot about that one, eh?"

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started down over the trees. I can hear the commotion the mower makes. Some crows leave the phone line and settle onto the newly cut grass in the front yard.

"I'm going to miss you, honey," my mother says. Then she says, "I'll miss you, too, Jill. I'm going to miss both of you."

Jill sips from her coffee and nods. Then she says, "I hope you have a safe trip back and find the place you're looking for at the end of the road."

"When I get settled—and this is my last move, so help me—I hope you'll come and visit," my mother says. She looks at me and waits to be reassured.

"We will," I say. But even as I say it I know it isn't true. My life caved in on me down there, and I won't be going back.

"I wish you could have been happier here," Jill says. "I wish you'd been able to stick it out or something. You know what? Your son is worried sick about you."

"Jill," I say.

But she gives her head a little shake and goes on. "Sometimes he can't sleep over it. He wakes up sometimes in the night and says, 'I can't sleep. I'm thinking about my mother.' There," she says and looks at me. "I've said it. But it was on my mind."

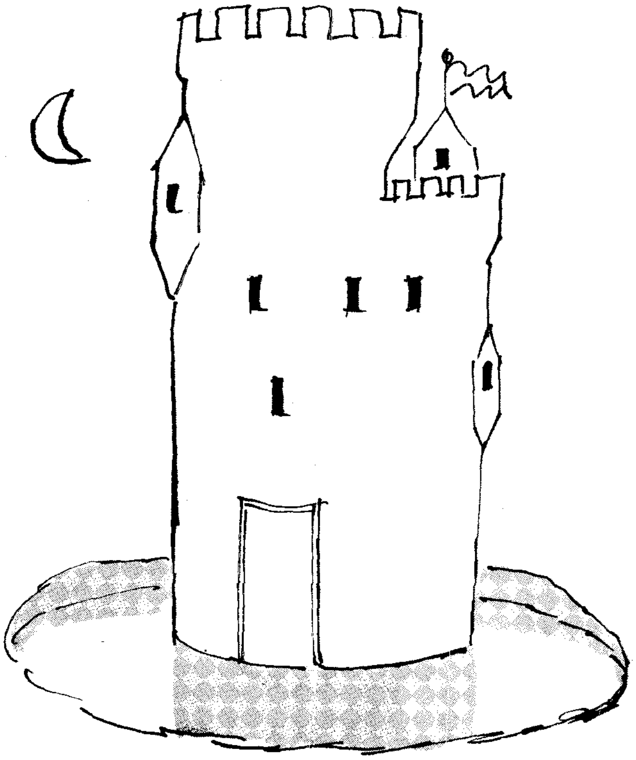
"How do you think I must feel?" my mother says. Then she says, "Other women my age can be happy. Why can't I be like other women? All I want is a house and a town to live in that will make me happy. That isn't a crime, is it? I hope not. I hope I'm not asking too much out of life." She puts her cup on the floor next to her chair and waits for Jill to tell her she isn't asking for too much. But Jill doesn't say anything, and in a minute my mother begins to outline her plans to be happy.

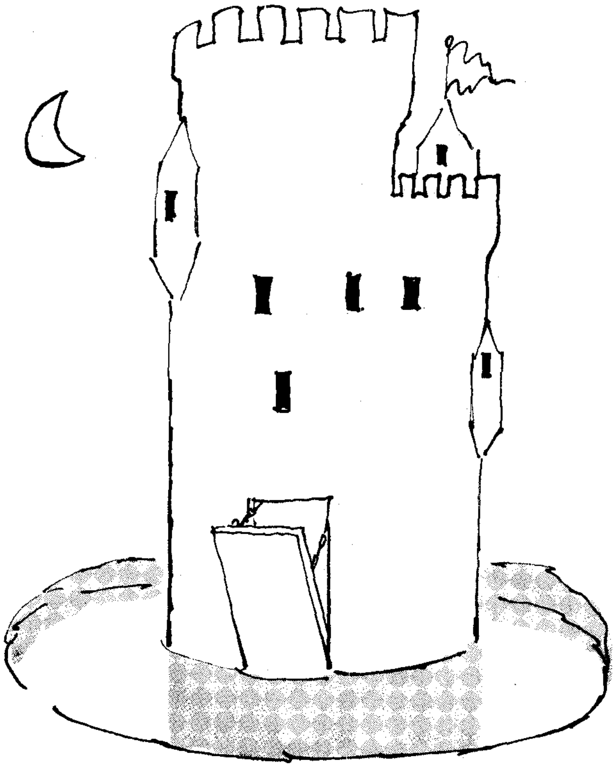
After a time Jill lowers her eyes to her cup and has some more coffee. I can tell she's stopped listening. But my mother keeps talking anyway. The crows work their way through the grass in the front yard. I hear the mower howl and then thud as it picks up a clump of grass in the blade and comes to a stop. In a minute, after several tries, Larry gets it going again. The crows fly off, back to their wire. Jill picks at a fingernail. My mother is saying that the secondhand-furniture dealer is coming around the next morning to collect the things she isn't going to send on the bus or carry with her in the car. The table and chairs, TV, sofa, and bed are going with the dealer. But he's told her he doesn't have any use for the card table, so my mother is going to throw it out unless we want it.

"We'll take it," I say. Jill looks over. She starts to say something but changes her mind.

I will drive the boxes to the Greyhound station the next afternoon and start them on the way to California. My mother will spend the last night with us, as arranged. And then, early the next morning, two days from now, she'll be on her way.

She continues to talk. She talks on and on as she describes the trip she is about to make. She'll drive until four o'clock in the afternoon and then take a motel room for the night. She figures to make Eugene by dark. Eugene is a nice town—she stayed there once before, on the way up here. When she leaves the motel, she'll leave at sunrise





and should, if God is looking out for her, be in California that afternoon. And God *is* looking out for her, she knows he is. How else explain her being kept around on the face of the earth? He has a plan for her. She's been praying a lot lately. She's been praying for me, too.

"Why are you praying for him?" Jill wants to know.

"Because I feel like it. Because he's my son," my mother says. "Is there anything the matter with that? Don't we all need praying for sometimes? Maybe some people don't. I don't know. What do I know anymore?" She brings a hand to her forehead and rearranges some hair that's come loose from a pin.

The mower sputters off, and pretty soon we see Larry go around the house pulling the hose. He sets the hose out and then goes slowly back around the house to turn the water on. The sprinkler begins to turn.

My mother starts listing the ways she imagines Larry has wronged her since she's been in the house. But now I'm not listening, either. I am thinking how she is about to go down the highway again, and nobody can reason with her or do anything to stop her. What can I do? I can't tie her up, or commit her, though it may come to that eventually. I worry for her, and she is a heartache to me. She is all the family I have left. I'm sorry she didn't like it here and wants to leave. But I'm never going back to California. And when that's clear to me I understand something else, too. I understand that after she leaves I'm probably never going to see her again.

I look over at my mother. She stops talking. Jill raises her eyes. Both of them look at me.

"What is it, honey?" my mother says.

"What's wrong?" Jill says.

I lean forward in the chair and cover my face with my hands. I sit like that for a minute, feeling bad and stupid for doing it. But I can't help it. And the woman who brought me into this life, and this other woman I picked up with less than a year ago, they exclaim together and rise and come over to where I sit with my head in my hands like a fool. I don't open my eyes. I listen to the sprinkler whipping the grass.

"What's wrong? What's the matter?" they say.

"It's O.K.," I say. And in a minute it is. I open my eyes and bring my head up. I reach for a cigarette.

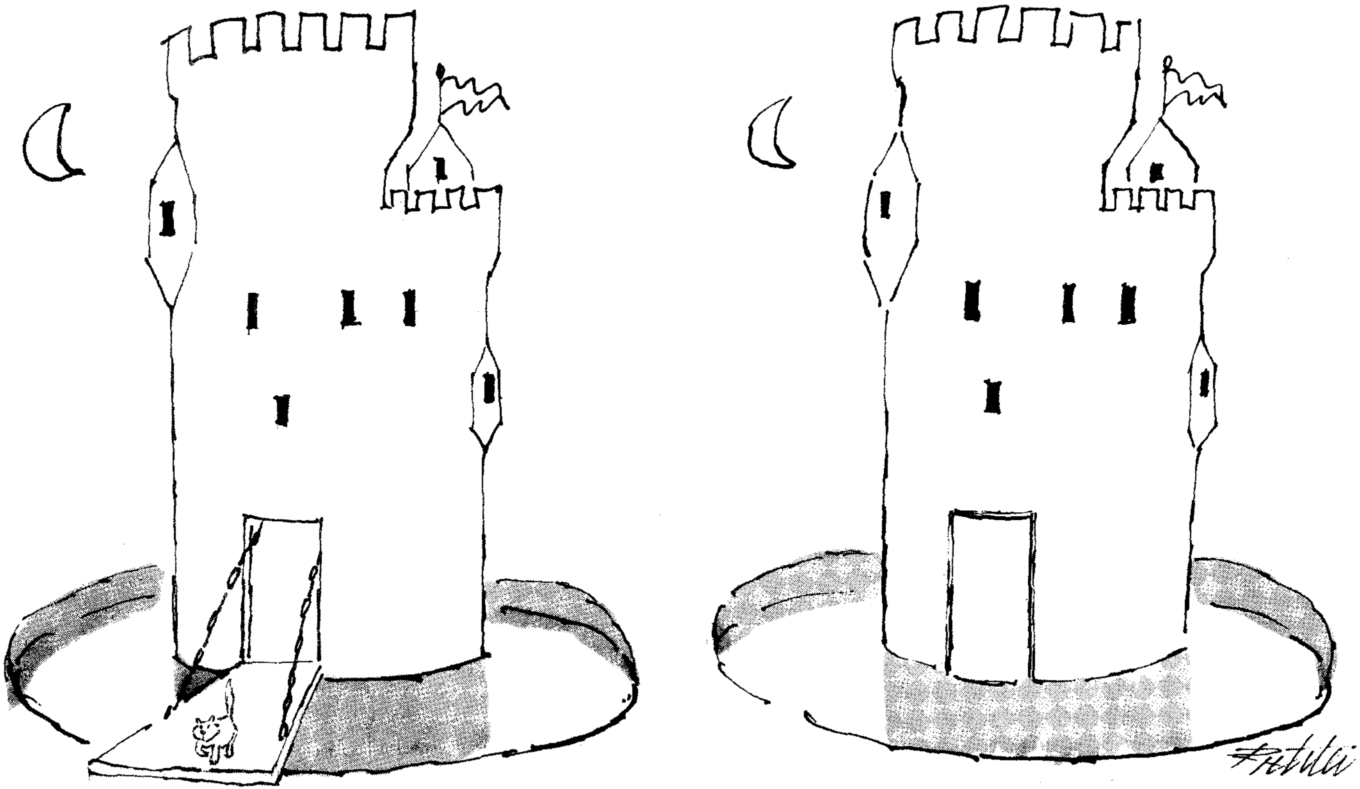
"See what I mean?" Jill says. "You're driving him crazy. He's going crazy with worry over you." She is on one side of my chair, and my mother is on the other side. They could tear me apart in no time at all.

"I wish I could die and get out of everyone's way," my mother says quietly. "So help me Hannah, I can't take much more of this."

"How about some more coffee?" I say. "Maybe we ought to catch the news," I say. "Then I guess Jill and I better head for home."

TWO days later, early in the morning, I say goodbye to my mother for what may be the last time. I've let Jill sleep. It won't hurt if she's late to work for a change. The dogs can wait for their baths and trimmings and such. My mother holds my arm as I walk her down the steps to the driveway and open the car door for her. She is wearing white slacks and a white blouse and white sandals. Her hair is pulled back and tied with a scarf. That's white, too. It's going to be a nice day, and the sky is clear and already blue.

On the front seat of the car I see maps and a thermos of coffee. My mother looks at these things as if she can't recall having come outside with them just a few minutes ago. She turns to me then and says, "Let me hug you once more. Let me love your neck. I know I won't see you for a long time." She puts an arm around my neck, draws me to her, and then begins to cry. But she stops almost at once and steps back, pushing the heel of her hand against her eyes. "I said I wouldn't do that, and I won't. But let me get a last look at you anyway. I'll miss you, honey," she says. "I'm just going to have to live through this. I've already lived through things I didn't



think were possible. But I'll live through this, too, I guess." She gets into the car, starts it, and runs the engine for a minute. She rolls her window down.

"I'm going to miss you," I say. And I *am* going to miss her. She's my mother, after all, and why shouldn't I miss her? But, God forgive me, I'm glad, too, that it's finally time and that she is leaving.

"Goodbye," she says. "Tell Jill thanks for supper last night. Tell her I said goodbye."

"I will," I say. I stand there wanting to say something else. But I don't know what. We keep looking at each other, trying to smile and reassure each other. Then something comes into her eyes, and I believe she is thinking about the highway and how far she is going to have to drive that day. She takes her eyes off me and looks down the road. Then she rolls her window up, puts the car into gear, and drives to the intersection, where she has to wait for the light to change. When I see she's made it into traffic and headed toward the highway, I go back in the house and drink some coffee. I feel sad for a while, and then the sadness goes away and I start thinking about other things.

A FEW nights later my mother calls to say she is in her new place. She is busy fixing it up, the way she does when she has a new place. She tells me I'll be happy to know she likes it just fine to be back in sunny California. But she says there's something in the air where she is living, maybe it's pollen, that is causing her to sneeze a lot. And the traffic is heavier than she remembers from before. She doesn't recall there being so much traffic in her neighborhood. Naturally, everyone still drives like crazy down there. "California drivers," she says. "What else can you expect?" She says it's hot for this time of the year. She doesn't think the air-conditioning unit in her apartment is working right. I tell her she should talk to the manager. "She's never around when you need her," my mother says. She hopes she hasn't made a mistake in moving back to California. She waits before she says anything else.

I'm standing at the window with the phone pressed to my ear, looking out at the lights from town and at the lighted houses closer by. Jill is at the table with the catalogue, listening.

"Are you still there?" my mother asks. "I wish you'd say something."

I don't know why, but it's then I recall the affectionate name my dad used sometimes when he was talking nice to my mother—those times, that is, when he wasn't drunk. It was a long time ago, and I was a kid, but always, hearing it, I felt better, less afraid, more hopeful about the future. "*Dear*," he'd say. He called her "dear" sometimes—a sweet name. "Dear," he'd say, "if you're going to the store, will you bring me some cigarettes?" Or "Dear, is your cold any better?" "Dear, where is my coffee cup?"

The word issues from my lips before I can think what else I want to say to go along with it. "Dear." I say it again. I call her "dear." "Dear, try not to be afraid," I say. I tell my mother I love her and I'll write to her, yes. Then I say goodbye, and I hang up.

For a while I don't move from the window. I keep standing there, looking out at the lighted houses in our neighborhood. As I watch, a car turns off the road and pulls into a driveway. The porch light goes on. The door to the house opens and someone comes out on the porch and stands there waiting.

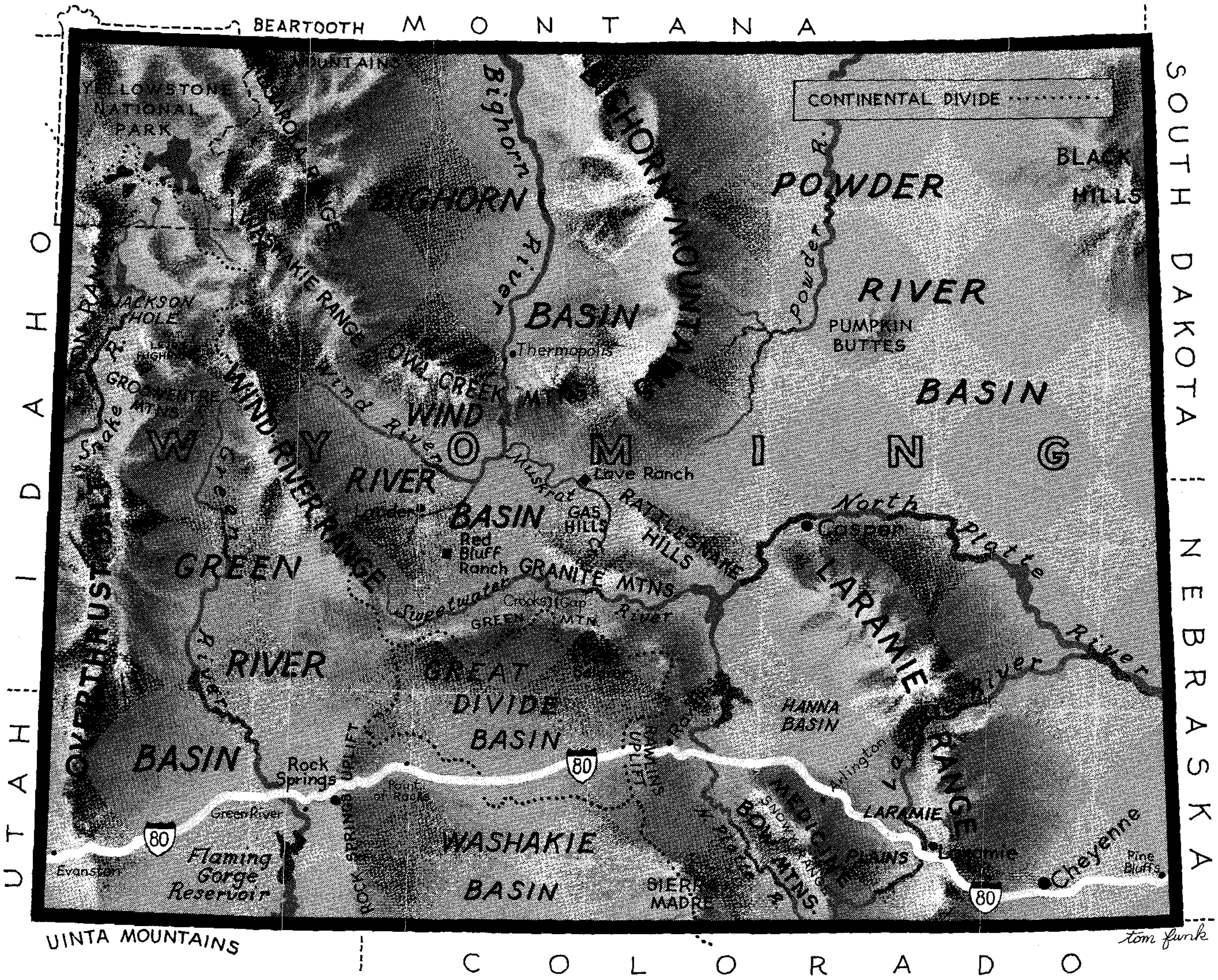
Jill turns the pages of her catalogue, and then she stops turning them. "This is what we want," she says. "This is more like what I had in mind. Look at this, will you." But I don't look. I don't care five cents for curtains. "What is it you see out there, honey?" Jill says. "Tell me."

What's there to tell? The people over there embrace for a minute, and then they go inside the house together. They leave the light burning. Then they remember, and it goes out.

—RAYMOND CARVER

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

RISING FROM THE PLAINS—I


BEARTOOTH MOUNTAINS
MONTANA
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
COLORADO
UTAH
IDAHO
UINTA MOUNTAINS
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
ABSAROKA RANGE
Bighorn River
BIGHORN BASIN
BIGHORN MOUNTAINS
Thermopolis
Powder R.
POWDER RIVER BASIN
PUMPKIN BUTTES
BLACK HILLS
JACKSON HOLE
GROS VENTRE MTNS.
Snake R.
WASHAKIE RANGE
Wind River
OWL CREEK MTNS.
WIND RIVER BASIN
WIND RIVER RANGE
WYOMING
Lander
Love Ranch
Muskrat
GAS HILLS
RATTLESNAKE HILLS
Red Bluff Ranch
GRANITE MTNS.
Sweetwater River
Crooks Gap
GREEN MTN.
North Platte River
Casper
LARAMIE RANGE
HANNA BASIN
Green River
GREEN RIVER BASIN
OVERTHRUST BELT
GREAT DIVIDE BASIN
ROCK SPRINGS UPLIFT
RAWLINS UPLIFT
Rock Springs
Point of Rocks
Green River
Evanston
Flaming Gorge Reservoir
80
WASHAKIE BASIN
SIERRA MADRE
MEDICINE BOW MTNS.
SNOWY RANGE
LARAMIE PLAINS
Arlington
LARAMIE
Laramie
Cheyenne
Pine Bluffs
tom funk

THIS is about high-country geology and a Rocky Mountain regional geologist. I raise that semaphore here at the start so no one will feel misled by an opening passage in which a slim young woman who is *not in any sense a geologist* steps down from a train in Rawlins, Wyoming, in order to go north by stagecoach into country that was still very much the Old West. She arrived in the autumn of 1905, when she was twenty-three. Her hair was so blond it looked white. In Massachusetts, a few months before, she had graduated from Wellesley College and had been awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key, which now hung from a chain around her neck. Her field was classical studies. In addition to her skills in Latin and Greek, she could handle a horse expertly, but never had she made a journey into a region so remote as the one that lay before her.

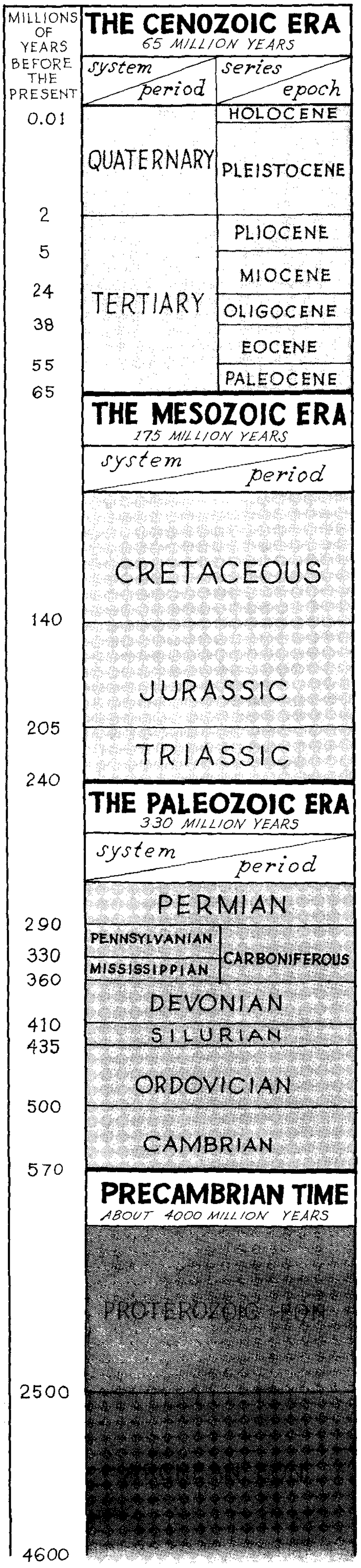
Meanwhile, Rawlins surprised her: Rawlins, where shootings had once been so frequent that there seemed to be—as citizens put it—"a man for breakfast every morning;" Rawlins, halfway across a state that was spending per annum far more to kill wolves and coyotes than to support its nineteen-year-old university. She had expected a "backward" town, a "frontier" town, a street full of badmen like Big Nose George, the road agent, the plunderer of stagecoaches, who signed his hidden-treasure maps "B. N. George." Instead, this October evening, she was met at the station by a lackey with a handcart, who wheeled her luggage to the Ferris Hotel. A bellboy took over, his chest a constellation of buttons. The place was three stories high, and cozy with steam heat. The lights were electric. There were lace curtains. What does it matter, she reflected, if the pitchers lack spouts?

ONE spring day about three-quarters of a century later, a four-wheel-drive Bronco approached Rawlins from the east on Interstate 80. At the wheel was David Love, of the United States Geological Survey, supervisor of the Survey's environmental branch in Laramie, and—to an extent unusual at the highest levels of the science—an autochthonous geologist. The term refers to rock that has not moved. Love was born in the center of Wyoming in 1913, and grew up on an isolated ranch, where he was educated mainly by his mother. To be sure, experience had come to him beyond the borders—a Yale Ph.D., explorations for oil in the southern Appalachians and the midcontinent—but his career had been accomplished almost wholly in his home terrain. For several decades now, he had been regarded by colleagues as one of the two or three most influential field geologists in the Survey, and, in recent time, inevitably, as "the grand old man of Rocky Mountain geology." The grand old man had a full thatch of white hair, and crow's-feet around pale-blue eyes. He wore old gray boots with broken laces, brown canvas trousers, and a jacket made of horsehide. Between his hips was a brass belt buckle of the sort that suggests a conveyor. Ambiguously, it was scrolled with the word "LOVE." On his head was a two-gallon Stetson, with a braided-horsehair band. He wore trifocals. There was stratigraphy even in his glasses.

A remarkably broad geologist, he had worked on everything from geochemistry to structural geology, environmental geology to Pleistocene geology, stratigraphy to areal geology and mapping—and he had published extensively in all these fields. In the Bronco, he seemed confined—a restlessness that derived from a lifetime of travel on foot or horseback. He was taking me across Wyoming, at my request, looking at the rock in roadcuts of the interstate, which in seasons that followed would serve as portals for long digressions elsewhere in Wyoming in pursuit of the geologies the roadcuts represented. Once, in the Bighorn Basin, as we were rolling out our sleeping bags, I asked him what portion of the nights of his life he had spent out under the stars, and he answered, "One-third." A few minutes later, half asleep, he added a correction: "Let's say one-quarter. I want to be careful not to exaggerate." He rolled over and was gone for the night. I passed out more slowly, while my brain tumbled heavily with calculation. Love was about seventy, and this, I figured, was something like his six-thousandth night on the ground. Well, not precisely on the ground. One must be careful not to exaggerate. He has had the same old U.S.G.S. air mattress for forty years. When it was quite new, it sprang a leak. He poured evaporated milk in through the valve and stopped the leak.

Now, as we crossed the North Platte River and ran on toward Rawlins in May, over the road were veils of blowing snow. This was Wyoming, not some nice mild place like Baffin Island—Wyoming, a landlocked Spitsbergen—and gently, almost imperceptibly, we were climbing. The snow did not obscure the structure. We were running above—and, in the roadcuts, among—strata that were leaning toward us, strata that were influenced by the Rawlins Uplift, which could be regarded as a failed mountain range. The Medicine Bow Mountains and the Sierra Madre stood off to the south, and while they and other ranges were rising this one had tried, too, but had succeeded merely in warping the flat land. The tilt of the strata was steeper than the road. Therefore, as we moved from cut to cut we were descending in time, downsection, each successive layer stratigraphically lower and older than the one before. Had this been a May morning a hundred million years ago, in Cretaceous time, we would have been many fathoms underwater, in a broad arm of the sea, which covered the continental platform—reached across the North American craton, the Stable Interior Craton—from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. The North Platte, scratching out the present landscape, had worked itself down into some dark shales that had been black muds in the organic richness of that epicratonic sea. The salt water rose and fell, spread and receded through time—in Love's words, "advanced westward and then retreated, then advanced and retreated over and over again, leaving thick sequences of intertonguing sandstone and shale"—repeatedly exposing fresh coastal plains, and as surely flooding them once more. In what has become dry mountain country, vegetation rioted in coastal swamps. They would have been like the Florida Everglades, the peat fens of East Anglia, or borders of the Java Sea, which stand just as temporarily, and after they are flooded by a rising ocean may be buried under sand and mud, and reported to the future as coal. There were seams of coal in the roadcuts, under the layers of sandstone and shale. The Cretaceous swamps were particularly abundant in this part of Wyoming. A hundred million years later, the Union Pacific Railroad would choose this right-of-way so it could fuel itself with the coal.

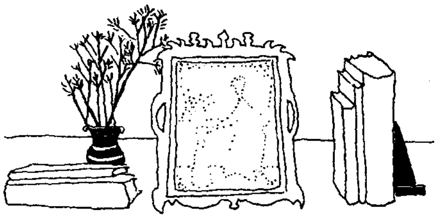
In cyclic rhythm with the other rock was limestone. Here and again, the highway was running on this soft impure limestone. It was sea-bottom lime, from dissolved or fragmented shells, which had lithified at least ten thousand feet lower than it is now. Woody asters were in bloom in the median, and blooming, too, by the side of the road, prospering on the lime. Love



pointed them out with an edge in his voice. He said they were not Wyoming plants. They had come into Wyoming with trail herds of cattle and sheep, and later in trucks and railroad cars bringing hay from hundreds of miles to the south; and disastrously they had the ability—actually, a need—to draw selenium from the rock below. Selenium, which in concentration is toxic to people and animals, is given to the wind in some volcanic ash. A hundred million years ago, stratovolcanoes stood in Idaho, and they sent up ash that fell out eastward in the sea. The selenium went into the lime muds, and now these alien asters were drawing it out of the limestone and spreading the poison across the surface world, as few other plants can do. Most plants ignore selenium. Woody asters and a few others require selenium in order to germinate. After they take it up from the rock, they convert it into a form that nearly all plants will, in turn, take up, too. Selenium-contaminated plants are eaten by sheep and cattle, which are served to people as chops and burgers. Concentrated selenium destroys an enzyme that transmits messages from brain to muscles. "Cattle and sheep get the blind staggers," Love went on. "People are also affected. They get dishrag heart. The liver is damaged, and the kidneys. Selenium causes sterility. Worse, it causes birth defects. It's a cumulative poison, like lead or arsenic. It's one of the principal ingredients of nerve gas."

He gestured left and right. "These were prize salt-sage flats for sheep-grazing once. They're now poisoned and dangerous. A bad selenium area stinks like rotten garlic. On a warmer day, you could smell it. Fifty years ago, one of my first jobs was to look for selenium-converting plants up the Gros Ventre River. We camped there for a week, hunted for them day after day, and found a handful. Now, in the same place, they're thicker than fleas on a dog. They can't cross non-seleniferous barriers, except with the help of human beings. In the Rocky Mountains generally, millions of acres have been converted. People sometimes think neighbors have poisoned their pastures."

Ten miles beyond the North Platte, a flat-topped ridge formed the horizon before us—a tough sandstone, disintegrating at a lower rate than surrounding shale. The interstate, encountering this obstacle, had dealt with it with dynamite, opening up what highway engineers call a benched through-cut and geologists finding such a thing in nature call a wind gap. When we reached it, we stopped, got out, and put our noses on the outcrop, for this high multitiered exposure was Frontier sandstone, and Love referred to it as "a published roadcut," studied to the last grain by paleontologists and stratigraphers. The reason for so much attention was not readily apparent in the gray and somewhat gloomy, sooty-looking rock, antiqued with fossil burrows. Nonetheless, it seemed to excite Love—as he picked at it with his hammer—at least as much as the woody asters had repelled him. The rock had been submarine sand, not far offshore. "Frontier is one of the great oil sands in the Rocky Mountain region," he said. At five, ten, twenty thousand feet, wildcat after wildcat had found handsome pay in this celebrated host formation, and here it was at the surface, fresh, unweathered, presenting clues to its wealth. Oil almost always moves from one place to another, from source rock to host rock —from, for example, a buried lagoon, where it forms, to a fossil beach, whose permeable sands it fills. Petroleum is the transmuted remains of marine algae and other organic debris, which must first be buried in a manner that prevents oxidation—here in Cretaceous Wyoming by the transgressing muds of those shifting seas. Later, as an accident of sedimentation and tectonics, the organic remains must be held in a certain narrow range of tem-



TO HIS IMPORTUNATE MISTRESS

(Andrew Marvell Updated)

Had we but world enough, and time,
My coyness, lady, were a crime,
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot, striking fear
The hour is nigh when creditors
Will prove to be my predators.
As wages of our picaresque,
Bag lunches bolted at my desk
Must stand as fealty to you
For each expensive rendezvous.
Obeisance at your marble feet
Deserves the best-appointed suite,
And would have, lacked I not the pelf
To pleasure also thus myself;
But aptly sumptuous amorous scenes
Rule out the rake of modest means.

Since mistress presupposes wife,
It means a doubly costly life;
For fools by second passion fired
A second income is required,
The earning which consumes the hours
They'd hoped to spend in rented bowers.
To hostelries the worst of fates
That weekly raise their daily rates!
I gather, lady, from your scoffing
A bloke more solvent in the offing.
So revels thus to rivals go
For want of monetary flow.
How vexing that inconstant cash
The constant suitor must abash,
Who with excuses vainly pled
Must rue the undishevelled bed,
And that for paltry reasons given
His conscience may remain unriven.

—Peter De Vries

• •

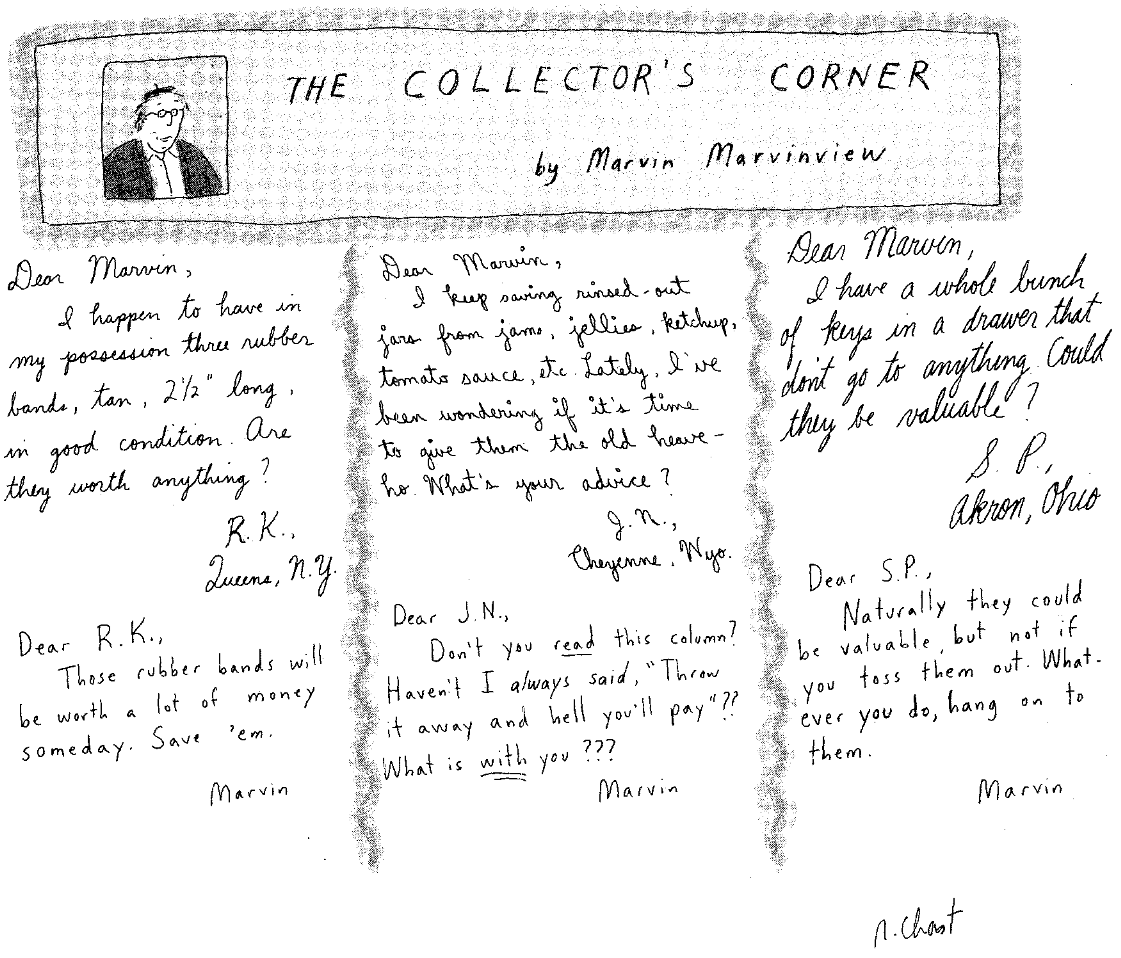
"I understand Mr. Gunderson has an idea he'd like to toss in the hopper."

• •

perature (not much above and not much below the temperature of boiling water) for at least a million years. That temperature range is known as the petroleum window. After oil forms, it is vulnerable to destruction by increased heat—in the earth as in the engine of a car. The oldest oil that has been recovered in commercial quantity is Ordovician in age (about four hundred and fifty million years). For about one human life span, geologists have had the ability to discern where, in the subsurface, oil should be. A large percentage of all the oil on earth has been burned up in fifty years. Around 1975, the quantity being discovered was surpassed, apparently forever, by the quantity being burned. Love remarked that half a billion barrels of oil had been found in the Frontier sandstone in one field alone. With reverence, I collected a wormy chunk.

Less than a mile up the road, we stopped again—at a low, flaky roadcut of Mowry shale. Progressing thus across Wyoming with David Love struck me as being analogous to walking up and down outside a theatre in the company of David Garrick. The classic plays—Teton, Beartooth, Wind River—were not out here on the street, but meanwhile these roadcuts were like posters, advertising the dramatic events, suggesting their narratives, fabrics, and structures. This Mowry shale had been organic mud of the Cretaceous seafloor, wherein the oil of the Frontier could have formed. It was a shale so black it all but smelled of low tide. In it, like mica, were millions of fish scales. It was interlayered with bentonite, which is a rock so soft it is actually plastic—pliable and porous, color of cream, sometimes the color of chocolate. Bentonite is volcanic tuff—decomposed, devitrified. So much volcanic debris has settled on Wyoming that bentonite is widespread and, in many places, more than ten feet thick. To some extent, it covers every basin. Also known as mineral soap, it has the bizarre ability to adsorb water up to fifteen times its own volume, and when this happens it offers to a tire about as much resistance as soft butter. Wet, swollen bentonite soil is known as gumbo. We were crossing badlands of the Bighorn Basin one time when a light shower fell, and the surface of the road changed in moments from dust to colloidal suspension. The wheels began to skid as if they were climbing ice. Four-wheel drive was no help. Many a geologist has walked out forty miles from a vehicle shipwrecked in gumbo. Bentonite is mined in Wyoming and sold to the rest of the world. Blessed is the land that can sell its mud. Bentonite is used in adhesives, automobile polish, detergent, and paint. It is in the drilling "mud" of oil rigs, sent down the pipe and through apertures in the bit to carry rock chips to the surface. It sticks to the walls of the drill hole and keeps out unwanted water. It is used to line irrigation ditches and reservoirs, and in facial makeup. Indians drove buffalo into swamps full of bentonite. It is an ingredient of insecticides, insect repellents, and toothpaste. It is used to clarify beer.

If Love had ever tried bentonite to repair his air mattress, he did not mention it. He did remark that when there was rain in the Wind River Basin on the ranch where he grew up—an event that happened about as often as a birthday—wagons were stopped in their tracks. Much of Wyoming's bentonite is Cretaceous in age and consistent in composition. Since it lies on every side of the mountain ranges, it seems not so much to imply as to certify that when it was so broadly


THE COLLECTOR'S CORNER
by Marvin Marvinview
Dear Marvin,
I happen to have in my possession three rubber bands, tan, 2½" long, in good condition. Are they worth anything?
R.K.,
Queens, N.Y.
Dear R.K.,
Those rubber bands will be worth a lot of money someday. Save 'em.
Marvin
Dear Marvin,
I keep saving rinsed-out jars from jams, jellies, ketchup, tomato sauce, etc. Lately, I've been wondering if it's time to give them the old heave-ho. What's your advice?
J.N.,
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Dear J.N.,
Don't you read this column? Haven't I always said, "Throw it away and hell you'll pay"?? What is with you???
Marvin
Dear Marvin,
I have a whole bunch of keys in a drawer that don't go to anything. Could they be valuable?
S.P.,
Akron, Ohio
Dear S.P.,
Naturally they could be valuable, but not if you toss them out. Whatever you do, hang on to them.
Marvin
R. Chast

deposited the mountains were not there. The Cretaceous is not far back in the history of the world. It's in the last three per cent of time.

Love walked back to the Bronco with a look on his face that suggested a man who had long since had his last beer. He said he was hungry. He said, "My belly thinks my throat's been cut." Over the next rise was Rawlins, spread across the Union Pacific.

ON October 20, 1905, the two-horse stage left Rawlins soon after dawn—not a lot of time for stretching out the comforts of the wonderful Ferris Hotel. Eggs were packed under the seats, also grapes and oysters. There were so many boxes and mailbags that they were piled up beside the driver. On the waybill, the passengers were given exactly the same status as the oysters and the grapes. The young woman from Wellesley, running her eye down the list of merchandise, encountered her own name: Miss Ethel Waxham.

The passenger compartment had a canvas roof, and canvas curtains at the front and sides.

The driver, Bill Collins, a young fellow with a four days beard, untied the bowknot of the reins around the wheel, and swung up on the seat, where he ensconced himself with one leg over the mail bags as high as his head and one arm over the back of his seat, putting up the curtain between. "Kind o' lonesome out here," he gave as his excuse.

There were two passengers. The other's name was Alice Amoss Welty, and she was the postmistress of Dubois, two hundred miles northwest. Her post office was unique, in that it was farther from a railroad than any other in the United States; but this did not inconvenience the style of Mrs. Welty. Not for her some false-fronted dress shop with a name like Tinnie Mercantile. She bought her clothes by mail from B. Altman & Co., Manhattan. Mrs. Welty was of upper middle age, and—"bless her white hairs"—her gossip range appeared to cover every living soul within thirty thousand square miles, an interesting handful of people. The remark about the white hairs—like the description of Bill Collins and the estimated radius of Mrs. Welty's gossip—is from the unpublished journal of Ethel Waxham.

The stage moved through town past houses built of railroad ties, past sheepfolds, past the cemetery and the state penitentiary, and was soon in the dust of open country, rounding a couple of hills before assuming a northwesterly course. There were limestone outcrops in the sides of the hills, and small ancient quarries at the base of the limestone. Indians had begun the quarries, removing an iron oxide—three hundred and fifty million years old—that made fierce and lasting warpaint. More recently, it had been used on Union Pacific railroad cars and, around 1880, on the Brooklyn Bridge. The hills above were the modest high points in a landscape that lacked exceptional relief. Here in the middle of the Rocky Mountains were no mountains worthy of the name.

Mountains were far away ahead of us, a range rising from the plains and sinking down again into them. Almost all the first day they were in sight.

As Wyoming ranges go, these distant summits were unprepossessing ridges, with altitudes of nine and ten thousand feet. In one sentence, though, Miss Waxham had intuitively written their geologic history, for they had indeed come out of the plains, and into the plains had in various ways returned.

Among rolling sweeps of prairie . . . we met two sheep herders with thousands of sheep each. "See them talking to their dogs," said the driver. They raised their arms and made strange gestures, while the dogs, at the opposite sides of the flock, stood on their hind legs to watch for orders.

In Wyoming in 1905, three million sheep competed for range grass with eight hundred thousand cattle. Big winter winds, squeezed and therefore racing fast between the high ground and the stratosphere, blew the snow off the grass and favored the sheep. They were hardier, and their wool contended with the temperature and the velocity of the wind. Winter wind. There was a saying among homesteaders in Wyoming: "If summer

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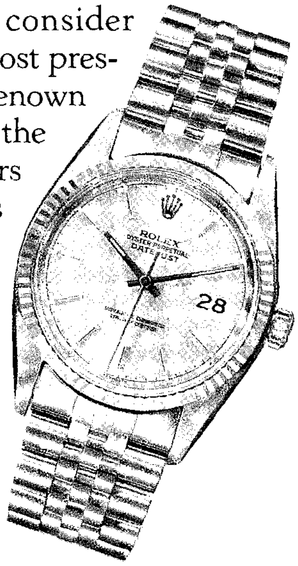

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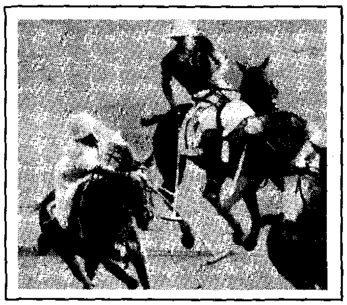

It has added new lustre to a game so ancient, its history is lost in legend. Tamerlane is said to have been its patriarch. Darius's Persian cavalry, we're told, played it with captives' heads. It was the national sport of 16th-century India, Egypt, China and Japan. The British rediscovered and named it in 1857.

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falls on a weekend, let's have a picnic.”

Twelve miles from Rawlins, the horses were changed at Bell Spring, where, in a kind of topographical staircase—consisting of the protruding edges of sediments that dipped away to the east—the whole of the Mesozoic era rose to view: the top step Cretaceous, the next Jurassic, at the bottom a low red Triassic bluff, against which was clustered a compound of buildings roofed with cool red mud. Miss Waxham had no idea then that she was looking at a hundred and seventy-five million years, let alone *which* hundred and seventy-five million years. She had no idea that those sediments had broken off just here, and that the other side of the break, two and three thousand feet below, contained prolific traps of gas and oil. Actually, no one knew that. Discovery was twenty years away.

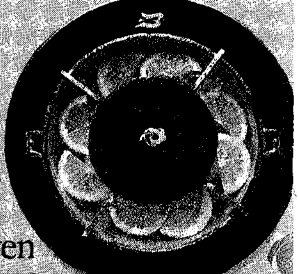
The stage rolled onto Separation Flats—altitude seven thousand feet—still pursuing the chimeric mountains. One of them, she learned, was called Whiskey Peak. Collins looked around from the driver's seat and said a passenger had once asked him the name of the mountain, “and I told him that it was in this coach where I could put my hand on it—but he could not guess.” In the far distance also appeared a “white speck”—a roadhouse—which they watched impatiently for hours.

> It did not look larger when we reached it.... Mrs. Welty and I hurried in to get warm, for we were chilled through. Outside, hung from the roof, was half a carcass of a steer.... In a cluttered kitchen, a fat forlorn silent woman served us wearily with a plentiful but plain meal, and sat with her arms folded watching us eat.... We ate our baked potatoes and giant biscuits, onions and carrots and canned-apple pie in half silence, glad to be through. The stage horses were changed and we started on toward Lost Soldier.

Lost Soldier was another sixteen miles and thus would take three hours. Already, Mrs. Welty was talking about the Hog Back, more than twenty hours up the road—a steep descent from a high divide, where Wyoming's storied winds had helped many a stagecoach get to the bottom in seconds. Wreckage was strewn all over the ground there, among the bones of horses. A driver had been known to chain a coach to a tree to keep the coach from blowing away. Like the sails of boats and ships, the canvas sides of stagecoaches were often furled as they approached the Hog Back, to let the wind blow through. No one relied on brakes.

> Always, going down, the wheels are rough-locked by a chain so that they slip along instead of turning.... A freight team went over the side a little while ago about Thanksgiving time. The load was partly supplies for Thanksgiving dinner, turkeys, oysters, fruit, etc. The driver called to the team behind for help. When it came, he was calmly seated on a stump peeling an orange while the wagon and debris were scattered below.

Oil would be discovered under Lost Soldier in 1916. It would yield the highest recovery per acre of any oil field that has ever been discovered in the Rocky Mountains. From level to level in a drill hole there—a hole about a mile deep—oil could be found in an amazing spectrum of host rocks: in the Cambrian Flathead sandstone, in the Mississippian Madison limestone, in the Tensleep sands of Pennsylvanian time. Oil was in the Chugwater (red sands of the Triassic), and in the Morrison, Sundance, Nugget (celebrated formations of the Jurassic), and, of course, in the Cretaceous Frontier. A well at Lost Soldier was like grafted ornamental citrus—



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oranges, lemons, tangerines, grapefruit, all on a single tree. The discoverer of the oil-bearing structure was a young geologist from Princeton University, who not only found the structure but also helped to place the term "sheepherder anticline" in the geologic lexicon. A sheepherder anticline is one that is particularly obvious, one that could be mapped by a Princeton geologist dressed as a shepherd and moving around with a flock of sheep—which is how he avoided attention as he studied the rock of Lost Soldier.

> We rattled into the place at last, and were glad to get in to the fire to warm ourselves while the driver changed the load from one coach to another. With every change of drivers the coach is changed, making each man responsible for repairs on his own coach. The Kirks keep Lost Soldier. Mrs. Kirk is a short stocky figureless woman with untidy hair. She furnished me with an old soldier's overcoat to wear during the night to come. . . . Before long, we were started again, with Peggy Doherty for driver. He is tall and grizzled. They say that when he goes to dances they make him take the spike out of the bottom of his wooden leg.

There were four horses now—"a wicked little team"—and immediately they kicked over the traces, tried to run away, became tangled like sled dogs twisting in harness, and set Peggy Doherty to swearing.

> Ye gods, how he could swear.

Mrs. Welty diverted him with questions about travellers marooned in snowdrifts. Mrs. Welty was aware that Mr. Doherty—who was missing six fingers, one leg, and half of his remaining foot—was an authority on this topic. In 1886, a blizzard had overtaken him and his one passenger, a young woman comparable in age to Miss Waxham. When the snow became so deep that the coach ceased to move, he unhitched a horse. Already stiff with frostbite, he hung on to the harness while the animal hauled him through drifts. The horse dragged Doherty for hours, until he finally lost his grip and let go, having nearly reached a stage-line station. Into the wind, he shouted successfully for help. When rescuers reached the stagecoach, the passenger was dead.

Doherty remarked to Mrs. Welty that winters lately had not been so severe.

"No," she agreed. "And we haven't had a blizzard this summer."

> The sun set, and the stars rose, and the cold grew more intense. . . . About half past nine, we reached the supper station, stiff with cold.

This was Rongis, a community of a few dozen people just south of Crooks Gap. "Rongis" was an ananym—so named by an employee of the stagecoach company whose own name was Eli Signor. Lost Soldier, Rongis—such names are absent now among the Zip Codes of Wyoming, but the ruins of the stations remain.

> Supper was soon ready, a canned supper, with the usual dried-apple pie and monstrous biscuits and black coffee. About ten we started out again, with a new relay of horses. More wrapped up than ever, we sat close to each other to keep warm, and leaned against the sacks of mail behind us.

The night before, at Rongis, the temperature had gone to zero. As the stage moved into Crooks Gap, the bright starlight fell on fields of giant boulders black-and-silver in relief. Some were as large as houses. In time, it would be determined that they had come down off high mountains farther north that were no longer high—mountains that had somehow sunk into the plain. Meanwhile, anyone connecting the boulders to their source bedrock might wonder how they had made their way uphill. The big boul-

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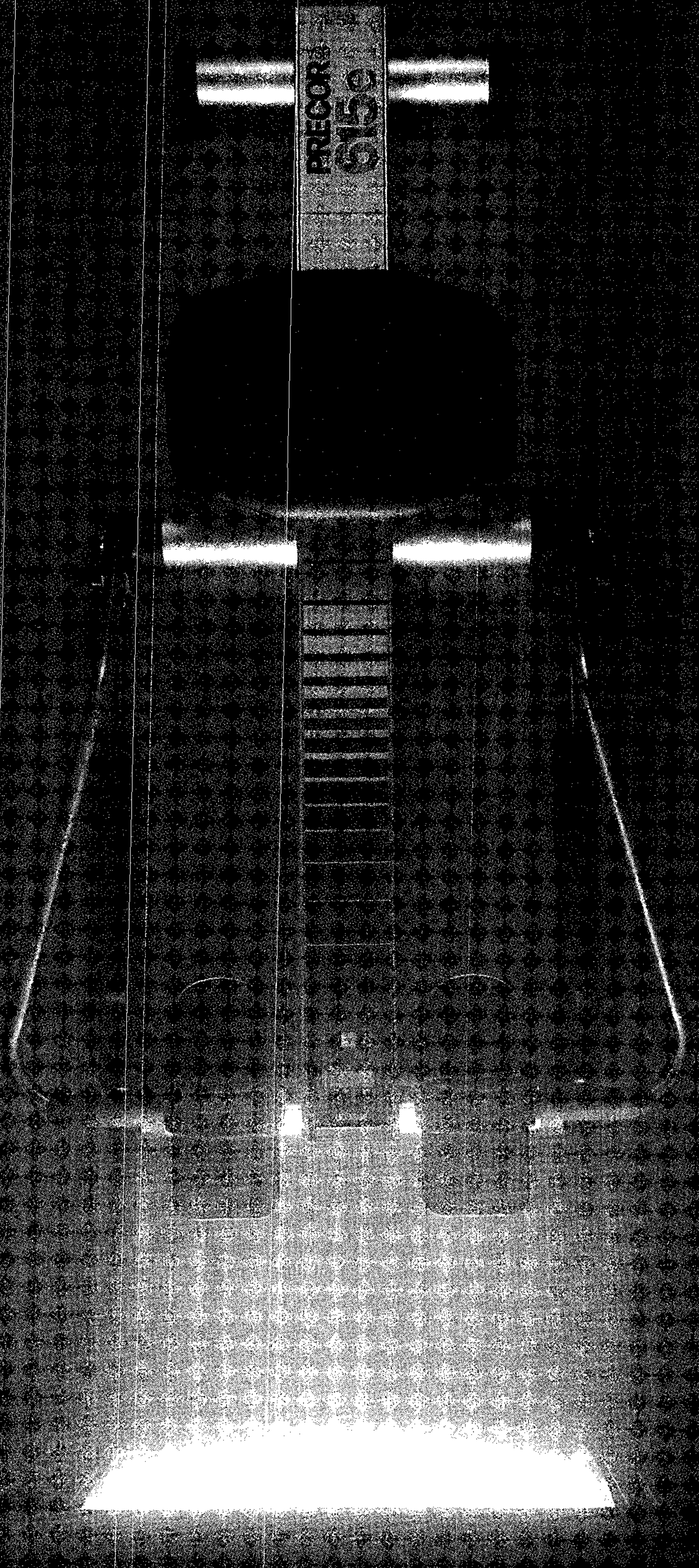


ders were granite, and smaller ones among them—recognized by no one then—were jade: float boulders of gem jade, nephrite jade (green as emerald), rounded in streambeds and polished by weather. As she watched them in the moonlight from the stage, they must have seemed just rubble on the ground. There was uranium in Crooks Gap in great quantity—in pods and lenses for a thousand feet up either side. It would be discovered in 1955. There was petroleum under Crooks Gap, too. The year of discovery would be 1925. Crooks Creek flowed through Crooks Gap—straight through the highlands, from one side to the other. Above the gap was Crooks Mountain. Miss Waxham might well have wondered who the eponymous crook was. The possibilities in that country were bewilderingly numerous, but the honor belonged to Brigadier General George Crook, West Point '52, known among the Indians as the Gray Fox. General Crook, commander of the Department of the Platte, was at least a century ahead of his time in the integrity with which he dealt with aboriginal people, and deserved having his name writ in land if for no other reason than his reply when someone asked him if the campaigns of the Indian wars were difficult work. He said, "Yes, they are hard. But the hardest thing is to go out and fight against those who you know are in the right."

"I really am very pleased with the dress I bought. It makes me feel not so dumpy and without."

• •

I watched for hours the shadow of the suitcase handle against the canvas to see the moon's change of position. The hours dragged by, and the cold grew worse. . . . Between three and four we reached Myersville.

They had come to the Sweetwater River, which they forded, with still another driver, who had a remarkably delicate cast of tongue. "Oh, good gracious!" he shouted at the team.

The driver had been on the road only once, did not know his horses, and had no whip. The Hog Back was ahead. . . . There was no more sleep for us then, not an eye wink.

The Hog Back was a knife-edged spur plunging off the Beaver Divide, which separates waters that flow east into the Platte from waters that flow north into the Wind, Bighorn, and Yellowstone Rivers. The Hog Back was Frontier sandstone and Mowry shale, which had accumulated flat in the Cretaceous sea, and here, in subsequent time, had been bent upward sharply to make the jagged edge the travellers descended. Its shales were slick with bentonitic gumbo.

At the top of Beaver Mountain we saw the Wind River Range stretching white in the distance. The driver rough-locked the back wheels and we started down. It was a scramble for the horses to keep out of the way. There were sudden turns in the road and furrows cut by the freight wagons that almost threw the careening stage on its side. One of the horses fell, but was dragged along by the others until it finally regained its feet. We finally reached a place where the slope was less steep, the rough lock was taken off, and the driver began again to try to make time down the hills. The little leaders ran like rats and the heavier wheelers were carried along while the coach swung from side to side in the gullies.

Twenty-six hours out of Rawlins, the stage reached Hailey. Breakfast was waiting, and in Miss Waxham's opinion could have gone on waiting—"the same monstrous biscuits and black coffee." A rancher named Gardiner Mills arrived—"short, dark, of caustic speech"—and handed her a big fur overcoat to top her own and keep her warm in his springy buckboard. He had come to take the new schoolmarm the remaining ten miles to his Red Bluff Ranch, and into the afternoon they travelled northwest under six-hundred-foot walls of rose, vermilion, brick, and carmine—red Triassic rock. Near a big spring under the red bluff were the low buildings of the ranch.

The corral and bunkhouse, grain and milk house were log structures off to one side. When we drove up to the gate, and two little narrow-chested large-pompadoured girls came out the walk to meet us, all my fears as to obstreperous pupils were at an end.

The "chiffonier" in her room was a stack of boxes covered with muslin curtains. There was "a washstand for private individual use." There was a mirror a foot square. On her walls were Sargent and Gainsborough prints, and pictures of Ethel Barrymore and Psyche.

IN the western outskirts of Rawlins, David Love pulled over onto the shoulder of the interstate, the better to fix the scene, although his purpose in doing so was not at all apparent. Rawlins reposed among low hills and prairie flats, and nothing in its setting would ever lift the stock of Eastman Kodak. In those western outskirts, we may have been scarcely a mile from the county courthouse, but we were very much back on the range—a dispassionate world of bare rock, brown grass, drab green patches of greasewood, and scattered colonies of sage. The interstate had lithified in 1965 as white concrete but was now dark with the remains of ocean algae, cremated and sprayed on the road. To the south were badlands—gullies and gulches, erosional debris. To the north were some ridgelines that ended sharply, like breaking waves, but the Rawlins Uplift had miserably fallen short in its bid to be counted among the Rocky Mountains. So why was David Love, who had the geologic map of Wyoming in his head, stopping here?

The rock that outcropped around Rawlins, he said, contained a greater spread of time than any other suite of exposed rocks along Interstate 80 between New York and San Francisco. We were looking at many moments in well over half the existence of the earth, and we were seeing—as it happened—a good deal more time than one sees in the walls of the Grand Canyon, where the clock stops at the rimrock, aged two hundred and fifty million years. The rock before us here at Rawlins reached back into the Archean eon and up to the Miocene epoch. Any spendthrift with a camera could aim it into that scene and—in a two-hundred-and-fiftieth of a second at f/16—capture twenty-six hundred million years. The most arresting thing in the picture, however, would be Rawlins' municipal standpipe—that white, squat water-storage tank over there on the hill.

The hill, though, was Archean granite and Cambrian sandstone and Mississippian limestone. If you could have taken pictures when *they* were forming, the collection would be something to see. There would be a deep and uncontinented ocean sluggish with amorphous scums (above cooling invisible magmas). There would be a risen continent reaching its coast, with rivers running over bare rock past not so much as a lichen. There would be rich-red soil on a broad lowland plain resembling Alabama (but near the equator). There would be clear, warm shelf seas.

There would also be a picture of dry hot dunes, all of them facing the morning sun—the rising Miocene sun. Other—and much older—dunes would settle a great question, for it is impossible to tell now whether they were just under or just out of water. They covered all of Wyoming and a great deal more, and may have been very much like the Empty Quarter of Arabia: the Tensleep-Casper-Fountain Pennsylvanian sands. There would be a picture, too, of a meandering stream, with overbank deposits, natural levees, cycads growing by the stream. Footprints the size of washtubs. A head above the trees. In the background, swamp tussocks by the shore of an oxbow lake. What was left of that picture was the Morrison formation—the Jurassic landscape of particularly dramatic dinosaurs—outcropping just up the road. There would be various views of the great Cretaceous seaway, with its plesiosaurs, its giant turtles, its crocodiles. There would be a picture from the Paleocene of a humid subtropical swamp, and a picture from the Eocene of gravel bars in a fast river running off a mountain onto lush subtropical plains, where puppy-size horses were hiding for their lives.

Such pictures, made in this place, could form a tall stack—scene after scene, no two of them alike. Taken together, of course—set one above another, in order—they would be the rock column for this part of Wyoming. They would correlate with what one would see in the well log of a deep-drilling rig. There would be hiatuses, to be sure. In the rock column, anywhere, more time is missing than is there; so much has been eroded away. Besides, the rock in the column is more apt to commemorate a moment—an eruption, a flood, a fallen drop of rain—than it is to report a millennium. Like a news broadcast, it is more often a montage of disasters than a cumulative record of time.

I asked Love why so much of the earth's history happened to be here on the surface in this nondescript part of the state.

He said, "It just came up in the soup. Why it is out here all by itself is a matter of fierce debate." The Rawlins Uplift had not accomplished nothing.

The Precambrian granite on the ridge was from the end of the two billion years that are covered in the first nine verses of Genesis, when there finally was continent cool enough and strong enough to stand above the sea: when God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be

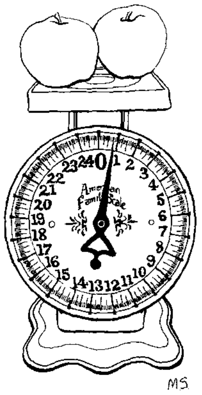
Big City at Night

gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear"—at the end of the Archean eon.

The granite dipped below us, and close to the interstate the Union Pacific had been blasted through some sandstone that rested on, and was derived from, the granite—littoral sands of Cambrian time, when the American west coast was at Rawlins. Between this Flathead sand and the Madison limestone above it, lying here and there in pockets in an unconformity of a hundred and seventy million years, was the rich-red soil of the Paleozoic plain. A streak of it showed in a low hillside even closer to us than the railroad cut, so we walked over to collect some and put it in a bag. As rock it was so incompetent that it could easily be crushed to powder—a beautiful rose-brick powder with the texture of cocoa. It had been known in the paint business as Rawlins Red, and in the warpaint business as effective medicine, this paleosol (fossil soil) three hundred and fifty million years old. As we returned to the road, a couple of Consolidated Freightways three-unit twenty-six-wheel tractor-trailers went by, imitating thunder. Love said, "First we had the Conestoga, then the big freight wagons with twelve to sixteen oxen. Now we have those things."

The spread of time at Rawlins, like the rock column in a great many places in Wyoming, was so impressively detailed that it seemed to suggest that Wyoming, in its one-thirty-seventh of the United States, contains a disproportionate percentage of American geology. Geologists tend to have been strongly influenced by the rocks among which they grew up. The branch of the science called structural geology, for example, has traditionally been dominated by Swiss, who spend their youth hiking and schussing in a national textbook of structure. When a multinational oil company held a conference in Houston that brought together structural geologists from posts all over the world, the coffee breaks were in Schweizerdeutsch. The wizards of sedimentology tend to be Dutch, as one would expect of a people who have figured out a way to borrow against unrecorded deposits. Cincinnati has produced an amazingly long list of American paleontologists—Cincinnati, with profuse exceptional fossils in its Ordovician hills. Houston—the capital city of the oil geologist—is a hundred and fifty miles from the first place where you can hit a hammer on a rock. Houston geologists come from somewhere else.

Geologists who have grown up on shield rock—Precambrian craton—tend to be interested in copper, diamonds, iron, and gold. Most of the world's large metal deposits are Precambrian. Diamonds, after starting upward from the mantle, seem to need the thickness of a craton to survive their journey to the surface world. Geologists who grow up on shield rock also tend to be impressed by the fact that it has been around since the earliest development of life, and to imagine a progression through time in which the uniformitarian recycling of the earth's materials is a mere subplot in a dramatic narrative that begins with dark scums in motion on an otherwise watery globe and evolves through various continental configurations toward the scenery of the earth today.



Geologists who grow up in California start out with strange complex structures, highly deformed rock—mélanges and turbidites that seem less in need of a G. K. Gilbert than of an Alfred Adler or a Carl Jung. Shell, in its rosters, used to put an asterisk beside the names of geologists from California. The asterisk meant that while they were in, say, Texas they might be quite useful among the Gulf Coast turbidites of the Hackberry Embayment, but assign them with caution almost anywhere else. A former Shell geologist (not David Love) once said to me, "The asterisk also meant 'Ship them back to California when they're done.' Shell considered them a separate race."

A geologist who grew up in Wyoming would have something of everything above—with the probable exception of the asterisk. A geologist who grew up in Wyoming could not ignore economic geology, could not ignore vertebrate paleontology, could not ignore the narrative details in any chapter of time (every period in the history of the world was represented in Wyoming). Wyoming geology would above all tend to produce a generalist, with an eye that had seen a lot of rocks, and a four-dimensional gift for fitting them together and arriving at the substance of their story—a scenarist and lithographer of what geologists like to call the Big Picture.

Wyoming, at first glance, would appear to be an arbitrary segment of the country. Wyoming and Colorado are the only states whose borders consist of four straight lines. That could be looked upon as an affront to nature, an utterly political conception, an ignoring of the outlines of physiographic worlds, in disregard of rivers and divides. Rivers and divides, however, are in some ways unworthy as boundaries, which are meant to imply a durability that is belied by the function of rivers and divides. They move, they change, and they go away. Rivers, almost by definition, are young. The oldest river in the United States is called the New River. It has existed (in North Carolina, Virginia, and West Virginia) for a little more than one and a half per cent of the history of the world. In epochs and eras before there ever was a Colorado River, the formations of the Grand Canyon were crossed and crisscrossed, scoured and dissolved, deposited and moved by innumerable rivers. The Colorado River, which has only recently appeared on earth, has excavated the Grand Canyon in very little time. From its beginning, human beings could have watched the Grand Canyon being made. The Green River has cut down through the Uinta Mountains in the last few million years, the Wind River through the Owl Creek Mountains, the Laramie River through the Laramie Range. The mountains themselves came up and moved. Several thousand feet of basin fill has recently disappeared. As the rock around Rawlins amply shows, the face of the country has frequently changed. Wyoming suggests with emphasis the page-one principle of reading in rock the record of the earth: Surface appearances are only that; topography grows, shrinks, compresses, spreads, disintegrates, and disappears; every scene is temporary, and is composed of fragments from other scenes. Four straight lines—like a plug cut in the side of a watermelon—should do as well as any to frame Wyoming and its former worlds.

A geologist who grew up in Wyoming has grown up among mountains that in terms of plate-tectonic theory are the least explainable in the world. A geologist who grew up in Wyoming—with its volcanic activity, its mountains eroding, and its basins receiving sediment—would inherently comprehend the cycles of the earth: geology repeating itself as people watch. G. K. Gilbert, the first Chief Geologist of the United States Geological Survey, once remarked that it is "the natural and legitimate ambition of a properly constituted geologist to see a glacier, witness an eruption and feel an earthquake." A geologist could do all that as a child in Wyoming, and not have to look far for more.

Miss Waxham's school was a log cabin on Twin Creek near the mouth of Skull Gulch, a mile from the Mills ranch. Students came from much greater distances, even through deep snow. Many mornings, ink was frozen in the inkwells, and the day began with ink-thawing, followed by reading, spelling, chemistry, and civil government. Sometimes snow blew through the walls, forming drifts in the schoolroom. Water was carried from the creek—drawn from a hole that was chopped in the ice. If the creek was frozen to the bottom, the students melted snow. Their school was fourteen by sixteen feet—smaller than a bathroom at Wellesley. The door was perforated with bullet holes from "some passerby's six-shooter." Over the ceiling poles were old gunnysacks and overalls, to prevent the sod roof from shedding sediment on the students. Often, however, the air sparkled with descending dust, struck by sunlight coming in through the windows, which were all in the south wall. There was a table and chair for Miss Waxham, and eight desks for her pupils. Miss Waxham's job was to deliver a hundred per cent of the formal education available in District Eleven, Fremont County, Wyoming.

> The first fifteen minutes or half hour are given to reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Kidnapped," while we all sit about the stove to keep warm. Usually in the middle of a reading the sound of a horse galloping down the frozen road distracts the attention of the boys, until a few moments later six-foot George opens the door, a sack of oats in one hand, his lunch tied up in a dish rag in the other. Cold from his five-mile ride, he sits down on the floor by the stove, unbuckles his spurs, pulls off his leather chaps, drops his hat, unwinds two or three red handkerchiefs from about his neck and ears, takes off one or two coats, according to the temperature, unbuttons his vest and straightens his leather cuffs. At last he is ready for business.
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> •
>
> Sandford is the largest scholar, six feet, big, slow in the school room, careful of every move of his big hands and feet. His voice is subdued and full of awe as he calls me "ma'am." Outside while we play chickens he is another person—there is room for his bigness. Next largest of the boys is Otto Schlicting, thin and dark, a strange combination of shrewdness and stupidity. His problems always prove, whether they are right or not! He is a boaster, too, tries to make a big impression. But there is something very attractive about him. I was showing his little sister how to add and subtract by making little lines and adding or crossing off others. Later I found on the back of Otto's papers hundreds and hundreds of little lines—trying to add that way as far as a hundred evidently. He is nearly fifteen and studying division.... Arithmetic is the family failing. "How many eights in ninety-six?" I ask him. He thinks for a long time. Finally he says—with such a winsome smile that I wish with all my heart it were true—"Two." "What feeds the cells in your body?" I ask him. He thinks. He says, "I guess it's vinegar." He has no idea of form. His maps of North America on the board are all like turnips.

Students' ages ranged through one and two digits, and their intelligence even more widely. When Miss Waxham called upon Emmons Schlicting, asking, "Where does digestion take place?," Emmons answered, "In the Erie Canal." She developed a special interest in George Ehler, whose life at home was troubled.

> He is only thirteen, but taller than Sandford, and fair and handsome. I should like to get him away from his family—kidnap him. To think that it was he who tried to kill his father! His face is good as can be.

At lunchtime, over beans, everyone traded the news of the country, news of whatever might have stirred in seven thousand square miles: a buffalo wolf trapped by Old Hanley; missing horses and cattle, brand by brand; the sheepherder most recently lost in a storm. If you went up Skull Gulch, behind the school, and climbed to the high ground beyond, you could see seventy, eighty, a hundred miles. You "could see the faint outlines of Crowheart Butte, against the Wind River Range." There was a Wyoming-history lesson in the naming of Crowheart Butte, which rises a thousand feet above the surrounding landscape and is capped with flat sandstone. To this day, there are tepee rings on Crowheart Butte. One of the more arresting sights in remote parts of the West are rings of stones that once resisted the wind and now recall what blew away. The Crows liked the hunting country in the area of the butte, and so did the Shoshonis. The two tribes fought, and lost a lot of blood, over this ground. Eventually, the chief of the Shoshonis said, in effect, to the chief of the Crows: this is pointless; I will fight you, one against one; the hunting ground goes to the winner. The chief of the Shoshonis was the great Washakie, whose name rests in six places on the map of Wyoming, including a mountain range and a county. Washakie was at least fifty, but fit. The Crow would have been wise to demur. Washakie destroyed him in the hand-to-hand combat, then cut out his heart and ate it.

d. ehrenberg

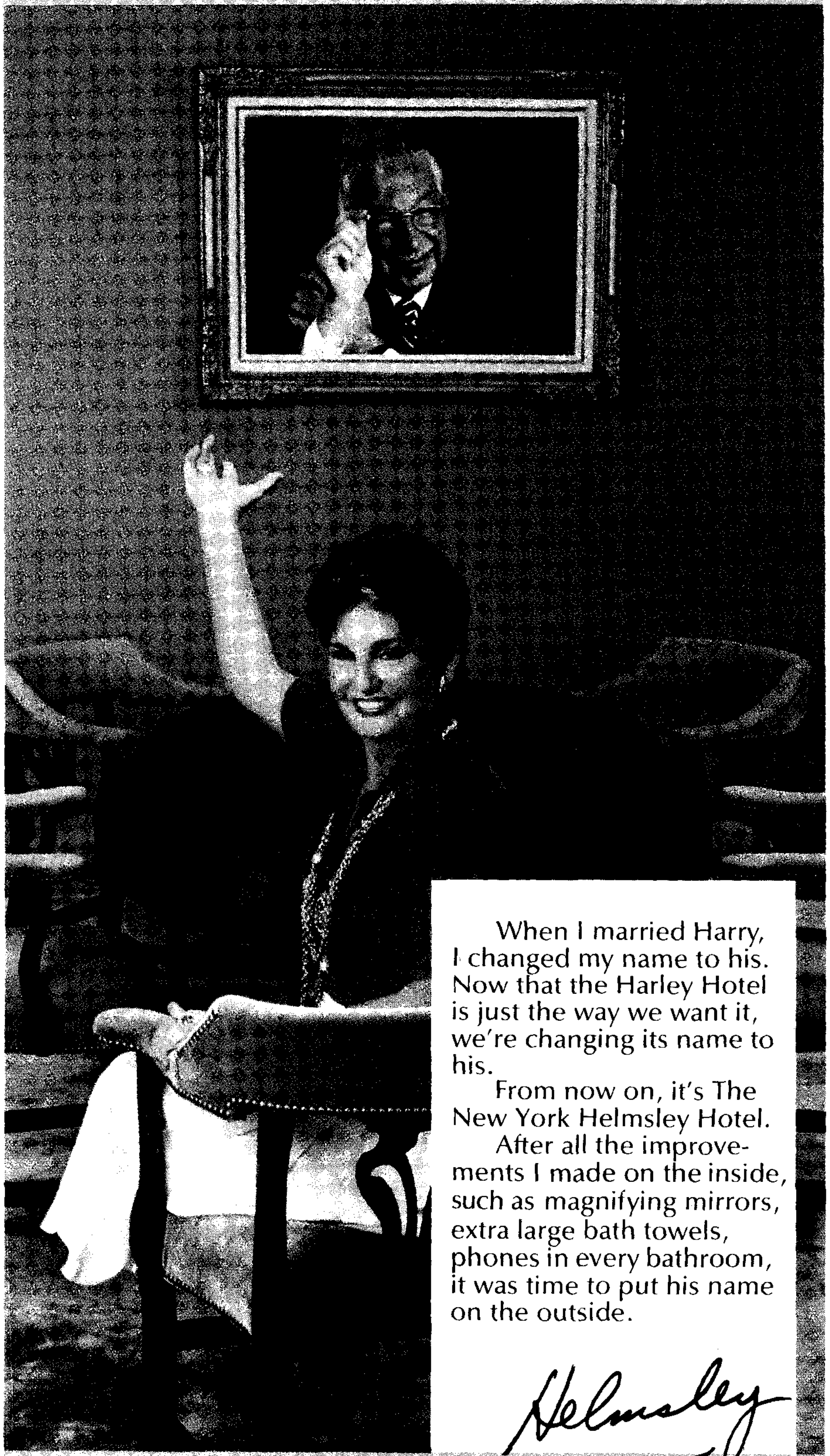
Despite her relative disadvantages as a newcomer, an outlander, and an educational ingénue, Miss Waxham was a quick study. Insight was her long suit, and in no time she understood Wyoming. For example, an entry in her journal says of George Ehler's father, "He came to the country with one mare. The first summer, she had six colts! She must have had calves, too, by the way the Ehlers' cattle increased." These remarks were dated October 22, 1905—the day after her stagecoach arrived. In months that followed, she sketched her neighbors (the word applied over many tens of miles). "By the door was Mrs. Frink, about 18, with Frink junior, a large husky baby. Ida Franklin, Mrs. Frink's sister and almost her double, was beside her, frivolous even in her silence." There was the story of Dirty Bill Collins, who had died as a result of taking a bath. And she fondly recorded Mrs. Mills' description of the libertine Guy Signor: "He has a cabbage heart with a leaf for every girl." She noted that the nearest barber had learned his trade shearing sheep, and a blacksmith doubled as dentist. Old Pelon, a French Canadian, impressed her, because he had refused to ask for money from the government after Indians killed his brother. "Him better dead," said Old Pelon. Old Pelon was fond of the masculine objective pronoun. Miss Waxham wrote, "Pelon used to have a wife, whom he spoke of always as 'him.' " Miss Waxham herself became a character in this tableau. People sometimes called her the White-Haired Kid.

"There's many a person I should be glad to meet," read an early entry in her journal. She wanted to meet Indian Dick, who had been raised by Indians and had no idea who he was—probably the orphan of emigrants the Indians killed. She wanted to meet "the woman called Sour Dough; Three Fingered Bill, or Suffering Jim; Sam Omera, Reub Roe. . . ." (Reub Roe held up wagons and stagecoaches looking for members of the Royal Family.) Meanwhile, there was one flockmaster and itinerant cowboy who seemed more than pleased to meet her.

In the first reference to him in her journal she calls him "Mr. Love—Johnny Love." His place was sixty miles away, and he had a good many sheep and cattle to look after, but somehow he managed to be right there when the new young schoolmarm arrived. In the days, weeks, and months that followed, he showed a pronounced tendency to reappear. He came, generally, in the dead of night, unexpected. Quietly he slipped into the corral, fed and watered his horse, slept in the bunkhouse, and was there at the table for breakfast in the morning—this dark-haired, blue-eyed, handsome man with a woolly Midlothian accent.

> Mr. Love is a Scotchman about thirty-five years old. At first sight he made me think of a hired man, as he lounged stiffly on the couch, in overalls, his feet covered with enormous red and black striped stockings that reached to his knees, and were edged with blue around the top. He seemed to wear them instead of house shoes. His face was kindly, with shrewd blue twinkling eyes. A moustache grew over his mouth, like willows bending over a brook. But his voice was most peculiar and characteristic. . . . A little Scotch dialect, a little slow drawl, a little nasal quality, a bit of falsetto once in a while, and a tone as if he were speaking out of doors. There is a kind of twinkle in his voice as well as his eyes, and he is full of quaint turns of speech, and unusual expressions.

Mr. Love travelled eleven hours on these journeys, each way. He did not suffer from the tedium, in part because he frequently rode in a little buggy and, after telling his horses his destination, would lie on the seat and sleep. He may have been from Edinburgh,



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but he had adapted to the range as much as anyone from anywhere. He had slept out, in one stretch, under no shelter for seven years. On horseback, he was fit for his best horses: he had stamina for long distances at sustained high speed. When he used a gun, he hit what he was shooting at. In 1897, he had begun homesteading on Muskrat Creek, quite near the geographical center of Wyoming, and he had since proved up. One way and another, he had acquired a number of thousands of acres, but acreage was not what mattered most in a country of dry and open range. Water rights mattered most, and the area over which John Love controlled the water amounted to a thousand square miles—about one per cent of Wyoming. He had come into the country walking, in 1891, and now, in 1905, he had many horses, a couple of hundred cattle, and several thousand sheep. Miss Waxham, in her journal, called him a "mutton-aire."

He was a mirthful Scot—in abiding contrast to the more prevalent kind. He was a wicked mimic, a connoisseur of the absurd. If he seemed to know everyone in the high country, he knew even better the conditions it imposed. After one of her conversations with him, Miss Waxham wrote in her journal:

> It is a cruel country as well as beautiful. Men seem here only on sufferance. After every severe storm we hear of people's being lost. Yesterday it was a sheep camp mover who was lost in the Red Desert. People had hunted for him for a week, and found no trace. Mr. Love—Johnny Love—told of a man who had just been lost up in his country, around the Muskrat. "Stranger?" asked Mr. Mills. "No; born and brought up here." "Old man?" "No; in the prime of life. Left Lost Cabin sober, too."

Mr. Love had been born near Portage, Wisconsin, on the farm of his granduncle the environmentalist John Muir. The baby's mother died that day. His father, a Scottish physician who was also a professional photographer and lecturer on world travel, ended his travels and took his family home. The infant had three older sisters to look after him in Scotland. The doctor died when John was twelve. The sisters emigrated to Broken Bow, Nebraska, where in the eighteen-seventies and eighties they all proved up on homesteads. When John was in his middle teens, he joined them there, in time to experience the Blizzard of '88—a full week of blowing snow, with visibility so short that guide ropes led from house to barn.

He was expelled from the University of Nebraska for erecting a sign in a dean's flower bed, so he went to work as a cowboy, and soon began to think about moving farther west. When he had saved enough money, he bought matching black horses and a buggy, and set out for Wyoming. On his first night there, scarcely over the border, his horses drank from a poison spring and died. What he did next is probably the most encapsulating moment in his story. In Nebraska were three homes he could return to. He left the buggy beside the dead horses, abandoned almost every possession he had in the world, and walked on into Wyoming. He walked about two hundred miles. At Split Rock, on the Oregon Trail—near Crooks Gap, near Independence Rock—he signed on as a cowboy with the 71 Ranch. The year was 1891, and the State of Wyoming was ten months old.

Through the eighteen-nineties, there are various hiatuses in the résumé of John Love, but as cowboy and homesteader he very evidently prospered, and he also formed durable friendships—with Chief Washakie, for example, and with the stagecoach driver Peggy Doherty, and with Robert LeRoy Parker and Harry Longabaugh (Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid). There came a day when Love could not contain his developed curiosity in the presence of the aging chief. He asked him what truth there was in the story of Crowheart Butte. Had Washakie really eaten his enemy's heart? The chief said, "Well, Johnny, when you're young and full of life you do strange things."

Robert LeRoy Parker was an occasional visitor at Love's homestead on Muskrat Creek, which was halfway between Hole-in-the-Wall and the Sweetwater River—that is, between Parker's hideout and his woman. Love's descendants sometimes stare bemusedly at a photograph discovered a few years ago in a cabin in Jackson Hole that had belonged to a member of the Wild Bunch. The photograph, made in the middle eighteen-nineties, shows eighteen men with Parker, who is wearing a dark business suit, a tie and a starchy white collar, a bowler hat. Two of the bunch are identified only by question marks. One of these is a jaunty man of middle height and strong frame, his hat at a rakish angle—a man with a kindly face, twinkling shrewd eyes, and a mustache growing over his mouth like willows bending over a brook. It may be doubtful whether John Love would have joined such a group, but when you are young and full of life you do strange things.

At Red Bluff Ranch, Mrs. Mills once twitted Mr. Love for being Scottish when other Scots were around and American in the presence of Americans. For a split second, Mr. Love thought this over before he said, "That leaves me eligible for the Presidency." Out of Mr. Love's buggy came a constant supply of delicacies and exotic gifts—including candy, nuts, apples—which he came by who knows where and liberally distributed to all. Miss Waxham began to look upon him as "a veritable Santa Claus;" and, predictably, at Christmastime Santa appeared.

> And the next day was Christmas. . . . Just before supper the joyful cry went up that Mr. Love was coming, and actually in time for dinner. He had broken his record and arrived by day!

A pitch pine had been set up indoors and its boughs painted with dissolved alum to simulate frost. Hanging from the branches were wooden balls covered with tobacco tinfoil. Flakes of mica were glued to paper stars. On Christmas, Mr. Mills and Mr. Love dressed in linen collars and what Miss Waxham called "fried shirts." When Miss Waxham turned to a package from home that she knew contained pajamas, she went into her bedroom to open it.

The following day, Miss Waxham was meant to go to something called Institute, in Lander—a convocation of Fremont County schoolteachers for lectures, instruction, and professional review. By phenomenal coincidence, Mr. Love announced that he had business in Lander, too.

> It was decided that I should go with him. I rather dreaded it. . . . I confess I was somewhat afraid of him. . . . I was wrapped up in a coat of my own with Mrs. Mills' sealskin over it, muffler, fur hat, fur gloves, leggings, and overshoes. Then truly I was so bundled up that it was next to impossible to move. "Absolutely helpless," laughed Mr. Love.

Whatever business Mr. Love had in Lander did not in any way seem to press him. Miss Waxham stayed with Miss Davis, the county superintendent, and while other people came and went from the premises Mr. Love was inclined to remain.

> Supper time came and Mr. Love remained. We had a miserable canned goods cold supper. Miss MacBride left, Mr. Love remained.
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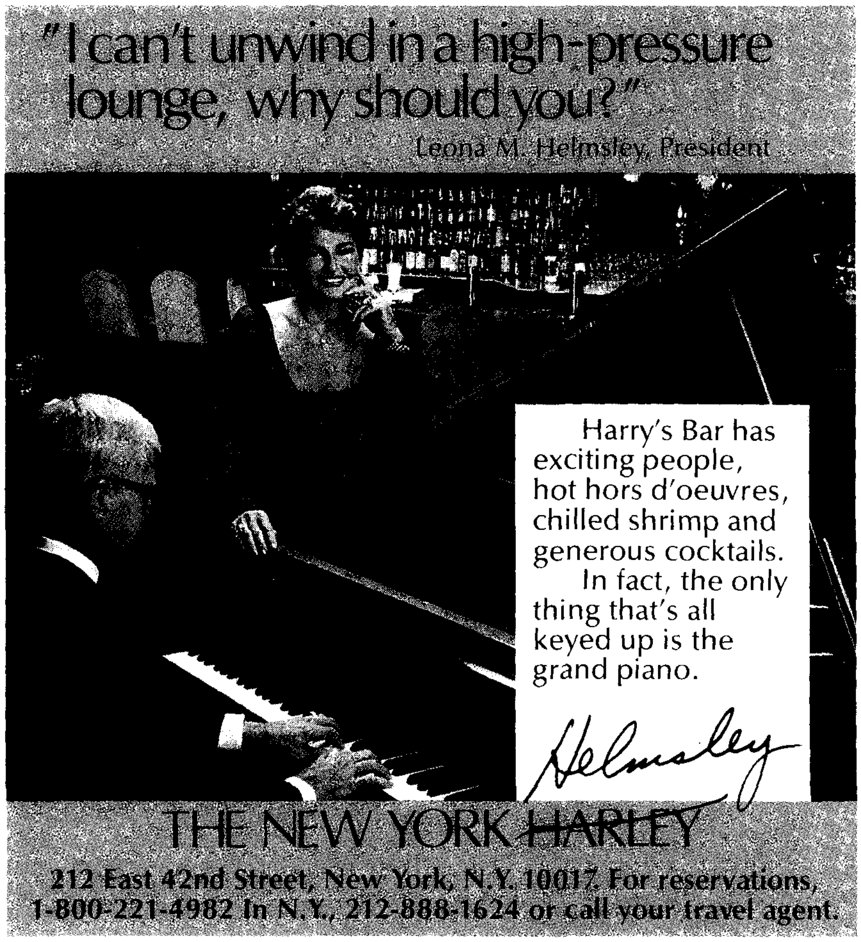
> In the afternoon, Mr. Love called. It certainly was a surprise. I explained why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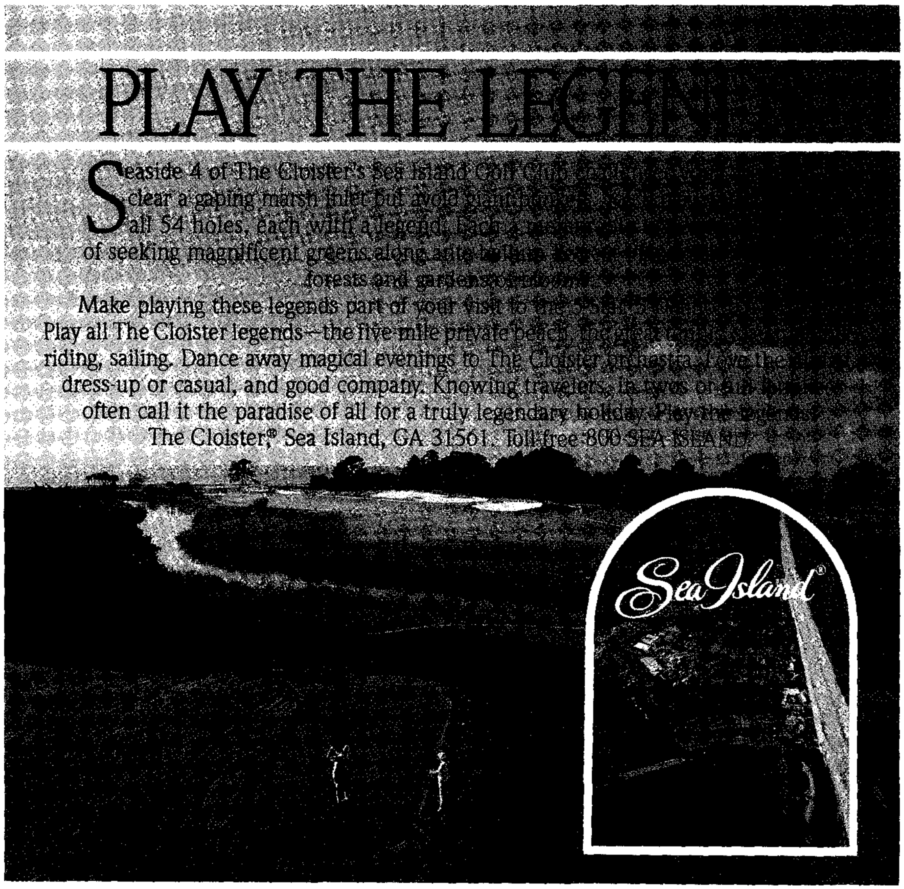
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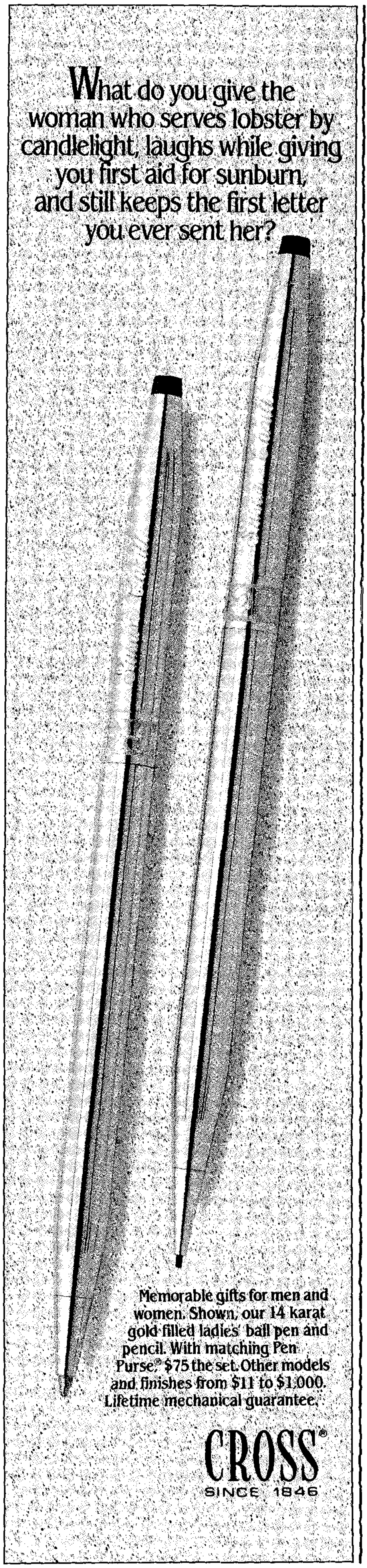
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> Miss Davis was out, but he didn't seem to mind. I said that she would be back soon. He asked if I should not like to take a drive and see the suburbs. Of course I would. . . . We went for a long drive in the reservation, with a box of chocolates between us, and a merry gossip we had. . . . He was bemoaning the fact that there is no place for a man to spend the evening in Lander except in a saloon. "Come and toast marshmallows," I said, and he took it as a good suggestion.

When she went to church on Sunday, Love was there—John Santa Love, who had not been to church in ten years. After the service, it was time to leave Lander.

> There had been snow falling since morning, and the road was barely visible. The light faded to a soft whiteness that hardly grew darker when the sun set and the pale outline of the moon showed through the snow. Everywhere was the soft enveloping snow shutting out all sounds and sights. The horses knew the way and travelled on steadily. Fortunately it was not cold, and the multitudinous rugs and robes with the new footwarmer beneath kept us warm and comfortable. More pleasant it was travelling through the storm than sitting at home by the fire and watching it outside. When the conversation ran low and we travelled on quietly, Mr. Love discovered bags of candy under the robes . . . and he fed us both, for I was worse than entangled in wraps and the long sleeves of Mrs. Mills' sealskin. The miles fell away behind us easily and quietly.

Even as those words were written, the editor and publishers of the *Shoshone Pathfinder*, in Lander, were completing a special issue urging young people to make their lives in central Wyoming. "We beg leave to extend to each and every one of you a most cordial welcome to come, remain, and help develop a country so rich in natural resources as to be beyond the computation of mortal man," wrote the publishers. It was a country "clothed in a mantle of the most nutritious grasses and sage brush browse." In its Wind River Mountains were "thousands of square miles of dense forests, which the foot of man has never invaded, and . . . as to the supply and quality of timber in this county it will meet the requirements of all demands for all time to come." Moreover, there was coal: "It has been said of our coal fields that the entire United States would be unable to exhaust them in a century. . . . It is in excess of the imagination to contemplate the vastness of this tremendous supply of fuel or what would ever transpire to exhaust it." And there was oil: "It is a recognized fact of long standing that the quantity of oil stored in the natural reservoirs of this county is so great that no estimate can be made." And there was gold. At the south end of the Wind Rivers, nearly five million dollars had come out of small mines with names like Hard Scrabble, Ground Hog, Hidden Hand, Mormon Crevice, Iron Duke, Midget, Rustler, Cariboo, and Irish Jew. "None of the mines have been exhausted, but merely sunk to a depth where more and better machinery is required." There was uranium, too, but as yet no compelling need to find it, and as yet no geologist equal to the task.

As the winter continued, with its apparently inexhaustible resources of biting wind and blinding snow, temperatures now and again approached fifty below zero. Miss Waxham developed such an advanced case of cabin fever that she wrote in her journal, "My spirit has a chair sore." Even when drifts were at their deepest, though, Mr. Love somehow managed to get through. "Much wrapped up" on one occasion, he rode "all the way from Alkali Butte." On another, he spent an entire day advancing his education at the Twin Creek school.

These attentions went on in much the same way for five years. He pursued her to Colorado, and even to Wisconsin. They were married on the twentieth of June, 1910, and drove in a sheep wagon to his ranch, in the Wind River Basin. It was plain country with gently swelling hills. Looking around from almost any one of them, you could see eighty miles to the Wind River Range, thirty to the Owl Creeks, twenty to the Rattlesnake Hills, fifteen to the Beaver Divide, and a hundred into the Bighorns. No buildings were visible in any direction. In this place, they would flourish. Here, too, they would suffer calamitous loss. Here they would raise three children—a pair of sons close in age, and, a dozen years after them, a daughter. The county from time to time would supply a schoolmarm, but basically the children would be educated by their mother. One would become a petroleum chemist, another a design engineer for the New Jersey Turnpike and the New York State Thruway, another the preëminent geologist of the Rocky Mountains.

ALONG the Nebraska-Wyoming line, in the region of the forty-first parallel, is a long lumpy break in the plains, called Pine Bluffs. It is rock of about the same age and story as Scotts Bluff, which is not far away. David Love—standing on top of Pine

Bluffs—remarked that for a great many emigrants with their wagons and carts these had been the first breaks in the horizon west of Missouri. From the top of the bluffs, the emigrants had their first view of the front ranges of the Rockies, and the mountains gave them hope and courage. For our part, looking due west from the same place, we could not see very far across the spring wildflowers into the swirling snow. The Laramie Range was directly ahead and the Never Summer Mountains off somewhere to the southwest—at ten and nearly thirteen thousand feet indeed a stirring sight, but not today. Love said a spring snowstorm was "sort of like a kiss—it's temporary, and it will go away." (That one stopped us for three days.) Meanwhile, there were large roadcuts to examine where Interstate 80 sliced through the bluffs, and scenes to envision that were veiled by more than snow.

The bluffs stand above the surrounding country because—like other mesas and buttes—they are all that is left of what was the surrounding country. The rock of Pine Bluffs is sedimentary (limestone, sandstone) and seems to lie flat, but in fact it tilts very slightly, and if its bedding planes are projected westward a hundred miles they describe the former landscape, rising about sixty feet a mile to touch the summits of mountains. "There was a continuous surface," Love said. "It came over the top of the Laramie Range and out here onto the High Plains. Pine Bluffs was part of that surface."

In earth history, that was not long ago. He said the best general date for it was ten million years—when the central Rocky Mountains, which had long since taken form as we know them, were buried up to their chins. Only the highest peaks remained uncovered, like nunataks protruding through continental ice, or scattered islands in a sea. The summits of the Wind River Range were hills above that Miocene plain. The highest of the Bighorns stuck out, too—as did the crests of other ranges. Forty million years before that, in Eocene time, most parts of the Rocky Mountains seem to have looked much as they do today, and so did the broad basins among them. The region as a whole was closer to sea level, but its relief was essentially the same.

It was a bizarre story, full of odd detail. Limestone, for example, is ordinarily a marine rock, derived from

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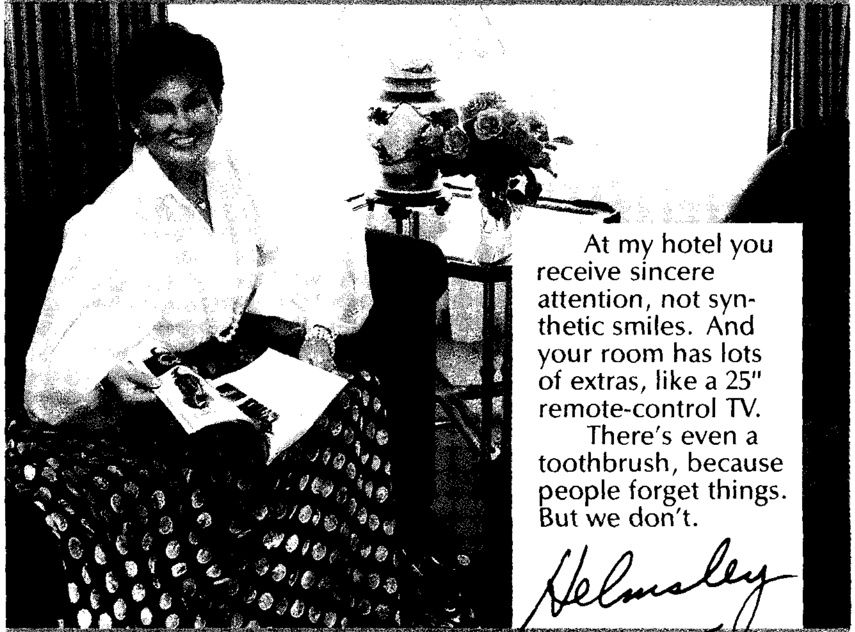

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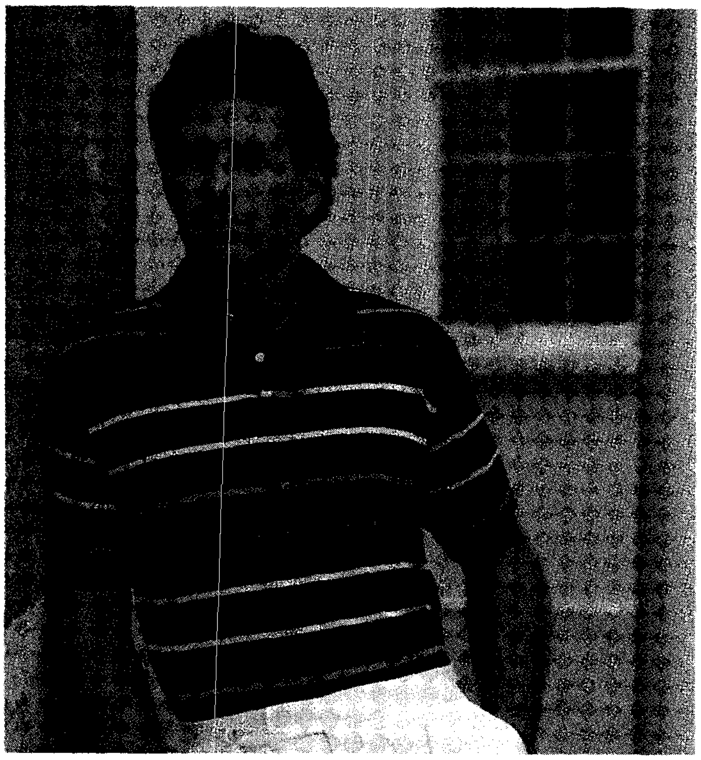

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corals and shells. What sort of limestone would form on a surface that came sloping down like a tent roof from the ridgelines of buried mountains? The surface had been laced with streams, Love said, and in the rumpled topography east of the buried ranges the streams filled countless lakes. Old carbonates dissolved and were carried by the streams to the lakes. Lime also leached out of the granite in the mountain cores. Freshwater limestones formed in the lakes, self-certified by the fossils of freshwater snails. There were other fossils as well—discovered in dense compilations in confined areas that have been described as concentration camps and fossil graveyards. They suggest a modern plain in south-central Brazil where heavy seasonal rains so elevate the waters of innumerable lakes that animals crowd up on small islands and perish. Limestone, being soluble in water, forms fertile valleys in eastern North America but in the dry West remains largely undissolved. Its inherent ruggedness holds it high, while weaker rock around it falls away. Limestone is the protective caprock of Pine Bluffs. Junipers were flourishing in it, as were ponderosa pines and Spanish bayonets.

In the Bronco, we moved through the snow toward the mountains, crossing the last of the Great Plains, which had been shaped like ocean swells by eastbound streams. Now and again, a pump jack was visible near the road, sucking up oil from deep Cretaceous sand, bobbing solemnly at its task—a giant grasshopper absorbed in its devotions. As we passed Cheyenne, absolutely all we could see in the whiteout was a raging, wind-whipped flame, two hundred feet in the air, at the top of a refinery tower. "Such a waste," said Love.

Had we been moving west across Wyoming about seventy-three million years ago, in the Campanian age of late Cretaceous time, we would, of course, have been at sea level in the most literal sense. The Laramie Range did not exist, nor did the Bighorns, the Beartooths, the Wind Rivers. There is no evidence of mountains at that time anywhere in Wyoming. In an oceangoing boat (which the Bronco in some ways resembled), we would have raised the coastline not far east of Rawlins. Beyond the beach and at least as far as Utah was flat marshy terrain.

Earlier, there had been mountains —a few ranges that were largely in Colorado and poked some miles into

Wyoming. They have been called the Ancestral Rockies; but they and the Rockies are scarcely more related than two families who happen at different times to live in the same house. Those Pennsylvanian mountains had worn down flat two hundred and thirty million years before. There had been other mountains as well—in the same region—some hundreds of millions of years before that, in various periods of Precambrian time. The Precambrian evidence, in fact, suggests numerous episodes, across two thousand million years, of the violent rise of big mountains and their subsequent wearing away—any of them as deserving as others to be called ancestral Rockies.

In the middle Precambrian, not long after the end of the Archean eon, lava ran down the sides of big volcanoes and far out onto a seafloor that is now a part of Wyoming. It is impossible to say where the volcanoes stood, but the fact that they existed is stated by the lava. Somewhat later, the lava was folded and faulted, apparently in the making of mountains. Still more Precambrian ranges, of vast dimension, came up in the region, and shed twenty-five thousand feet of sediment into seas that covered parts of Wyoming. After the sediment formed into rock, even more episodes of mountain-building heated and changed the rock: the limestone to marble, the sandstone to quartzite, the shale to slate. Meanwhile, coming into the crust at depths on the order of six miles were vast bodies of fiery-hot magma, much of which happened to have the chemistry of granite. Under eastern Wyoming, where Interstate 80 now crosses the Laramie Range, the magma contained enough iron to tint the feldspar and make the granite pink. It is axiomatic that big crystals grow slowly. Slowly, the magma cooled, forming quartz and feldspar crystals of exceptional size.

All of that occurred in Precambrian time—during the first ninety per cent of the history of the world. Often, Precambrian rock is collectively mentioned as "the basement"—the basement of continents—as if that is all there is to say about it before setting up on top of it the wonders of the world. This scientific metaphor is at best ambiguous—connoting, as it does, in one sense a firm foundation, in another an obscure cellar. In either case, it dismisses four billion years. It attempts to compress the uncompressible. It foreshortens a regional history wherein numerous ancestral mountain ranges developed and were annihilated—

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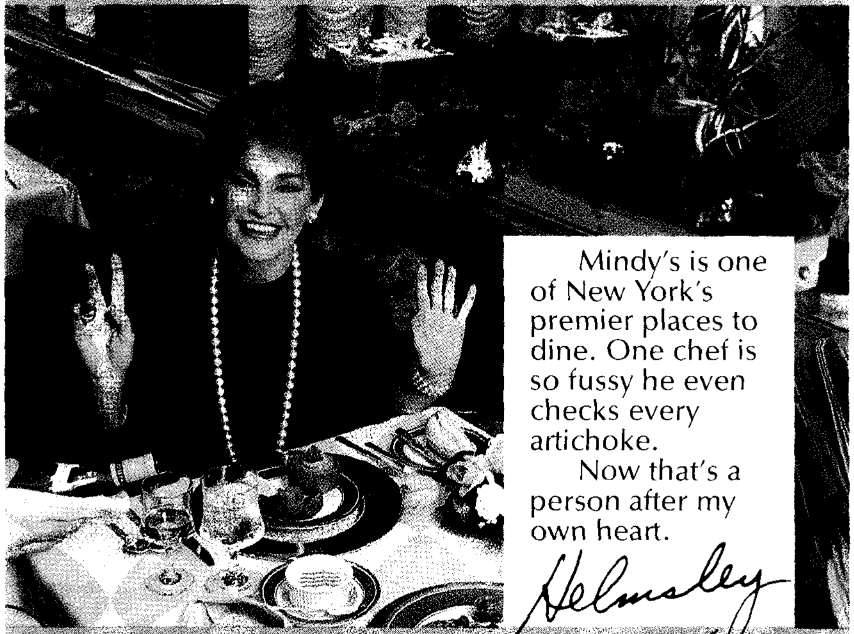

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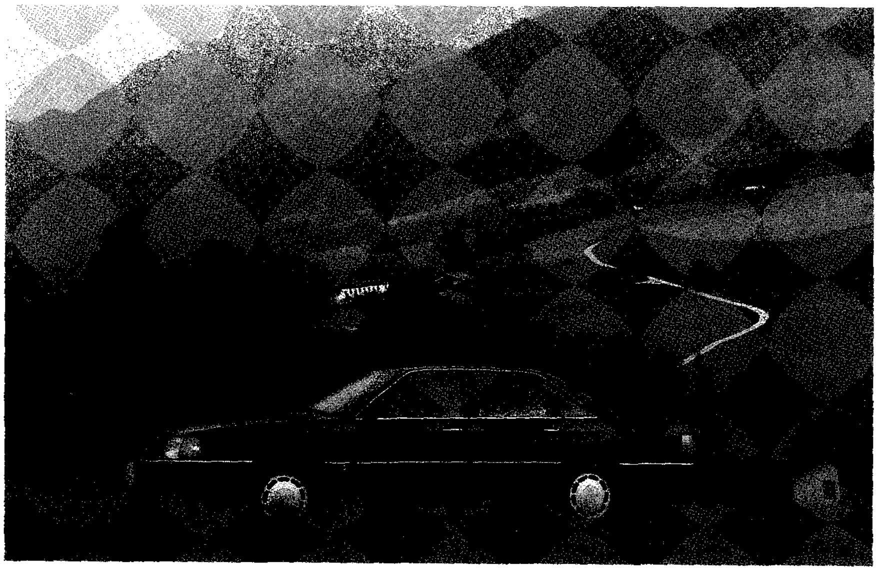

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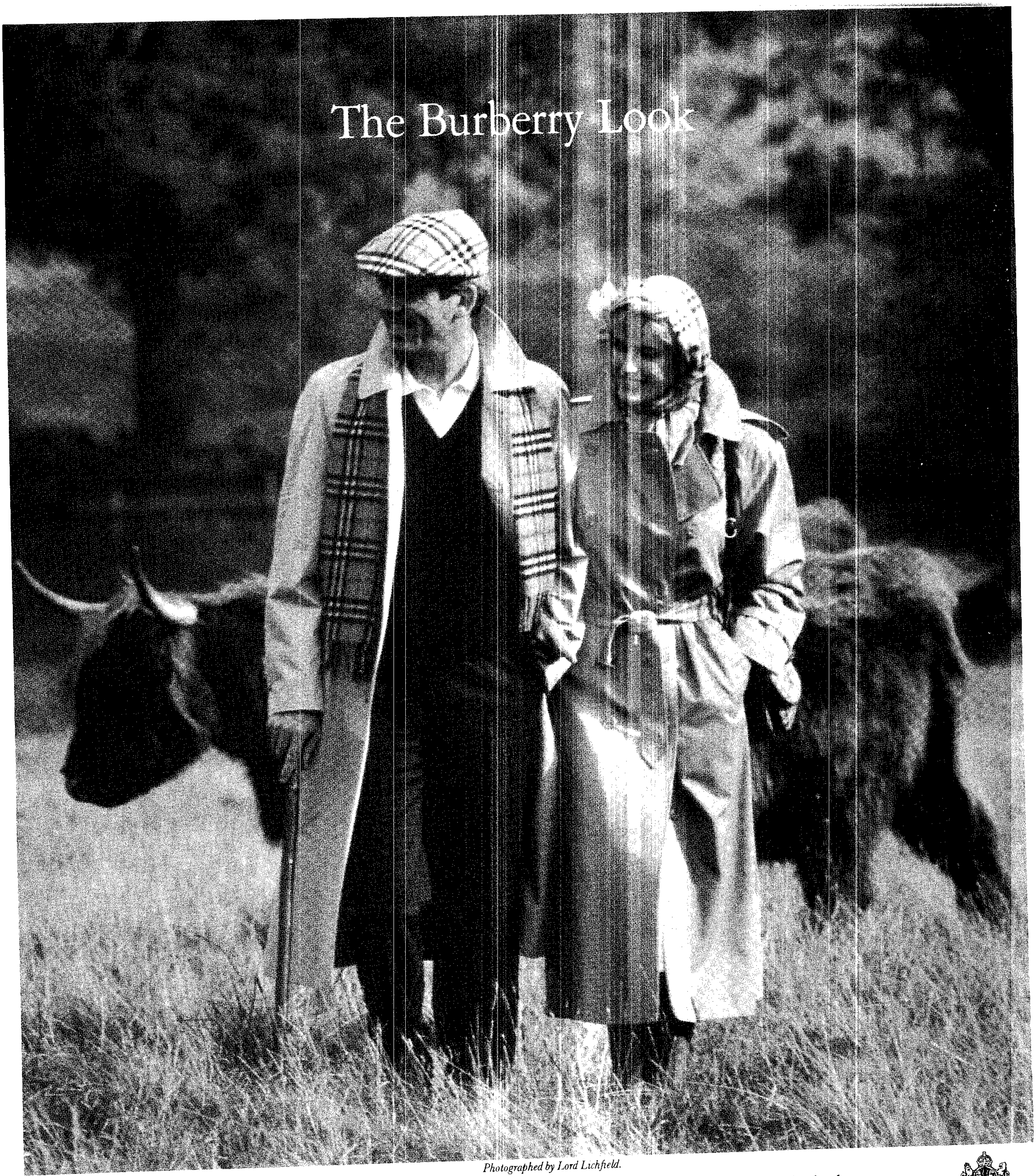

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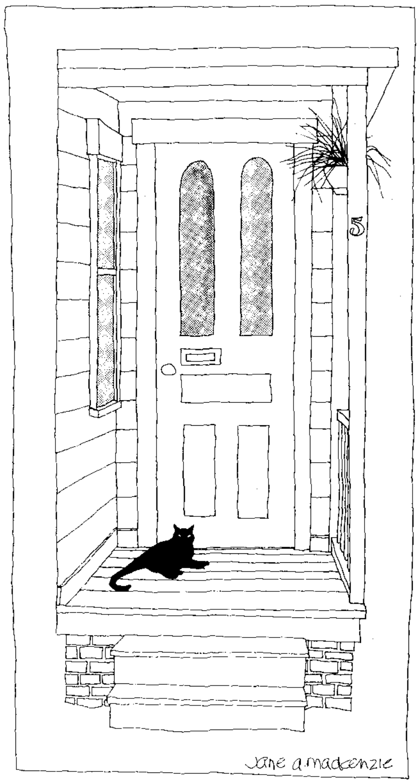
where a minor string of Pennsylvanian ridges could scarcely be said to represent the incunabular genealogy of the Rockies.

In late Cretaceous and early Tertiary time, mountains began to rise beneath the wide seas and marsh flats of Wyoming. The seawater drained away to the Gulf of Mexico, to the Arctic Ocean. And, in David Love's summary description, "all hell broke loose." In westernmost Wyoming, detached crustal sheets came planing eastward—rode fifty, sixty, and seventy-five miles over younger rock—and piled up like shingles, one overlapping another. In the four hundred miles east of these overthrust mountains, other mountains began to appear, and in a very different way. They came right up out of the earth. In Love's phrase, they simply "pooched out." Basins flexed between them, filling as they downwarped—folding, too, especially at their edges. These mountains moved, but not much—five miles here, eight miles there. They moved in highly miscellaneous and ultimately perplexing directions. The Wind River Range crept southwest, about five inches every ten years for a million years. The Bighorns split. One part went south, the other east. Similarly, the Beartooths went east and southwest. The Medicine Bows moved east. The Washakies west. The Uintas north. All distances were short, because the mountains were essentially rooted. The Sierra Madre did not move at all. The spines of the ranges trended in as many directions as a weathervane. The Laramie Range trended north-south. The Wind Rivers and Bighorns northwest-southeast. The spectacularly anomalous Owl Creeks and Uintas, lining themselves up at right angles to the axis of the Western cordillera, ran east-west. All these mountain ranges were coming up out of the craton—heartland of the continent, the Stable Interior Craton. It was as if mountains had appeared in Ohio, inboard of the Appalachian thrust sheets, like a family of hogs waking up beneath a large blanket. An authentic enigma on a grand scale, this was one of the oddest occurrences in the tectonic history of the world. It would probe anybody's theories. It happened rapidly. As Dave Love at one point remarked about the Medicine Bow Mountains, "It didn't take very long for those mountains to come up, to be deroofed, and to be thrust eastward. Then the motion stopped. That happened in maybe ten million years, and to a geologist that's really fast."

Twenty thousand feet of rock was deroofed from the rising mountains. The entire stratigraphy from the Cretaceous down to the Precambrian was broken to bits and sent off to Natchez, as the mountains were denuded to their crystalline and metamorphic cores. In half a billion years of history, this was the great event. In the words of the "Geologic Atlas of the Rocky Mountain Region," it was "tectonically unique in the Western Hemisphere and, therefore, it seems to require a somewhat unusual if not unique tectonic interpretation." The foreland ranges, as the mountains east of the overthrust are called (the Wind Rivers, Uintas, Bighorns, Medicine Bows, Laramie Range, and so forth), came into the world with their own odd syncopation, albeit the general chronology went from west to east and the Laramie Range was among the last to rise. "The mountains were restless," Love was saying now. "They didn't all pooch out at once. They moved in fits and starts over a span of time. The Owl Creeks rose in the early Eocene, as did the Uintas. The Medicine Bows, which are farther east, came up before the Uintas. They are all separate mountains with the same general type of origin. They are cohesive in the way that a family is cohesive. They are part of the same event."

The event is known in geology as the Laramide Orogeny. Alternatively it is called the Laramide Revolution.



Mountains always come down, of course, as they are coming up. In the contest between erosion and orogeny, erosion never loses. For a relatively short time, though, the mountains prevail by rising faster than they are destroyed. In what Love has called "some of the greatest localized vertical displacement known anywhere in the world," the Wind Rivers rose sixty thousand feet with respect to the rock around them, the Uintas fifty thousand, others as much. Frequent rains and many streams helped melt them away. West of Wyoming, in the Eocene, there were no Coast Ranges, no Sierra Nevada. Warm winds off the Pacific brought rains to the Rockies, and a climate similar to the present climate of Florida. In the early Eocene, when the ranges in general looked much as they do today, the mountain-building ceased. In the tectonic quiet, erosion of course continued, and the broad downwarps among the ranges continued to fill.

Then came a footnote to the revolution. "In latest early Eocene, fifty-two million years ago, all hell broke loose again," Love said. From thousands of fissures in northwest Wyoming, lava poured forth by the cubic mile. Torn apart by weather and rearranged by streams, it has since been etched out as the Absaroka Range. "After that, everything went blah," he went on. "In the Oligocene, the tectonic activity was totally dead, and it stayed dead at least until the early Miocene. Thirty million years. Then, in the late Miocene, all hell broke loose again. And all hell has been breaking loose time and again for the last ten million years. This is not a static science."

During those thirty million years after things went blah, the Rockies were quietly buried ever deeper in their own debris—and, not so peacefully, in materials oozing overland or falling from the sky. Much came in on the wind from remote explosive volcanoes—stratovolcanoes of huge size in Idaho, Oregon, Nevada. "And maybe Arizona and California, for all we know," Love said. "Clinical details are still inadequate. By the end of the Eocene, the Washakie and Owl Creek Mountains were so deeply buried that the Wind River and Bighorn Basins had coalesced above them. At the end of the Oligocene, only a thousand to four thousand feet of the highest mountains protruded above the aggradational plain. Streams were slow and sluggish and so choked with ash they were unable to erode."

Rhinoceroses lived through those changes, and ancestral deer and antelope, and horses that had three toes and were by now the size of collies. As altitude and aridity increased, a subtropical world of figs, magnolias, and breadfruit cooled into forests of maple, oak, and beech. Altitude alone could not account for the increasing coolness. It foreshadowed the coming ice.

The burial of the mountains continued far into the Miocene, with—as Love described it—"surprising thicknesses of sandstone and tuffaceous debris." Volcanic sands, from Yellowstone and from elsewhere to the west, were spread by the wind, and in places formed giant dunes. Two thousand feet of sand accumulated in central Wyoming. Nineteen thousand—the *thickest Miocene deposit in America*—went into the sinking Jackson Hole. From the Wind River Mountains southward to Colorado and eastward to Nebraska, the plain was unbroken except for the tops of the highest peaks. Rivers were several thousand feet higher than they are now. The ranges, buried almost to their summits, were separated by hundreds of miles of essentially flat terrain. Mountains that were completely covered—lost to view somewhere below the water-laid sediments and deep volcanic sand—outnumbered the mountains that barely showed through. At its maximum, the broad planar surface occupied nearly all of Wyoming—upward of ninety per cent—and on it meandered slow streams, making huge bends and oxbows. As events were about to prove, the deposition would rise no higher. This—in the late Miocene—was the level of maximum fill.

For something began to elevate the region—the whole terrain, the complete interred family of underthrust, upthrust, overthrust mountains—to lift them swiftly about a mile. "The uplift was not absolutely uniform everywhere," Love said. "But nothing ever is." What produced this so-called epeirogeny is a subject of vigorous and sometimes virulent argument, but the result, continuing to this day, is as indisputable as it has been dramatic. It is known in geology as the Exhumation of the Rockies.

From around and over the Wyoming ranges alone, about fifty thousand cubic miles have been dug out and taken away, not to mention comparable excavations in the neighboring cordillera. Though the process has been going on for ten million years, it is believed to have been particularly energetic in the past million and a half, in part because of the amount of rain that fell on the peripheries of continental ice. In response to the uplift, the easygoing streams that had aimlessly wandered the Miocene plain began to straighten, rush, and cut, moving their boulders and gravels in the way that chain saws move their teeth. The streams lay in patterns that had no relationship to the Eocene topography buried far below. Some of them, rushing along through what is now the Wyoming sky, happened to cross the crests of buried ranges. After they worked their way down to the ranges, they sawed through them. Some effects were even odder than that. If a river happened to be lying above a spur of a buried range, it would cut down through the spur, and seem, eventually—without logic, with considerable magic—to flow into a mountain range, change its mind, and come back out another way. "Eventually," of course, is now. The North Platte River now flows into the rocks of the Medicine Bow Mountains, comes out again to cross the Hanna Basin, and then runs through the Seminoe Mountains and the Granite Mountains. It is joined by the Sweetwater River on the crest of the Granite Mountains. Irrespective of modern topography, the pattern of the rivers is Miocene. On the Laramie Plains, the Laramie River behaves for a while in a deceptively conventional manner. It establishes itself as the centerpiece of the basin, pretending to be the original architect of the circumvallate scene, but then takes a sharp right and, like a bull with lowered head, charges the Laramie Range. The canyon it has made is deep and wild. Water roars through it. When, in the exhumation, the river got down to the mountains, it packed the abrasive power to cut them in half.

*In fact, there is no obvious relation*ship between most of the major rivers in Wyoming and the landscapes they traverse. While rivers elsewhere, running in their dendritic patterns like the veins in a leaf, shape in harmony the landscapes they dominate, almost all the rivers of the Rockies seem to argue with nature as well as with common sense. At Devil's Gate, on the Oregon Trail, the Sweetwater River flows into a hill of granite and out the other side. The Wind River addresses itself to the Owl Creek Mountains and flows right at them. It, too, breaks through and comes out the other side. It, too, flowed across the totally buried mountains in the Miocene, and descended upon them during the exhumation. The anomaly is so startling that early explorers, and even aborigines, did not put one and one together. To the waters on the south side of the mountains they gave the name Wind River. The waters on the north side they called the Bighorn. Eventually, they discovered Wind River Canyon.

On the east flank of the Laramie Range is a piece of ground that somehow escaped exhumation. Actually contiguous with Miocene remains that extend far into Nebraska, it is the only place between Mexico and Canada where the surface that covered the mountains still reaches up to a summit. To the north and south of it, excavation has been deep and wide, and the mountain front is of formidable demeanor. Yet this one piece of the Great Plains—extremely narrow but still intact—extends like a finger and, as ever, touches the mountain core: the pink deroofed Precambrian granite, the top of the range. At this place, as nowhere else, you can step off the Great Plains directly onto a Rocky Mountain summit. It is known to geologists as the gangplank.

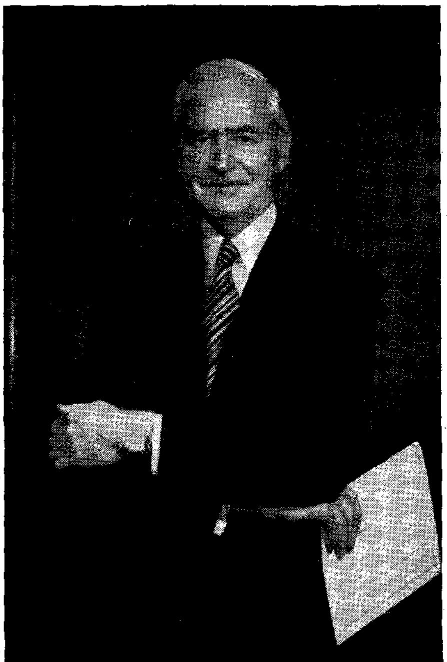
Now the Bronco began to rise through the snow, and Love remarked that we were on the gangplank. The land fell away on either side, and in the low visibility we seemed indeed to be on a plank going up into the sky. As we continued to climb, the strip of earth became narrower and narrower. We pulled over onto the shoulder, shut off the motor, and squinted. We appeared to be on a bridge—built of disassembled Rockies and travelled ash—crossing a great excavation through flapping veils of snow. "There are twelve inches of precipitation per annum here, and it's mostly snow," he said. "The mean temperature is thirty-eight degrees. The growing season is less than ninety days. Conditions are about the same in this part of

Wyoming as at the Arctic Circle." With that, we gave up the geology and crawled off to his home in Laramie, defeated by the snow. We went back to the gangplank in clear weather.

It was half a mile long. To the north and south, the land fell away along the mountain front in profound excavation of the sediments that once had been there. The excavation had exposed the broken, upturned ends of Pennsylvanian sandstones, dipping steeply eastward and leaning on the mountains. They rested there like lumber stood against a barn. These red sandstones lean against the Laramie Range on both sides. By themselves, they tell the story of the Laramide Orogeny, for they are a part of what was deroofed. They are a part of the Paleozoic package that once rested flat on the deep Precambrian granite. They are thought by some to have been Pennsylvanian beach sands. Whatever they may have been, they were indubitably horizontal, and for roughly two hundred and fifty million years remained horizontal while layer after layer of sediment accumulated above them, finally including the floors of the Cretaceous seas. Then all hell broke loose, and the granite rose beneath them. The granite core came up like a basement elevator that rises through a city sidewalk, pushing to either side a pair of hinged doors. That was the chronology of numerous ranges—the old hard stuff from far below breaking upward through roofrock and ultimately standing highest, while the ends of the roofrock lean on the flanks in gradations of age that are younger with distance from the core. The broken ends of that Pennsylvanian sand—the outcropping edges of the tilted strata—had weathered out as a rough, serrate ridge along the border of the range. Rocky Mountain ranges are typically flanked by such hogbacks. Boulder, Colorado, is backdropped with hogbacks (the Flatirons), which are more of the same Pennsylvanian strata leaning against the Front Range. Now, on the gangplank, Love said parenthetically, "You are seeing Paleozoic rocks for the first time since the Mississippi River. They go all the way through—under Iowa and Nebraska—but they're buried."

In the fall of 1865, Major General Grenville Dodge and his pack trains and cavalry and other troops were coming south along the St. Vrain Trail, under the front of the Laramie Range. The Powder River campaign, behind them, had been, if not a military defeat, a signal failure in its purpose: to cow the North Cheyennes and the Ogallala Sioux. General Dodge, though, was preoccupied with something else. President Lincoln, not long before he died, had instructed Dodge to choose a route for the Union Pacific Railroad. Dodge, like others before him, had sought the counsel of Jim Bridger, the much celebrated trapper, explorer, fur trader, commercial entrepreneur, and all-around mountain man. Bridger, who was sixty by then, had preceded almost everybody else into the West by two or three decades and knew the country as few other whites ever would. It was he who discovered the Great Salt Lake, reporting his find as the Pacific Ocean. It was he whose descriptions of Jackson Hole, Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone Falls, the Fire Hole geysers, and the Madison River had once been known as "Jim Bridger's lies." His father-in-law was Chief Washakie. And now this bluecoat general wanted to know where to put a railroad. The Oregon Trail went around the north end of the Laramie Range and up the Sweetwater to South Pass—to say the least, an easy grade. But for a competitive transcontinental railroad the Sweetwater was a route of wide digression and no coal. Bridger mentioned Lodgepole Creek and said the high ground above it was the low point on the crest of the Laramie Range (a fact that theodolites would in time confirm). The route could go there.

So Dodge, in 1865, coming south from the Powder River, left his pack trains and cavalry on the St. Vrain Trail and led a small patrol up Lodgepole Creek. At the top, he turned south and did reconnaissance of the summit terrain. In the small valley of a high tributary of Crow Creek—five or ten miles south of Bridger's recommendation—he surprised a band of Indians. His report does not say of what tribe. They were hostiles—or at least became so after Dodge started firing at them. At the moment of mutual surprise, they were between him and his main column, and that made him tactically nervous. The patrol dismounted and walked due east—"hold-



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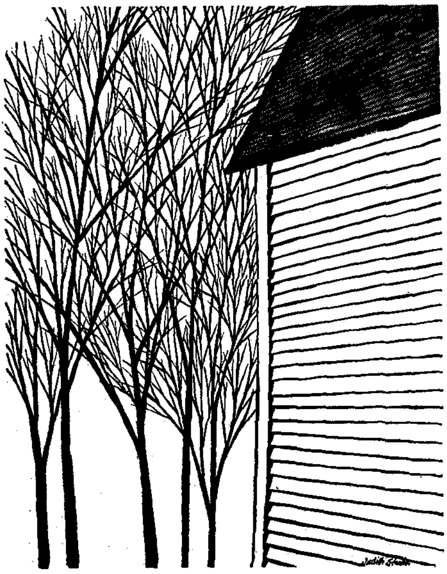
ing the Indians at bay, when they came too near, with our Winchesters." In this manner, the gangplank was discovered. As Dodge kept going east, expecting to reach the escarpment from which he would signal with smoke, he reached no escarpment. Instead, he reached the remnant of the high ancient surface—this interfluvial isthmus between Crow Creek and Lone Tree Creek—touching the mountain summit.

> It led down to the plains without a break. I then said to my guide that if we saved our scalps I believed we had found the crossing.

General Dodge went back east, and in the spring of 1867 returned with his route approved. The Union Pacific at that time ended in the middle of Nebraska. He got off the train, went up the North Platte, up the Lodgepole, and, as he approached the mountains, went directly overland to Crow Creek, where he staked out the western end of the railroad's next division. Without much pleasing anybody, he named the place Cheyenne. In no time, he was defending himself against furious Cheyennes. They killed soldiers and laborers, pulled up survey stakes, stole animals, and destroyed equipment. When some politicians, bureaucrats, and financiers arrived on a see-it-yourself junket west, the Cheyennes attacked them. With drawn revolver, General Dodge told his visitors, "We've got to clean these damn Indians out or give up building the Union Pacific Railroad. The government may take its choice."

The narrowest point on the gangplank is wide enough for the Union Pacific and nothing else. The interstate highway clings to one side. The tracks and lanes are so close that the gangplank resembles the neck of a guitar. A long coal freight slid by us. "The coal isn't piled higher than the tops of the gondolas," Love commented. "It's an environmental move—to keep the dust from blowing downwind." He said it was a good idea, no doubt, but he had experienced so many cinder showers earlier in his life that he could not help thinking that this latter-day assault on dust was "like bringing a fire under control at timberline." A cinder shower was what happened when an old-time locomotive pulled into a town and blew its stack. He also said that this could not have been an important emigrant route, because there was a lack of grass and water—absolute necessities for animal-powered travel. To the Union Pacific, however, the gangplank offered speed, efficiency, and hence predominance with respect to the competition. When the Denver & Rio Grande was laboring up switchbacks in a hampering expenditure of money and time—and the Santa Fe was struggling not only with mountains but also with desert terrain—the Union Pacific had already run up the gangplank, opened the West, and become everybody's Uncle Pete. Love said, "Out here, Uncle Sam is a gnat under a blanket compared to Uncle Pete. The Union Pacific had the best of it. This Miocene Ogallala formation was the youngest of the high-plains deposits that lapped onto the mountain front. It's subtle and seems academic until you try to build a railroad. This is the only place in the whole Rocky Mountain front where you can go from the Great Plains to the summit of the mountains without snaking your way up a mountain face or going through a tunnel. This one feature had more to do with the building of the West than any other factor. I don't diminish the importance of the Oregon Trail, but here you had everything going for you. This point hasn't been made before."

When the railroad was built, it was given (by the federal government) fifty per cent of the land in a twenty-mile swath along its route—in checkerboard fashion, one square mile in every two. Today, Uncle Pete owns, among many things, the Rocky Mountain Energy Company, the Upland Industries Corporation, the Champlin Petroleum Company, and enough unmined uranium to send Wyoming to the moon. In Cheyenne, the Union Pacific station and the state capitol face each other at opposite ends of Capitol Avenue. The Union Pacific station came out of the Laramie Range, forty miles west, and, like the range itself, is sheathed in the russet Pennsylvanian sandstone and has a foundation of Precambrian granite. At least as imposing as the capitol, it is a baronially escutcheoned mountain of grandeur.



Indians, of course, had used the gangplank for who knows how long before General Dodge surprised them on the Laramie summit. They had crossed it on their journeys from the Great Plains to the Laramie Basin and on up to hunting grounds in the Medicine Bow Mountains. And the Indians, from the beginning, were themselves following a trail. Buffalo discovered the gangplank. "It was a buffalo trail," Love said. "Buffalo were the real trailmakers—trails you wouldn't believe. They were as good as the best civil engineers. It remains true today. If you're in Yellowstone, in the backcountry, and you have trouble finding your way across swamps, mountains, and thermal areas, you look for a buffalo trail and you'll get through." Beside Interstate 80 on the gangplank, a sign said, "Game Crossing."

WE moved off the gangplank and into a highway throughcut of pink granite. Love said, "Now we are on the mountain, on the Precambrian core. You have to watch closely. This fantastic geology is subtle. I-80 was not built to show it off but to take advantage of its beneficences." There were more pink granite cuts and also some dark, shattered amphibolite that had been the country rock into which the granite intruded 1.4 billion years ago. The interstate had sliced through a section where the bright-pink granite and the charcoal-gray amphibolite met. It was as if a wall painter had changed colors there. The dark rock was full of fracture planes and cleavage planes. "That rock probably had been messed around for a long time before the granite came," Love said. "It could be two, three billion years old. We don't know."

As our altitude increased, the granite roadcuts became deeper and higher and seemingly more rutilant. The rock was competent. There were no benches, and the cuts were as much as fifty metres high. Resembling marbled steak, they were shot through with veins of quartz, where, long after the granite formed, it cracked and quartz filled it in. The walls were indented with vertical parallel grooves, like

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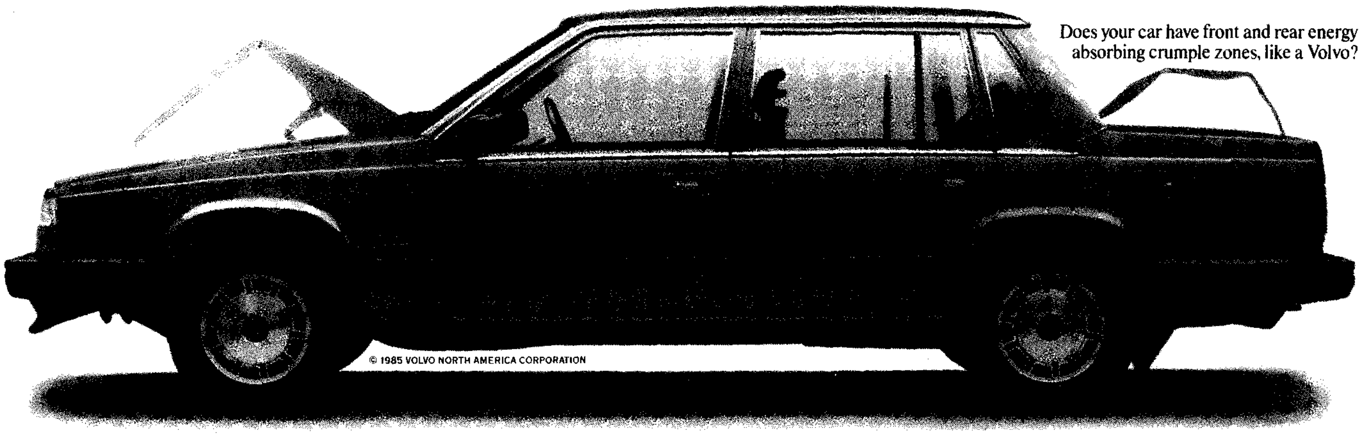

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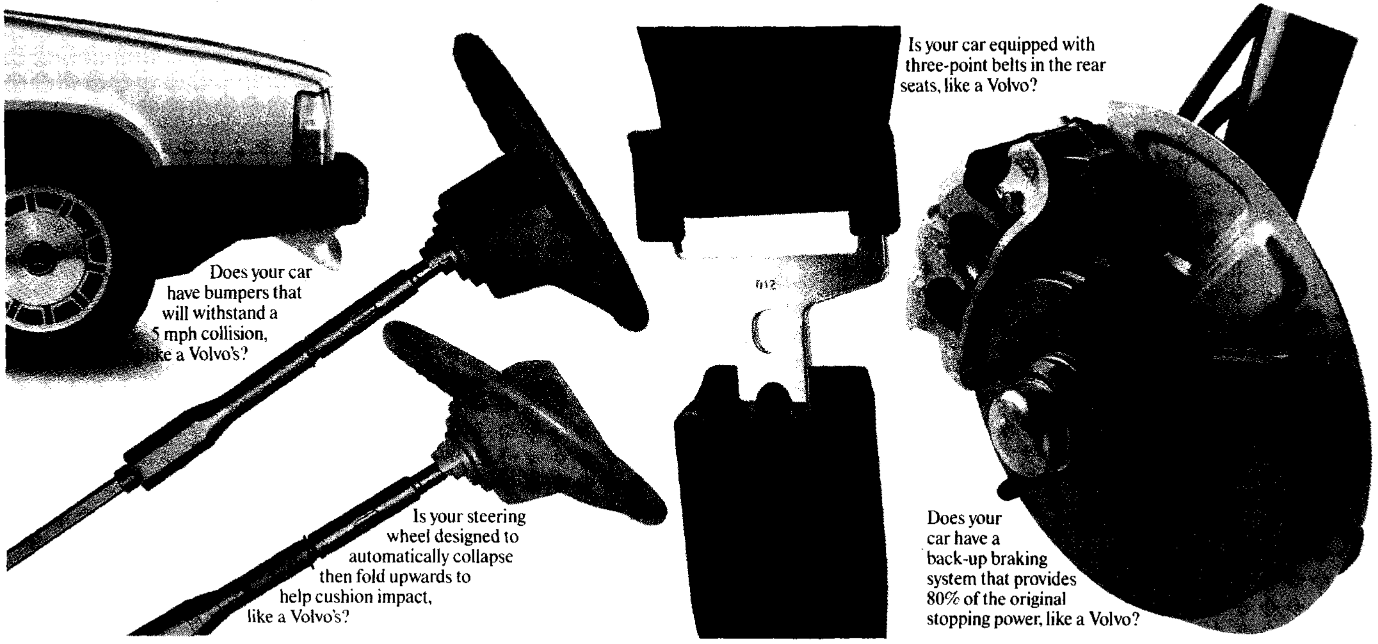

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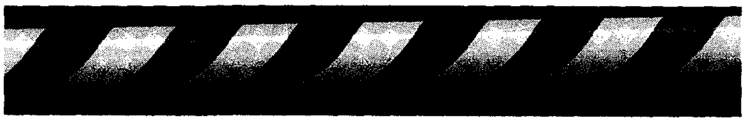

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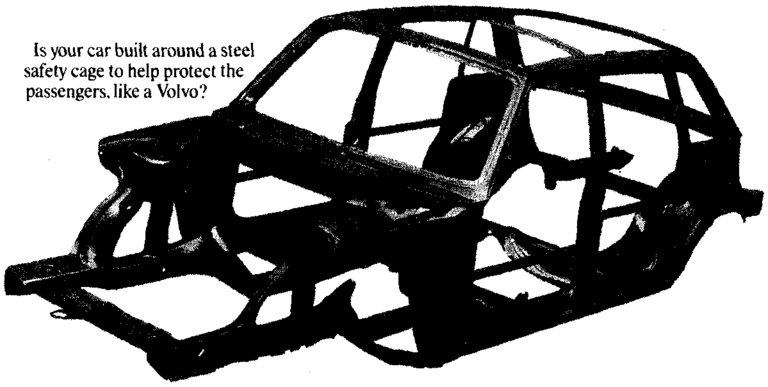

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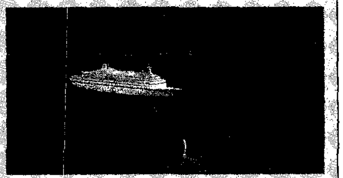
giant wormtrails in some exotic sediment. These were actually fossil shot holes and unloaded guide holes from the process of pre-splitting. The highway builders drilled the holes and then dynamited one of three. In this manner, they—and we—reached eight thousand six hundred and forty feet, the highest point on Interstate 80 between the Atlantic and the Pacific. What appeared to be the head of a chicken sat at the top of a big granite block, as if it had been chopped off there. Only when we drew close did I glance up and see that it was Abraham Lincoln. It was, in fact, an artful likeness, resting on an outsized plinth. Years ago, this had been the summit of the Lincoln Highway, which was now incorporated in its substance, if not in its novel spirit, into the innards of the interstate.

We left I-80 there and bucked the southwest wind, crossing the surprisingly flat mountain-crest terrain on a pair of ruts in the pink granite, which had crystals the size of silver dollars. The view from that high, wide surface took in a large piece of the front of the Rockies, with the Never Summer Mountains standing out clearly in Colorado, to the south, and, to the west, the bright peaks of the Snowy Range. The Snowy Range—rising white above a dark high forest—appeared to be on top of the Medicine Bow Mountains. Remarkable as it seemed, that was the case. At the ten-thousand-foot level, the bottom of the Snowy Range rests on the broad flat top of the Medicine Bows like a sloop on water, its sails flying upward another two thousand feet. In the Miocene, the high flat Medicine Bow surface at the base of the Snowy Range was the level of maximum fill. In the fifty miles between the Snowy Range and our position on top of the Laramie Range lay the gulf of the excavated Laramie Plains. Our line of sight to the tree line of the Medicine Bows had been landscape in the Miocene. From twelve thousand feet it had gently sloped to about nine thousand where we were, and as we turned and faced east and gazed on down that mostly vanished plane we could all but see the Miocene surface continuing—as Love expressed it—"on out to East G-string."

Everywhere in the central Rockies, that highest level of basin fill touched the eminent ranges at altitudes that are now between ten and twelve thousand feet with results that are as beautiful as they are anomalous in the morphology of the world's mountains. In the Beartooths, for example, you can ascend a glacial valley that—in its U shape and high cirques—closely resembles any hanging valley in the Pennine Alps; but after you climb from ten to eleven to twelve thousand feet you do not find a Weisshorn fingering the sky. Instead, you move into an unexpectable physiographic setting, which, after steep slopes above a dry Wyoming basin, is lush and paradisal to the point of detachment from the world. Alpine meadows with meandering brooks are spread across a rolling but essentially horizontal scene, in part forested, in part punctuated with discrete stands of conifers and small cool lakes. The Medicine Bows are also like that—and the Uintas, the Bighorns. Their high flat surfaces, with peaks that seem to rest on them like crowns on tables, make no sense unless—as you look a hundred miles from one such surface to another across a deep dividing basin—you imagine earth instead of air: the Miocene fill, the continuous terrain. The high plateaus on the shoulders of the ranges, remaining from that broad



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erosional plane, have been given various names in the science, of which the most prominent at the moment is subsummit surface. "There's a plateau above Union Pass in the Wind River Range that's twelve thousand feet and flatter than a turd on a hot day," Love recalled, and went on to say that at such an altitude in flat country he sometimes becomes panicky—which does not happen if he is among craggy peaks, and seems to be a form of acrophobia directly related to the oddity of being in southern Iowa at twelve thousand feet.

With those big crystals, the granite under our feet was about as coarse as granite ever gets, and, as a result, was particularly vulnerable to weather. Its pink feldspar, black mica, and clear glass quartz had been so exposed there for millions of years that gravels could be scraped off without the help of dynamite. The Union Pacific took advantage of this, ballasting its roadbed with pink granite for eight hundred miles. There was almost no soil in that part of the range—just twelve miles' breadth of rough pink rock. "As you go from Chicago west, soil diminishes in thickness and fertility, and when you get to the gangplank and up here on top of the Laramie Range there is virtually none," Love said. "It's had ten million years to develop, and there's none. Why? Wind—that's why. The wind blows away everything smaller than gravel."

Standing in that wind was like standing in river rapids. It was a wind embellished with gusts, but, over all, it was primordially steady: a consistent southwest wind, which had been blowing that way not just through human history but in every age since the creation of the mountains—a record written clearly in wind-scored rock. Trees were widely scattered up there and, where they existed, appeared to be rooted in the rock itself. Their crowns looked like umbrellas that had been turned inside out and were streaming off the trunks downwind. "Wind erosion has tremendous significance in this part of the Rocky Mountain region," Love said. "Even down in Laramie, the trees are tilted. Old-timers used to say that a Wyoming wind gauge was an anvil on a length of chain. When the land was surveyed, the surveyors couldn't keep their tripods steady. They had to work by night or near sunrise. People went insane because of the wind." His mother, in her 1905 journal, said that Old Hanley, passing by the Twin

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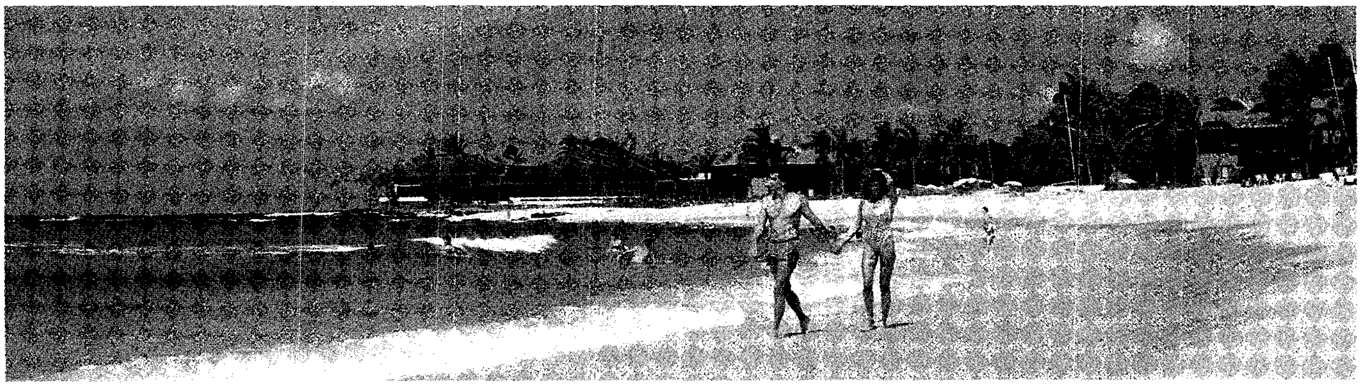
Creek school, would disrupt lessons by making some excuse to step inside and light his pipe. She also described a man who was evidently losing to the wind his struggle to build a cabin:

> He was putting up a ridgepole when the wind was blowing. He looked up and saw the chipmunks blowing over his head. By and by, along came some sheep, dead. At last one was flying over who was not quite gone. He turned around and said, "Baa"—and then he was in Montana.

Erosion, giving the landscape its appearance, is said to be the work of water, ice, and wind; but wind is, almost everywhere, a minimal or negligible factor, with exceptional exceptions like Wyoming. Looking back across the interstate—north up the crest of the range—among ponderosas, aspens, and limber pines we could see the granites of Vedauwoo Glen, which had weathered out in large blocks, as granite does, along intersecting planes of weakness, while windborne grit had rounded off the corners of the blocks. Where some had tumbled and become freestanding, grit flying close above the ground had abraded them so rigorously that the subsummit surface was, in that place, a flat of giant mushrooms. The cliffs behind them also looked organic—high piles of rounded blocks, topped in many places by narrowly balanced boulders that were undercut almost to the point of falling. Love, contemplative, appeared to be puzzling out some deep question in geomorphology. At length, he said, "When wild horses defecate, they back up to a place where other wild horses have defecated, and so on, until they build turd towers, like those, in the air. Domestic horses do not do this."

At the Wyoming Information Center, beside Interstate 80 just south of Cheyenne, eleven picnic tables are enclosed in brick silos, and each silo has a picture window, so that visitors to Wyoming can picnic more or less al fresco and not be blown home. On the range, virtually every house has a shelter belt of trees—and for the most part the houses are of one story. Used tires cover the tops of mobile homes. Otherwise, wind tears off the roofs. Mary Kraus, a sedimentologist from the University of Colorado, got out of her car one day in north-central Wyoming and went to work on an outcrop. The wind blew the car off a cliff. A propeller-drawn airplane that serves Wyoming is known as the Vomit Comet. When people step off it, they look like spotted slate.

"Most people today don't realize the power of wind and sand," Love said. "Roads are paved. But in the first fifty years of the Lincoln Highway you didn't like to travel west in the afternoon. You'd lose the finish on your car. Your windshield became so pitted you could hardly see out." The Highway Department has not yet paved the wind. On I-80, wind will capsize tractor-trailers. When snow falls on Wyoming, its travels are only beginning. Snow snows again, from the ground up, moves along the surface in ground blizzards that can blind whole counties. Ground blizzards bury houses. In roadcuts, they make drifts fifty feet deep. The wind may return ahead of the plows and take the snow away. The old-timers used to say, "Snow doesn't melt here; it just wears out." Interstate 80 has been closed by snow in Wyoming in every month but July and August—sometimes closed for days. It is known as the Snow Chi Minh Trail. Before Amtrak dropped its Wyoming passenger service, people stranded on the Snow Chi Minh Trail used to abandon their cars and make their escape by train. The most inclement stretch of 80 is east of Rawlins



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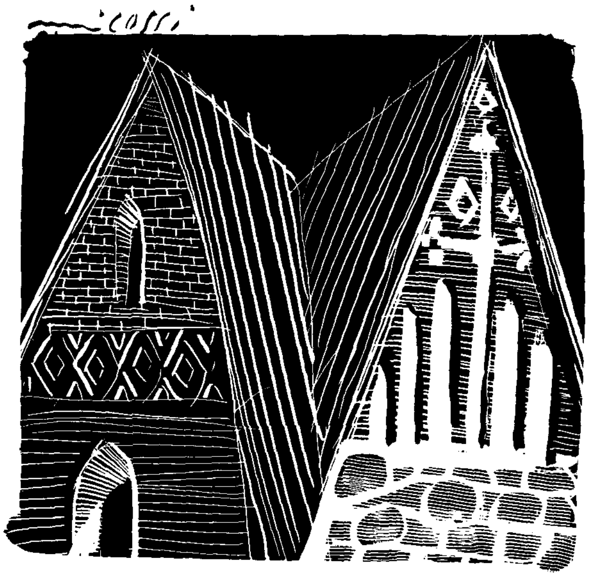
where it skirts the tip of the Medicine Bows, where anemometers set on guardrails beside the highway frequently catch the wind exceeding the speed limit.

Now, looking from mountains to mountains west over the Laramie Plains—his gaze bridging fifty miles of what had fairly recently been solid ground—Love said he thought the role of the wind had been much greater than hitherto suspected in the Exhumation of the Rockies. Water, of course, was the obvious agent for the digging and removal of the basin fill, as a look at the Mississippi Delta would tend to confirm. Many miles off the coast there, you could drill down into the muck and after fifteen thousand feet the bit would still be in the Miocene. He continued, "We know, however, the approximate volume of sediment from the Powder River Basin, the Bighorn Basin, the Wind River Basin, the Laramie Basin, and so forth. We can say it all went downhill to the Mississippi Delta. But go to the delta. Look at the volumes. There's an enormous discrepancy. You add up what's down there in the Gulf and what was removed here, and they don't square. A great deal more has been removed from here than is down there. Streams only account for about half the material that was taken up and out of here. Since it is not all in the delta, where did it go? So much has been taken away that it's got to be explained in some other manner. I think the wind took it. My personal feeling is that a lot of it blew eastward to the Atlantic. Possibly some went to Hudson Bay. We don't know. These are problems we are trying to grapple with at the present time. How much did the wind take? Again, we don't know, but in one dust storm several years ago a great deal of debris from Kansas and Nebraska and Colorado went into the Atlantic—a storm that lasted only a couple of days."

Such storms are frequent, and this one was not unusual in size or duration. It is noteworthy because its effects were studied and published, in the *Journal of Sedimentary Petrology*. When the dust appeared above the coast of Georgia—as thick haze—it attracted the attention of researchers at the Skidaway Institute of Oceanography, near Savannah. The cloud of particles was two miles in height, and satellite photographs showed its other dimensions: four hundred thousand square miles. With air-sampling-and-measuring equipment, the Skidaway people collected particles. They reported in that one storm enough dust to account for twenty-five per cent of the annual rate of sedimentation—from all rivers as well as the air—in the proximate North Atlantic. Moreover, about eighty-five per cent of it was a clay mineral called illite. Silts coming out of East Coast rivers include very little illite, and yet illite is predominant among the sediments of the ocean floor. By Skidaway's calculations, that one storm's deposits in the ocean amounted to a million tons.

Moving even farther from the interstate on the subsummit surface, we came upon a granite pyramid, sixty feet high, sixty feet wide at the base. It had been designed by an architect and weighed six thousand tons—enough to prevent its blowing over. The granite was a tight-weave Massachusetts granite, more than somewhat erratic, younger than the rock on which it rested by about a billion years. We stood in its lee. The wind was coming in pulses that made percussions in the ears. The incongruity of this monument was in direct proportion to its stark isolation. It was Uncle Pete's version of Interstate 80's Abraham Lincoln. It commemorated the brothers Oakes and Oliver Ames—Massachusetts shovel-makers, railroad financiers—whose Crédit Mobilier of America made construction contracts with itself in enjoying the fruits of subsidy of the Union Pacific Railroad. If you belonged to the United States Congress, you could buy shares of Crédit Mobilier stock for fifty per cent of their value. Near the apex of the east side of the pyramid was Oliver's face in a portrait plaque, sculptured in 1881 by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, whose William Tecumseh Sherman stands in Manhattan's Grand Army Plaza and Robert Gould Shaw in Boston Common. Saint-Gaudens' plaque of Oakes Ames was on the west side of the pyramid, facing the wind. The monument had been built beside the Union Pacific at the railroad's highest point, but the railroad's highest point was somewhere else now; the alignment had been changed in 1901, and the track was three or four miles away. The original roadbed had become so indistinct that a geologist was required to point out where it had been, which he did. Oakes' nose had been shot off with a high-powered rifle. Oliver's nose had been shot away, too, and a large part of his face. Love remarked that Greek, Roman, and Saracen vandals broke off the noses from pieces of sculpture. Probably the Vandals did, too.

Back on the interstate and just west of Abraham Lincoln, the rock became younger again, as we left the Precambrian range core and encountered the same Pennsylvanian red sandstone that had leaned on the mountain on the other side. It was rich red, and the cuts were very big as the road plunged through them in christie turns, running down the mountains through Telephone Canyon. Somewhere overhead had been the first telephone wire ever strung across the Rockies. The President of the United States, with a dozen horses and companions, rode up Telephone Canyon on his way to Cheyenne in 1903. His mustache was an airfoil with a fineness ratio that must have impressed the Wright brothers. He wore a three-gallon hat. His paunch at the time was under control. The interstate trail was more than a little wild then, but manifestly so was he. The red rock is of so much beauty there, and competence, that people collect it for building material, banging it free from the shattered roadcuts and loading it into pickups, much as ranchers did when they first came to the Laramie Plains and ascended the mountains in wagons and collected the rock to build their homes. It is a porous and permeable, fine-grained, hard, brittle sandstone; and because it rests on impermeable granite water moves through it



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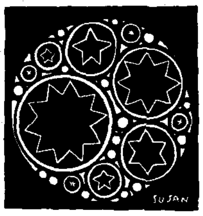
downhill. Released in a fault zone at the bottom, the water leaps to the surface in artesian fountains—the springs that established Laramie. The bright-red roadcuts, ten and twenty metres high, were capped with a buff-colored limestone, which had been deposited in tropical waters on top of the Pennsylvanian sand. After a mountain range rises under layers of flat-lying rock and bends them upward until they all but stand on end, the slopes of the eroding mountains will descend more gently than the dip of the molested strata. And so, as we plunged down Telephone Canyon, the interstate was tilting less than the rock of the roadcuts, and the red sandstone yielded gradually, interstitially, to the younger limestones, until the sandstone was gone altogether and we were moving through the floor of an ocean. It was full of crinoids, brachiopods, and algal buttons, which had lived near the equator in a place like the Bismarck Archipelago or an arm of the Celebes Sea.



The canyon opened to the plains—a broad dry sea of the interior Rockies—and soon we were on Grand Avenue, Laramie, passing the University of Wyoming, whose buff buildings on wide soft lawns could never be said to resemble roadcuts, notwithstanding the crinoids in their walls, the brachiopods and algal buttons. We passed Love's home, on Eleventh Street, and his U.S.G.S. office—a building on the campus, adjacent to the Geology Department and to a life-size two-story sculpture of *Tyrannosaurus rex*, the toughest-looking critter in the history of the earth, a native, needless to say, of Wyoming. We passed St. Matthew's Episcopal Cathedral, which also—as Love had reason to regret—contained in its walls brachiopods, crinoids, and algal buttons. He once taught Sunday school there. He took the kids outside and showed them the fossils in the church walls. He described the environment in which the creatures had lived. He mentioned the age of the rock. He explained how things evolve and the fit prosper. Here endeth his career in sedimentary theology.

A few miles north of town, we passed the quarry out of which had emerged not only the university and St. Matthew's Cathedral but also the Ivinson Home for Aged Ladies and the Albany County Courthouse. "It's a limey sandstone, slightly fossiliferous," he said. "It holds up pretty well." We continued north along the foot of the Laramie Range and then turned east into the mountains, climbing a canyon downsection until we had returned to Precambrian time. The rock in this place was even older than the neighboring subsummit granite, and some of it was chatoyant: flashing like a cat's eye. It flashed every color in the spectrum. The rock was anorthosite, nearly fifteen per cent aluminum, Love said. When the bauxites of the Caribbean run out, anorthosite will be a source of aluminum. "Anorthosite is tough, has a high melting point, and doesn't fracture easily," he continued. "Hence it might be useful for containing atomic waste." Anorthosite is rare on earth. It began forming during the Archean eon and predominantly dates from an age of the later Precambrian known as Helikian time. Yet the high Adirondacks are largely anorthosite. The choice they present is to seal up our spent nuclear fuel inside them or dismantle them one at a time to make beer cans. Anorthosite is more plentiful elsewhere. It is most of what you are looking at when you are looking at the moon.

Moving on west, another day, we crossed the Laramie Plains on I-80 through a world of what to me were surprising lakes. They were not glacial lakes or man-made lakes or—as in Florida—sinkhole lakes filling bowls of dissolved limestone. For the most part, they had no outlets, and were therefore bitter lakes—some alkaline, some saline, some altogether dry. Of Knadler Lake, about a mile long, Love said, "That's bitter water—sodium sulphate. It would physic you something awful." A herd of twenty antelopes galloped up the shore of Knadler Lake. Most of the lakes of the world are the resting places of rivers, where rivers seek their way through landscapes that have been roughed up and otherwise left chaotic by moving ice. Ice had never covered the Laramie Plains. What, then, had dug out these lakes?

Love's response to that question was "What do you suppose?"

We had seen—a mile or two away—a hole in the ground eleven miles long, four miles wide, and deeper than the Yellow Sea. There were some puddles in it, but it did not happen to intersect any kind of aquifer, and basically it was dry. With a talent for understatement, the people of Laramie call it the Big Hollow. Geologists call it a deflation basin, a wind-scoured basin, or—more succinctly—a blowout. The wind at the Big Hollow, after finding its way into some weak Cretaceous shales, had in short order dug out four million acre-feet and blown it all away. Wind not only makes such basins but maintains them—usually within frameworks of resistant rock. On the Laramie Plains, the resistant rock is heavy quartzite gravel—Precambrian pieces of the Snowy Range which were brought to the plains as the beds of Pleistocene rivers. Wet or dry, all the lakes we passed had been excavated by the wind. It was a bright cloudless morning with a spring breeze. Spheres of tumbleweed, tumbling east, came at us on the interstate at high speed, like gymfuls of bouncing basketballs dribbled by the dexterous wind. "It's a Russian thistle," Love said. "It's one of nature's marvels. As it tumbles, seeds are exploded out."

Across the green plains, the Medicine Bow Mountains and the Snowy Range stood high, sharp, and clear, each so unlike the other that they gave the impression of actually being two ranges: in the middle distance, the flat-crested Medicine Bows, dark with balsam, spruce, and pine; and, in the far high background, the white and treeless Snowy Range. That the one was in fact directly on top of the other was a nomenclatural Tower of Babel that contained in its central paradox the narrative of the Rockies: the burial of the ranges, the subsequent uplifting of the entire region, the exhumation of the mountains. As if to emphasize all that, people had not only named this single mountain range as if it were two but also bestowed upon the highest summit of the Snowy Range the name Medicine Bow Peak. It was up there making its point, at twelve thousand thirteen feet.

We passed a stone ranch house a century old, and a set of faded ruts in the rangeland that were older than the house. This was the Overland Trail, abandoned in 1868 after seven dismal years. "A nasty route," Love remarked. "Steep grades. Many rocks. Poor water. Poor grass. It was three days across the Laramie Plains at ten miles a day. It was often muddy and boggy. A disaster."

When, in the orogeny, the Medicine Bow Mountains were shoved a few miles east, the rock in front of them folded, in the way that a table-

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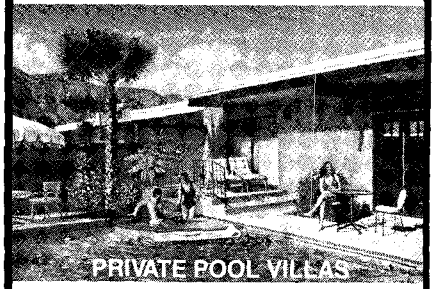

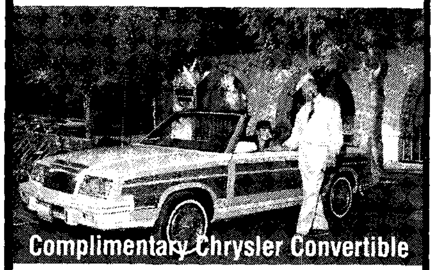

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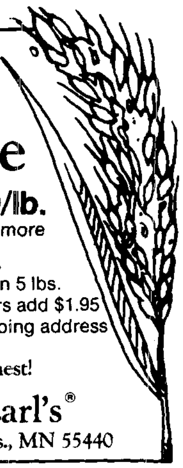

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cloth will fold if you push at it with your hands. The anticlines among the folds formed traps for migrating fluids. All about us were pump jacks bobbing for oil.

Boulder beds in the roadcuts represented, as Love put it, "the deroofing of the Medicine Bow Mountains in the first pulsation of the Laramide Revolution." The beds were of Paleocene age. In a knife-edge ridge a few miles farther on, the interstate had exposed the same conglomerates tilted forty-five degrees as mountain-building continued. And soon after that came a flat-lying Eocene deposit. "So you have a time frame for the orogeny," Love said, and this was when he added, "It didn't take very long for those mountains to come up, to be deroofed, and to be thrust eastward. Then the motion stopped. That happened in maybe ten million years, and to a geologist that's really fast."

Near Arlington, an anomalous piece of landscape reached straight out from the mountains like a causeway heading north. It was capped with stream gravel, brought off the mountains by furious rivers rushing through the tundras of Pleistocene time. The gravel had resisted subsequent erosion, while lighter stuff was washed away on either side. Geologists call such things pediments, and Love remarked that the one before us was "the most striking pediment in this region." In my mind's eye I could see the big braided rivers coming off the Alaska Range, thickly spreading gravel a mile wide, perhaps to preserve beneath them the scenes of former worlds. Where I-80 cut through the Arlington pediment, the Pleistocene gravel rested on Eocene sandstones, on red and green claystones; and they in turn covered conglomerates that came from the mountains when the mountains were new. One could read upward from one world to another: the boulders falling from rising mountains, the quiet landscapes after the violence stopped—all preserved in a perplexing memento from the climate of an age of ice.

In a cut eight miles farther on, that early conglomerate was in contact with Cretaceous rock bent upward even more steeply as the Laramide Orogeny lifted the mountains. Picking through the evidence in the conglomerate was like sorting out debris from an explosion. One after another, I chose a cobble from the roadcut, handed it to Love, and asked him what it was. A Paleozoic quartzitic sand-

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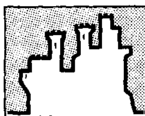
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stone, for example—probably Mississippian. Grains rounded. No biotite. In fact, no mica of any kind. A Cretaceous sandstone. That would be from nearby, not from the mountains. A Paleozoic or Precambrian chert. Some Hanna formation sandstone, Paleocene in age—the matrix of the conglomerate. Some Precambrian quartzite from the Snowy Range, two billion years old. Some bull quartz from a vein in the Precambrian. And one he didn't know.

While the orogeny was making mountains, it was also making basins, for which it is less noted, even where the basins are a good deal deeper than Mt. Everest is high. As we crossed the Medicine Bow River and approached the North Platte and Rawlins, we moved out upon the surface of the Hanna Basin. It was choppy but essentially level nondescript ground, like all the rest of the rangeland on the apron of the mountains. It was not water, and we were not in a boat, but in some ways it seemed so as we crossed a basin forty-two thousand feet deep. It is the deepest structural basin in North America. It is Cretaceous, Paleocene, and Eocene rock, bent in U's, with seams of coal as much as fifty feet thick in the arms of the U's. Union Pacific.

We crossed the North Platte, climbed some long grades, examined a few roadcuts, and pulled off on the shoulder at Rawlins to absorb, in the multiple exposures of the Rawlins Uplift, its comprehensive spread of time —Rawlins, where his mother had boarded the stage north, three-quarters of a century before. —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

•

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

[*Flyer from the Unitarian Universalist Church in Urbana, Ill.*]

FLASH . . . . FLASH . . . . FLASH . . . . FLASH . . . .

CHANGE OF PLANS FOR INSTALLATION SERVICE

Due to a scheduling conflict with the Superbowl, the Board of Trustees of the Unitarian Universalist Church, Urbana, has changed the time for the Installation of Rev. William C. Saunders as Minister from 4:45 P.M. to *3:30 P.M.*, January 26, 1986.

Television consoles will be set up in the Education Wing of the Church. Kick-off is at 4:30.

We invite you to join us for an afternoon of celebration—the Service of Installation, Reception following, the Superbowl, and dancing into the evening. Child care will be available.

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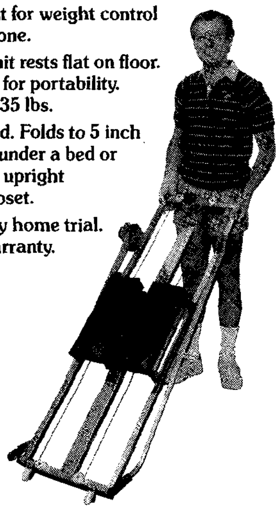

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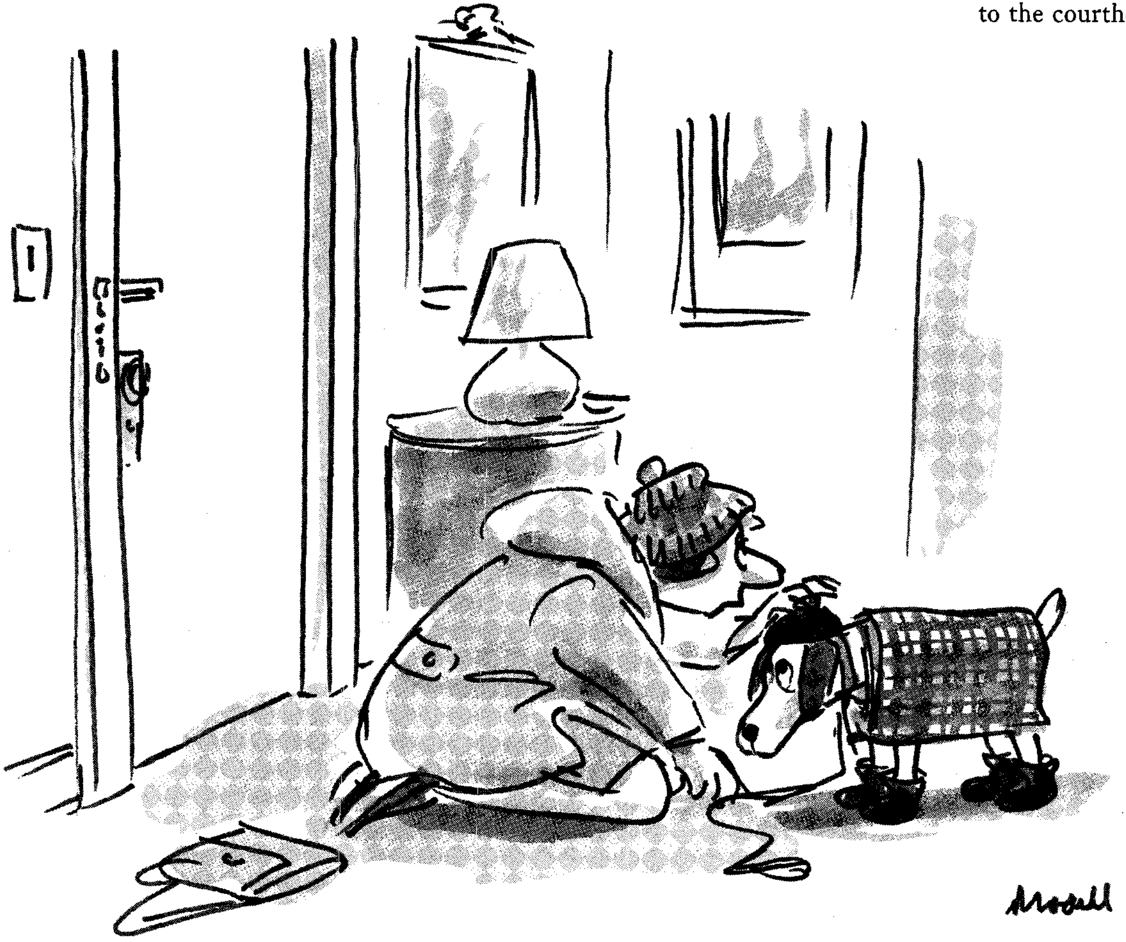
LETTER FROM MOTT STREET

I DON'T know what the other citizens in the jurors' assembly room were thinking about, but I was thinking about Chinatown. They might not have been thinking about anything. Jurors get that way. People serving for the first time may show up with Hollywood notions of jury deliberations in their minds—they see themselves in the Henry Fonda role, gradually turning the eleven other jurors around with quiet but devastating logic—and then they're struck numb by the realization that they are destined to spend hour after hour simply sitting in an enormous assembly room with two hundred and twelve angry men. People who have served before normally show up without grandiose expectations. They take it for granted that they will spend hour after hour sitting in an enormous assembly room. Like a convict who takes the long view, they are resigned to doing their time. They're interested in avoiding what convicts call hard time, though, and they arrive with big plans. Some of them carry business papers and memos and computer printouts and telephone messages and a pocketful of quarters. Some of them sit down, polish off the morning newspaper, and then crack open a long, difficult novel—looking resolute, as if they might have sworn not to move until they have logged fifty pages or suffered a serious leg cramp, whichever comes first.

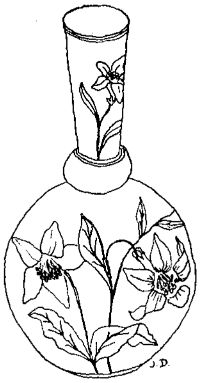
Sooner or later, most of the big plans are abandoned. Sitting in the enormous room seems to make people restless. Every so often, a voice over the public-address system says something like "The following jurors please answer when your name is called, take your personal belongings, and report to Room A." Those whose names are not called—even those who live in fear of being chosen as a juror on a case that might last beyond their normal tour of duty—can't help feeling a bit like a child who might not have cared to attend the birthday party but wanted to be invited anyway. When someone who has spent the morning sitting silently on a long bench sees other people come back into the assembly room chatting like old friends, presumably having been bound together by whatever went on in Room A, he may find it difficult to avoid feeling dispirited about being left out. Late in the morning on the first day of my most recent jury service, I noticed that a lot of people had set aside the long novel or the folder filled with business papers. Some of them were idly leafing through the *News*. Some of them were staring out into space—maybe figuring out how many hours they had to go if they were required to serve a full two weeks, and then recalculating that figure into minutes, or even seconds. I was doing some calculating of my own. I was calculating how many minutes it would take me to get to an elevator, descend to the first floor, and cover the two or three blocks between the courthouse and Chinatown. I was wondering whether I should try to make it to a dim-sum joint on East Broadway I had been meaning to check out or should go only as far as a promising-looking seafood restaurant on Elizabeth. I was trying to figure out if it could really be true that my route back to the courthouse would take me right past the place where I buy the tiny Chinese cakes whose taste I can describe only as what madeleines would taste like if the French truly understood these matters. It's amazing how quickly time passes when you have a lot on your mind.



"*What's more important—that you don't catch cold or that people don't laugh at you?*"

On the way to the elevator—we had been given what I calculated to be about an hour and eighteen minutes for lunch—it occurred to me to wonder what people in other cities did when they were called to jury duty. In Manhattan, if someone says he's about to report for jury duty the response is usually something like "Well, at least you'll have some great lunches." I even say that to myself, although I happen to live and work an easy bike ride from Chinatown and often, just before lunchtime, feel inspired to partake of the fresh air and health-giving exercise that riding a bicycle can offer. Surely, though, there must be a lot of cities that have not thought to cluster their state and federal courthouses on the edge of Chinatown. A lot of cities don't even have a Chinatown. I could imagine the response in those places when someone announces that he's about to start jury service: "Well, I guess it's your duty" or "Couldn't get out of it, huh?" The prospective juror stares off into space. He has suddenly realized what he's facing: hard time.

As saddening as I found that thought, I was completely cheered up by the sight of the seafood restaurant on Elizabeth Street. Outside, it displayed a tank jammed with sea creatures; inside, it was jammed with customers, all of them Chinese. The regular menu did indeed look promising—it listed specialties like barbecued eel, and had an entire section devoted to abalone dishes—and there was also a shorter lunch menu, of noodle dishes and soups. Three or four women wheeled dim-sum carts around and chanted in Chinese about which sort of dumplings and other delicacies they had available. For the first time, it struck me that my calculations in the assembly room had not taken into account an important factor in having a meal in Chinatown: a lone eater is at a fearsome disadvantage. Dim sum normally comes three pieces to a plate. A dish ordered off the regular menu is meant to be shared. Knowing that I could order only one dish made the decision agonizing—particularly after I learned that they were out of barbecued eel. By the time I had made up my mind, I had eaten so many trios of dumplings that I could barely finish the main course. As I made my way back to the courthouse, I came to the maker of Chinese madeleines. For the first time in my experience, I passed without even a pause.



By the time I reached the assembly room, my mind was beginning to wander. I could see myself in Room A. In other words, I had been called for a jury panel. I can sense a feeling of camaraderie in the room as twelve of our number, chosen by lot, are examined by the opposing lawyers and are declared to be impartial and conscientious jurors. As those of us who won't be hearing this case file back into the assembly room, smiling and chatting, I happen to fall into conversation with a fellow-panelist who is a scholarly-looking Chinese gentleman of advanced years. From his conversation, I realize that his scholarly appearance is no accident: In Hong Kong, where he has spent much of his life, he is best known as the author of a learned treatise on eighty-seven ways to prepare abalone. He wonders whether I might be interested in joining him for lunch at an obscure but excellent dim-sum place he happens to know. On the way down in the elevator, he informs me that his family will be waiting in the lobby.

"Your family?" I say.

He explains that his wife and children and assorted nieces and nephews gather in the courthouse lobby late in the morning so that they will be available to accompany him to lunch. I ask why. They make themselves available to accompany him to lunch because Chinese families are close-knit and traditionally have great respect for the eldest member, he explains, and, also, that way you can order more.

ON the third day in the enormous room, I heard my name called. I had been sitting there thinking about minced clams wrapped in lettuce leaves. I had also been thinking about minced squab wrapped in lettuce leaves. It was a general thought about being served a bowl of minced one thing or another accompanied by a stack of large lettuce leaves that are meant to be filled the way you fill a tortilla. There is some dispute these days about which restaurant in Chinatown has the best version of the dish. The dispute itself is cause for rejoicing—an indication of the steady improvement in Chinatown restaurants as more and more immigrants from Taiwan and China, and especially Hong Kong, arrive in New York. A few years ago, I knew of only one restaurant in Chinatown that wrapped anything in lettuce leaves—and that place made a fine package of it, I must say, although I speak as someone who has never had a version of the dish he didn't like. That day in the assembly room, it had occurred to me that minced clams wrapped in lettuce leaves might make a good lunch for one person, my theory being that the lettuce component would more or less balance the meal. It was at that

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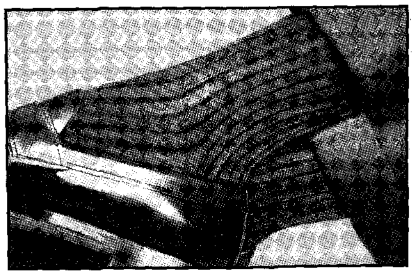

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moment that the man in charge told me to report to Room B with my personal belongings.

There were a couple of dozen people in Room B, and, unlike the jurors sitting in the assembly room, they showed signs of being aware of one another's presence. Six of them had already been selected by lot to occupy chairs corresponding to those in a six-person jury box, but the lawyers had not yet begun their examination. About all that anyone knew of the case, I learned as we waited for the lawyers to return from a conference they were having with the judge, was that the plaintiff's name was Durham. That fact started a conversation about Durham, North Carolina, which eased off into a conversation about eating in North Carolina. The leaders of the conversation—both were among the six panelists selected as the potential jurors—were a sales manager who spends a lot of time in North Carolina and a postal worker who said that she grew up there and goes back home now and then just to eat. By the time the conversation had reached its peak—that, I thought, was the postal worker's description of what she called frying-pan corn bread—I knew that the people in Room B were my kind of folks. If I had entertained any doubts at all on that score, they would have evaporated with the realization that two of my fellow-panelists were Chinese.

As the lawyers finally began examining the six potential jurors, I became more and more confident that our panel would measure up. The four other people in the jurors' seats turned out to be a woman who operated a jewelry-manufacturing business with her husband; a secretary who was actually an aspiring actress; a woman who ran her own executive-placement firm; and an aide at Bellevue Hospital who had been active in the Boys Choir of Harlem. They struck me as a remarkably straightforward and fair-minded group of citizens. I would have happily entrusted a law case of my own to their judgment. I was tempted to rise and give a speech to that effect: "These are fine people our panel has put before you, counsellors, and it would be wise of you simply to accept them all with no challenges." I resisted the temptation, but the lawyers apparently agreed: They seated all six. The selection might have ended too quickly for my purposes except that during a break in the questioning I had fallen into conversation with one of the Chinese panelists—a teacher originally from Hong Kong who lives in Chinatown and teaches in one of its schools. The conversation had turned quickly to the subject of new dim-sum restaurants.

A FEW years ago, I would never have walked into such a place. The dim-sum restaurant my new acquaintance had recommended turned out to be a place on Mott Street with a shiny modern façade and a huge credit-card sticker on the door. It looked so clean that the walls seemed to shine. I went in anyway. I was aware that Chinatown has changed. It is no longer true that a serious eater poking around Chinatown for new restaurants can skip any place that his Aunt Jane would enter without expressing grave concern for her health and safety. In recent years, the immigrants from Hong Kong have included people of means, who are accustomed not simply to superb food but to surroundings that befit proper capitalists. The restaurant I entered was both slick and thoroughly Chinese. I was shown to one of the empty seats at a large table. My tipster had been unable to join me, so I still faced the difficulties of a single eater—difficulties I faced bravely by taking a plate of three shrimp balls from the first cart that passed.

At that moment, a young woman dressed in a business suit was led through the restaurant by the proprietor and shown to a seat right next to me. She was the only other Occidental in the house, and he may have surmised that we shared a dialect. As she stopped a cart for a plate of dumplings—three dumplings—it occurred to me that it would only make sense to take advantage of our common language to share some dim sum as well. I was aware, of course, that if I made such a suggestion my intentions could be misinterpreted. She appeared to be a businesslike young woman, though—perhaps a young executive called away for jury duty from her middle-management tasks in the computer-software trade—and I figured that in these modern times such a person would take negotiations on serious matters for precisely what they were. In my most businesslike tone, I said, "Would you be interested, by chance, in trading a dumpling for a shrimp ball?" She jumped at the deal. We did a lot of trading after that—shrimp dumplings and stuffed baby eggplant and shrimp balls wrapped in ham and

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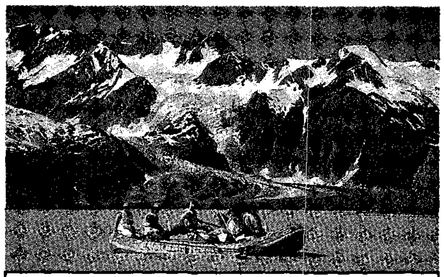

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shredded chicken wrapped in broad noodles. It was all business. We were just short of discussing depreciation schedules on pork dumplings. Everything we ate was excellent. I was not surprised. The place had been recommended, after all, by a member of my own panel.

AS I walked back toward the courthouse, I felt buoyant—a buoyancy that was considerably increased by a stop to confirm my impression that the Chinese madeleines put all other pastry in the category of packaged cupcakes. It began to occur to me that, having already been selected for a panel, I might actually get picked for a jury. I could see myself in the deliberation room. We have apparently been deliberating for hours. Everyone looks hot and dishevelled, even though it's February. There has obviously been a lot of bickering. The foreman says that it might be a good idea to take a lunch break and then get a fresh start. He suggests that we just have sandwiches sent in instead of going out to eat under the escort of court officers. "All in favor of sandwiches," he says, calling for a vote. Eleven hands go up. I sit silently. One of the jurors, a blustery man who has already revealed himself to be a bit of a bigot, says, "Whadaya, a Bolshevik or something?" The foreman, in a more understanding tone, says, "Well, you want to tell us your problem?"

I begin talking quietly about Chinatown. I can see that at least four jurors have been won over by my initial description of minced clams wrapped in lettuce. A couple of others start nodding their heads when I point out that the restaurant with the minced clams wrapped in lettuce happens to be run by Chaozhou people, who are noted for their fish-ball soup. At the mention of fish balls, the blustery man says, "Yuck." But he is quickly shushed by two other jurors. Soon, he is smiling at a description of sesame chicken. Eventually, it is unanimous. We summon the court officer and walk in a group toward Mott Street. The bickering is over. We feel like a jury. We are twelve strong. That way, we can order more.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

◆

A report on federal general revenue sharing shows that Montgomery County expended $9 trillion in general revenue sharing funds during the fiscal year that ended June 30.—*Silver Spring (Md.) Chronicle.*

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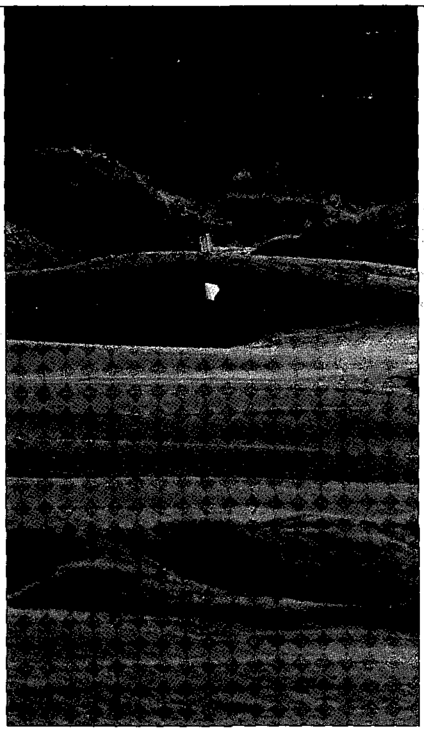

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DANCING

The Dreamer of the Dream

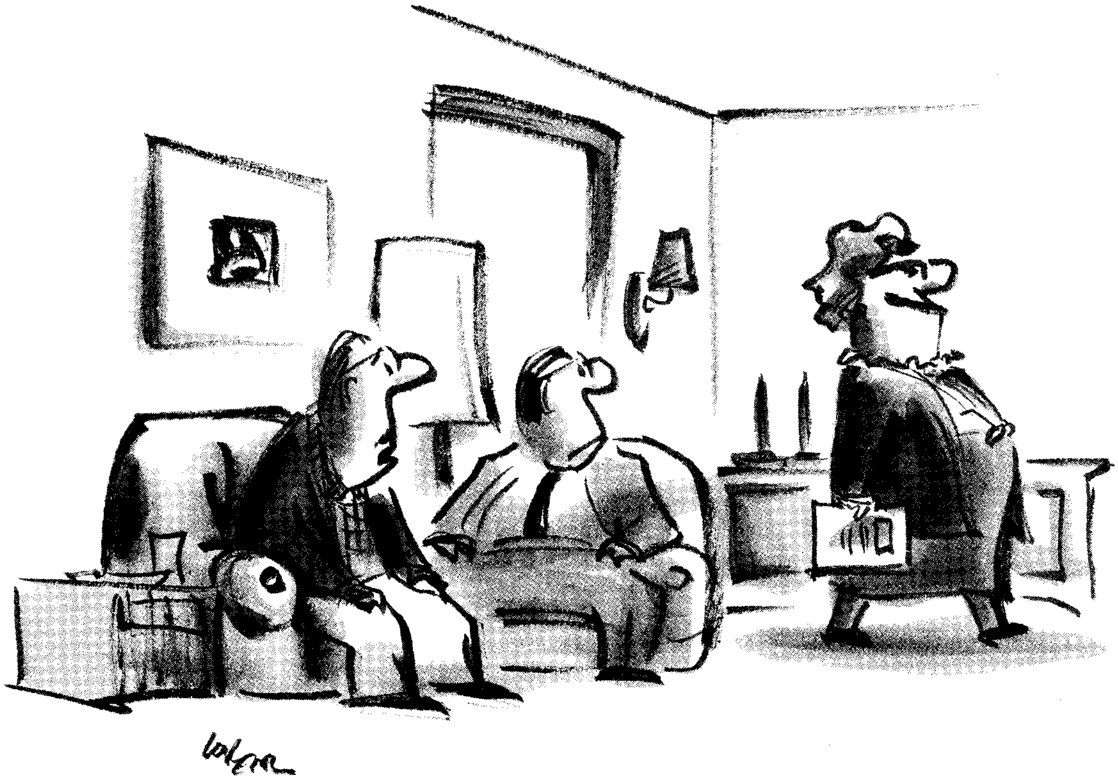
ROLAND JOHN WILEY'S "Tchaikovsky's Ballets" (Oxford) is a good companion in a season when, "The Nutcracker" just past, we have Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet touring its recent production of "The Sleeping Beauty" while talk goes on of a possible Kirov "Swan Lake"—the St. Petersburg version restored—this year or next. Wiley is an American musicologist with a strong interest in dance. He discusses all three of Tchaikovsky's ballet scores in detail, and describes first performances, covering both the original and the revised edition of "Swan Lake." His scholarly equipment includes knowledge of the essential languages—Russian and Stepanov choreographic notation—and he isn't afraid to do primary research in the archives, just as if no one had been there before him. When Wiley tells us that certain facts are missing from the record, he isn't just passing on a supposition, he's looked for them. But he sometimes doesn't explain why certain evidence is missing from his own record—why, for instance, there is no chapter on Delibes's ballets and the possibility of their influence on "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Nutcracker." (Tchaikovsky came to know "Coppélia" and "Sylvia" only after he had written "Swan Lake.") Wiley's sense of background is unusually rich. He writes vivid accounts of the theatres, audiences, and critics of St. Petersburg and Moscow, of the "specialist tradition" in ballet composition, and of "La Bayadère" as an example of it; and he fills in the long gap between "Swan Lake" (1877) and "The Sleeping Beauty" (1890) with a history of the Imperial Theatres and the reforms of their most brilliant intendant, I. A. Vsevolozhsky. All very necessary. But comparisons and contrasts between the making of "The Sleeping Beauty"—a watershed in the history of the art—and the making of "Swan Lake" are a little shortsighted. Tchaikovsky himself compared "Sylvia" favorably to his first ballet; the inference is that had he known what Delibes knew "Swan Lake" would have been different. And what of the developments that took place in Tchaikovsky's work in the same thirteen-year period? What can we make of the *dansante* quality of so many of his non-theatrical compositions? In the symphonies and, especially, in the orchestral suites, we hear future Balanchine ballets as well as intimations of the great Petipa ballet to come. There really isn't enough Tchaikovsky in "Tchaikovsky's Ballets." But on the ballets themselves Wiley's performance is first-rate. He knows how to illuminate musical procedures in a way that makes the ballets come alive as theatre. And his work has already had an effect on current theatre practice. Peter Wright, who produced the Sadler's Wells "Sleeping Beauty" before Wiley's book was published, depended greatly on Wiley's researches for his production of the new "Nutcracker" presented by the sister company at Covent Garden.

It is tempting to read Wiley's chapters on "The Sleeping Beauty" as a corrective to the Wright production. Wright is not the first producer to impose interpretation on a ballet that needs none; nor is this the first time he has done so. When the Covent Garden Royals brought their medieval "Beauty" here in 1970, I reviewed Mr. Wright as Mr. Wrong. I still think he's wrong, even though his current production (1984) is cast in the proper time frame (seventeenth to eighteenth century). And, having seen his new, Wiley-influenced "Nutcracker" on tape (a Thorn EMI/HBO videocassette is available here), I believe that Mr. Wright will go on being wrong about Tchaikovsky, no matter how many accurate period details he incorporates. The only thing that has changed since 1970 is the reason for attacking the unmusical Mr. Wright in the first place. Then he spoiled the perfect picture being created by the dancers. Now he's the whole picture—there's nothing else to see. The production issues I'm about to raise wouldn't matter nearly so much if either "The Sleeping Beauty" or "The Nutcracker" were as beautifully danced as it deserved to be. Beautiful classical style creates its own meaning and is capable of vanquishing any number of misguided production ideas. But the dancing at Covent Garden these days is horrid, and at Sadler's Wells it is somewhat worse. I visited the latter company's "Beauty" twice in Brooklyn (at the Academy of Music); with a complete change of cast, it was no better the second time. The plain fact, which has been plain now for almost a decade, is that English classical style has fallen into provincialism and self-parody. It hasn't just failed to keep up with American or French classical style; it has failed to keep up its own standards. The temper and transparency that English dancers could show in the fifties and sixties have declined into wooden affectation. The pellucid musical phrasing of the great ballerinas, from Fonteyn and Beriosova to Sibley and Seymour, has become blank routine. The men of the company display more brio, but no complementary rigor. There's no shortage of gifted, willing dancers, but their shabby schooling denies them range and force of expression. It's a sad spectacle, and I don't wish to dwell on it. (British dancing does bring one quality to "The Sleeping Beauty" which American productions never get: stylistic unity. But all this meant in Brooklyn was that everyone was bad in the same way.) What British custodianship of the Tchaikovsky classics amounts to is an insistence on non-dance values—theories of interpretation and visual design and fancy renovation—and a willingness to spend money on them. And even these things it gets wrong.

I. VanRynbach

Of the three ballets, "Swan Lake" is the most difficult to mount in four-act form, because Tchaikovsky's intentions are not always clear. "The Nutcracker," in two acts, is the most problematic; it was, as Wiley says, the most ill-starred of all Tchaikovsky's works. It is "The Sleeping Beauty," strangely enough, which is—or should be—the easiest. To understand why the most popular of the ballets are hard to produce and the greatest but least known (because prohibitively expensive) all but produces itself, we have to do some compare-and-contrast work in the Wiley manner.

The main difference between "Swan Lake" and "The Sleeping Beauty" is that in the earlier ballet Tchaikovsky is teaching himself to write ballet music and transforming ballet music at the same time. In the later one, he demonstrates an enlarged perception of what a ballet score can be: not only a serious dramatic structure but a self-enclosed, self-illuminat-



"I foolishly allowed her to seize the initiative in '68, and I've been playing catch-up ball ever since."

• •

ing world, each of whose parts carries some charged relationship to the whole. Like "Swan Lake," "The Sleeping Beauty" is based on a central image, but Tchaikovsky has by now found a way to fill the entire score with insights into and permutations of this image. Large sections of "Swan Lake" are enigmatic and diffuse; it is a noble, baffling, enrapturing work. If your knowledge of it was, like mine, acquired piecemeal, starting with the second act and then moving on to this and that portion of the other three acts, you probably found yourself thinking time and again, So this, too, is "Swan Lake"! The extended terrain is fascinating. But further excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty" only give you more "Sleeping Beauty." Listening to the score in sequence, you go deeper into its mysteries, and you also experience the pull of its momentum; the wonder of how such a thing can exist at this depth may be the greatest mystery of all. In "Swan Lake," the central image (Odette and her eternal separation from her mortal love) does not permeate the ballet; it is isolated within the ballet, and it is mobilized in the continuity between Acts II and IV. But "The Sleeping Beauty" is all forward movement, all imperceptible change. Drop the needle at any point in a recording and you know exactly where you are. The light that shines on Aurora's birthday is not the same as the light on her wedding.

The construction of the ballet is appropriate to a story the major—the *only*—events of which (the casting of the spell, the lifting of the spell) are separated by a span of a hundred years. As Wiley notes, the story is essentially static; the outcome is never in doubt. By analyzing aspects of the score, particularly its harmonic structure, Wiley shows how Tchaikovsky imbued the story with theatrical elements (activity, expansion, suspense) while retaining the static purity of the central image. "The Sleeping Beauty" is true music drama, and every note of it can be staged. Wiley doesn't actually declare "Swan Lake" unstageable, but he refutes arguments that the music is continually responsive to the libretto (without, however, saying what it *is* responsive to). He persuades us that it is "a score of carefully chosen tonalities," yet in the end the purpose of these tonalities is elusive. Tchaikovsky may have wanted to secure a harmonic unity against the whims of ballerinas and ballet masters, but "the coherence provided in the score by tonality is not so much recondite as subliminal." Producers of "Swan Lake" have to do quite a bit of mind reading. And they do, they do.

"The Nutcracker" shares with "The Sleeping Beauty" a glowing central image—that of the beauty of civilization at its peak—and it shares with the Carabosse sections of that work and with "Swan Lake" a dark phantasmagoric strain. The coexistence of bright vision in the second act with dark dramaturgy and grotesquerie in the first drives some producers of "The Nutcracker" to invent explanations. Wright's current production is driven to conclude that the vision is not that of the child heroine but that of the eccentric inventor Drosselmeyer. Wright has an ally in Wiley, who besides unearthing some of the original Ivanov choreography contributes a program note saying that Tchaikovsky links the two disparate acts by means of key and sonority and that both are connected to the characterization of Drosselmeyer. But then Wiley goes on to claim what he does not claim in his book—that Drosselmeyer is therefore the hero of the ballet, and that the vision of Konfitürenburg (the Kingdom of Sweets) is not something he conjures up and passes on to the children but his alone. And for Wiley this idea of Wright's "brings the story of 'The Nutcracker' into the province of adult thought." A most peculiar adult, this Drosselmeyer who dreams of Candyland. The Royal Ballet's Konfitürenburg is designed and costumed (by Julia Trevelyan Oman) so as to lose all association with the various sweets who inhabit it in the traditional version; even so, it is a confectionary world, and Tchaikovsky created it that way. When adult emotion does enter the story, in the form of the adagio of the Sugar Plum Fairy and her cavalier, the Wiley of "Tchaikovsky's Ballets" hears nothing but the simple descending octaves that make up the melody, and the musicologist in him recoils from this "default of inspiration." He is much closer to the mark in an essay published separately, in the journal *Dance Research,* in which the eight descending octaves are identified with a phrase from "the *panikhida* (a funeral service) of the Russian Orthodox Church;" namely, "*I so svya-ty-mi u-po-koi*"—"And with the saints give rest." Out of this piece of information Wiley is able to construct a resemblance between Sugar Plum and Tchaikovsky's beloved younger sister Sasha Davydova, who died, after many years of illness, while he was composing the score, and a further resemblance between Konfitürenburg and Kamenka, his sister's estate, where he had spent happy days entertaining and being entertained by her seven children. When the descending octaves are heard in the adagio, it is for the second time; they had first announced the arrival of the two children in Konfitürenburg. It isn't necessary to associate Uncle Drosselmeyer with Tchaikovsky and make him the dreamer of the dream, as Wiley does, in order to see that for the composer of "The Nutcracker" Konfitürenburg is at certain moments more than "a children's utopia"—it is Paradise itself. The great descending octaves are the doors of Paradise opening for poor little Sasha.

The method of deducing meaning from an analysis of tonalities, which Wiley employs throughout the book, can lead to confusion as well as revelation. The lengths to which Wright goes to perpetrate the notion that Carabosse (the evil fairy in "The Sleeping Beauty") should enjoy equal status with the Lilac Fairy (the heroine's godmother and the giver of all good) probably had their origin in the fact that Tchaikovsky identifies Carabosse with the key of E minor and Lilac with E major. They are sisters but not, Wiley cautions, look-alikes—not Odette and Odile. In Wright's version, the destiny of Aurora is the subject of a protracted struggle between Good and Evil. In the orchestra, though, there is no struggle; Aurora's destiny is resolved in the Prologue the moment the Lilac Fairy countermands Carabosse's prophecy. Wright has Carabosse hanging around during the second act, determined to have a showdown. She doesn't give up until the kiss of awakening is actually bestowed. It is all Manichaean farce, played to music that denies that any such dualism could possibly exist. The idea that Carabosse holds power equal to that of the Lilac Fairy is carried out with a kind of nutty logic in Act I, when the presenter of the lethal spindle turns out to be not Carabosse in disguise but a genuinely innocent little old lady who is dragged off to the executioner's block. (Carabosse actually *can* control Aurora's fate, you see, so she needn't turn up as she used to in the first act, poking spindles out of a long black cloak. But if the malefactor is not to be Carabosse, then why is it an old party in a black cloak?) The designer, Philip Prowse, makes Carabosse and Lilac all but identical figures, one in black and one in white or silver-gray. They are both mime figures, and so Lilac's lovely waltz variation and all her dances in the Prologue are performed by an interloper—the Fairy of Surplus, presumably. The casting of Carabosse with a woman instead of with a man *en travestie* I find less offensive than the idea of a Lilac Fairy without lilacs; she wears neither the flower nor the color, and there are no lilacs amid the foliage that she raises to cover the slumbering castle. Without that little symbol, a whole train of association gets bumped off the track: springtime, youth, Aurora, the dawn of life, renewal, Renaissance, the bright morning of civilization.

Carabosse is indeed a principal character; to misunderstand her function is to set in motion a series of misunderstandings that disfigure the ballet. If Tchaikovsky had meant the two fairies to continue their duel in Act II, he would have retained their key associations from the Prologue. But his meaning is exactly what Wiley says it is: "Carabosse is no longer a threat at this point; E major is no longer necessary as an antidote to E minor." So the Panorama, so richly suggestive, as Wiley remarks, of the world of the Lilac Fairy, unfolds in G major ("the key of resolution"), Lilac appears to the Prince in D-flat major, and the action eventually works itself around to a triumphant conclusion in E-flat major, the principal key, significantly, of Act II. And Carabosse's function is clear even apart from the tonalities. Wiley doesn't analyze scenarios with the diligence he applies to scores. If he did, he might not have written that "as a theatrical work the story of 'Sleeping Beauty' is unusual" in that its outcome is revealed early by means of a prediction, which is then fulfilled. The figure of Carabosse is patterned on Madge, the witch in "La Sylphide." Denied a place in the hero's wedding celebrations, Madge not only predicts his ruin but actively brings it about—a little too actively in some productions. Not letting Carabosse help fate along deprives the story of what little tension it has. And it has just enough. The cosmogony of the ballet is such that Florestan's realm may be tilted temporarily from its axis, but it cannot remain off balance for a hundred years—the Lilac Fairy sees to that. The whole idea of balance lost and regained is expressed in miniature in the overture. What the staging should tell us is that the world of the Lilac Fairy, which we visit in the second act, is the spirit world and may not be threatened by another spirit, however evil she may be. The world that the Lilac Fairy guards, however, is mortal and vulnerable. Philosophically as well as musically, "The Sleeping Beauty" is an advance from "La Sylphide;" it represents a world held in balance by divine force. In that respect, it is an advance, too, from "Swan Lake." The ballet it most resembles is "Giselle," where a divine force is palpable, whether the production centers it in the power of the cross or in the love that Giselle bears Albrecht from beyond the grave. Was it this connection, I wonder, which caused Balanchine to observe, in that charming but insufficient book of interviews called "Balanchine's Tchaikovsky," that "The Sleeping Beauty" is "the best of the old ballets, second only to 'Giselle' "? Certainly he can't have meant musically!

The stageability of "The Sleeping Beauty" is often attributed to the controlling vision of the ballet master Petipa, whose collaboration was not available to Tchaikovsky on "Swan Lake." Wiley thinks Tchaikovsky often disregarded Petipa's instructions, which were none too specific to begin with. (Full texts are included in appendixes. However, Wiley also includes a statement by the first Aurora, Carlotta Brianza, testifying to the composer's behavior in rehearsals: "Tchaikovsky met the wishes of the ballet master halfway, shortening, supplementing, and changing the music according to the dances.") The value of Petipa's preliminary instructions may have lain in the mere fact that they existed; the composer only needed to be made aware of certain demands and constraints for his imagination to do its work. Vsevolozhsky commissioned the score and, as designer and librettist, drew up the picture of a fantasy Versailles which served his collaborators as inspiration. For Florestan's realm, parallels were found in Baroque arts and manners. A musician of the dance could have imagined no greater Golden Age than that of Lully and Rameau. A choreographer needed no better incentive than the chance to invoke the spirits of Camargo and Sallé, Angiolini and Vestris. The result was a masterpiece of world theatre, a ballet that both celebrates the birth of the classical tradition as we know it and symbolizes its endurance. Aurora is the reigning symbol: the world's first ballerina, Dance itself, born on a May morning in France, put to sleep by the deadly ministrations of the Paris Opéra, awakening to a Russian spring. Petipa's choreography is also a succession of choice tonalities. But the true and irreplaceable author of the ballet, Wiley leaves no doubt, is Tchaikovsky. It is he who tells us why "The Sleeping Beauty" is a ballet and not an opera. "Swan Lake" might be unsatisfactory as an opera, but it is not unimaginable as one; it has its Wagnerian side, and some of its love music was originally composed for an opera that Tchaikovsky abandoned. But "The Sleeping Beauty" is Tchaikovsky's dream of ballet, its storied and privileged past, its perishability, its prismatic technique and human radiance.

In his *Dance Research* article, "On Meaning in 'Nutcracker,'" Wiley uses the Russian word *duma* to describe the vision of Konfitürenburg/Kamenka which he attributes to Drosselmeyer/Tchaikovsky. *Duma* means something between daydream and meditation: it allows fantasy to penetrate reality; it dissolves rational distinctions between what is real and what the imagination feels is true. More than any other composer, Tchaikovsky understood ballet as a happening out of this world and time. Each of his ballets is an extended *duma*, is both irrational and sane, and is, however personal its auspices, immediately the possession of whoever hears it. There were other good dance composers before him and after. But Tchaikovsky discovered the consciousness of the medium. In his music, time is space, sound is shape, thought is deed. Listening, we see, we touch, until we hardly know whether it is the timpani we hear or the hammering of our own hearts. —ARLENE CROCE

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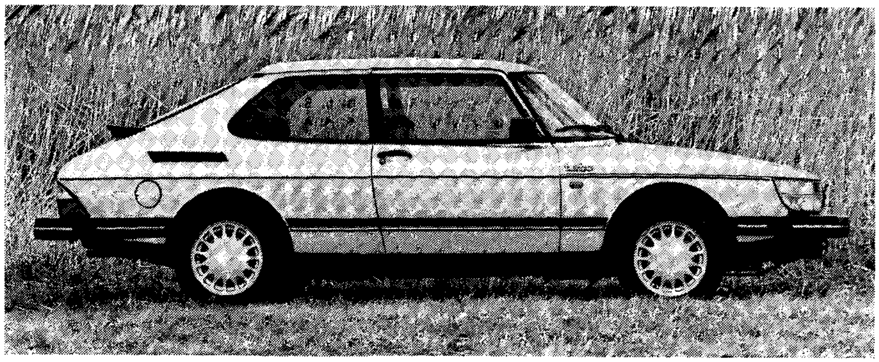

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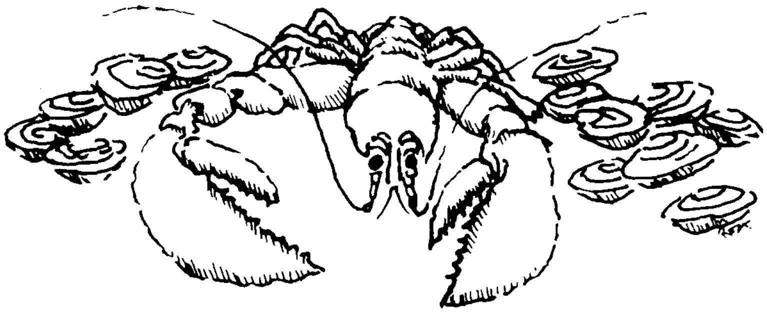

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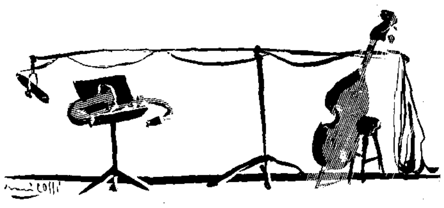
JAZZ

Poet

THE procession of lyrical, hornlike single-note pianists who have come down from Earl Hines continues. They are, in Count Basie's words, "the poets of the piano." Mary Lou Williams may have been the first. After she had absorbed Jelly Roll Morton and Fats Waller and Hines and Art Tatum, she became a kind of bebop pianist, and a bebop teacher as well, who showered pianistics on young revolutionaries like Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell. Teddy Wilson was next. (Tatum came a few years earlier, but he was an orchestral pianist.) Wilson's calm, invincible, almost mathematical right-hand patterns transfixed a generation of pianists, among them Billy Kyle, Nat Cole, Hank Jones, Jimmy Rowles, and Lennie Tristano. Kyle's right-hand figures dashed, and he had an electric way of accenting the first note of crucial phrases. By the early forties, Nat Cole had become the most beautiful pianist in jazz. Everything he did sparkled—his touch, his tight, surprising, effortless lines, his deft lyricism. Jones had a crystalline touch, too, and he softened and updated Wilson's right-hand figures. Rowles mixed Wilson and Tatum with his own witty, acerbic harmonic vision, developing single-note lines that suggested Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear. Tristano, working different sides of Wilson and Tatum, spun unbroken melodic lines that never breathed and that had a demonic urgency. John Lewis and Erroll Garner were the last and most eccentric of the Hines-Wilson generation. Lewis was a pointillist and Garner a primitive. Pianists had discovered that they could find almost anything in the abundant Hines. In the mid-forties, Bud Powell, who came out of Kyle and Tatum, hypnotized a new generation of pianists. His single-note figures were nervous, hard, driven. They had, particularly at up-tempo, a coarse quick-wittedness. His admirers came in two groups: the early bebop pianists Dodo Marmarosa, Al Haig, Duke Jordan, Joe Albany, and George Wallington; and the younger and far more original Horace Silver, Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, and Bill Evans. (Two exceptional single-note pianists who arrived in the fifties but did not follow Powell were Dave McKenna and Eddie Costa. McKenna admired Tatum and Nat Cole, and Costa liked Tristano.) Evans combined Silver and Tristano and Nat Cole with his own special introversions, and, in due course, became the most influential pianist since Bud Powell. Few pianists who have appeared in the past twenty years have escaped him. Then two totally unrelated things happened: in 1978, Tommy Flanagan quit Ella Fitzgerald, whom he had accompanied for ten years, and in 1980 Evans died. Flanagan went out as a solo pianist (sometimes with bass and drums, or just bass), inching into the sun, and, the most diffident of men, has become one of our most prepossessing pianists.

Jimmy Rowles, the dean of single-note players, said this about Flanagan recently: "Tommy is a magnificent pianist. I can't think of anything but accolades—as an accompanist and a soloist. We used to hang out a lot at Bradley's. We'd go through songs, talk shop. You'd be surprised at his repertoire. How many pianists around today know 'Down by the Sycamore Tree'? Tommy can be distant at times—loath to open up. But he's a funny man. Whenever I first see him, I always ask him how he is, and he'll say, 'Doing the best I can with the tools I have.' " And Bradley Cunningham himself has said this: "Tommy is debonair and witty. I like his company. And I love the way he plays. I hired him about ten years ago, during one of the Newport festivals, when he had a little time off from Ella. I hired him with George Mraz. Nobody came the first night—none of my people. Being in the business, I know that these things happen, and all you can do is throw your hands in the air. Tommy and George kept looking around, then looking at one another. But they were together musically, and after the place closed that night they played some of the most inventive, swinging music I've ever heard. Piano players are supposed to make you laugh, then break your heart, and that's what Tommy does."



Flanagan is of medium height and heft, and he has a bald head with a skirt of grayish hair, and a thick balancing mustache. He wears glasses and has shy eyes. When he talks, he bends his head to the right and examines the left side of the room, or bends his head to the left and examines the right side of the room. He has a soft handshake and a soft voice—his words ease out. But much of this is disguise. He has a handsome, dimpled smile, and he laughs a lot. Flanagan lives with his wife, Diana, on the upper West Side. The living room of their apartment faces south and holds sun much of the day. There are lace curtains at the windows, and two royal-blue velvet sofas. Diana Flanagan's books line one wall, and include Malraux, June Jordan, Alec Wilder, Paul Robeson, James Agee, Duke Ellington, and May Sarton. Flanagan sat in his living room one afternoon and talked about himself. He does so tentatively, as if he had just met the person he is talking about. Flanagan was born, in 1930, in Conant Gardens, the oldest intact black community in Detroit. An extraordinary musical eruption took place in Detroit in the forties and fifties—an oblique compensation for the vicious racial conditions in the city at the time.

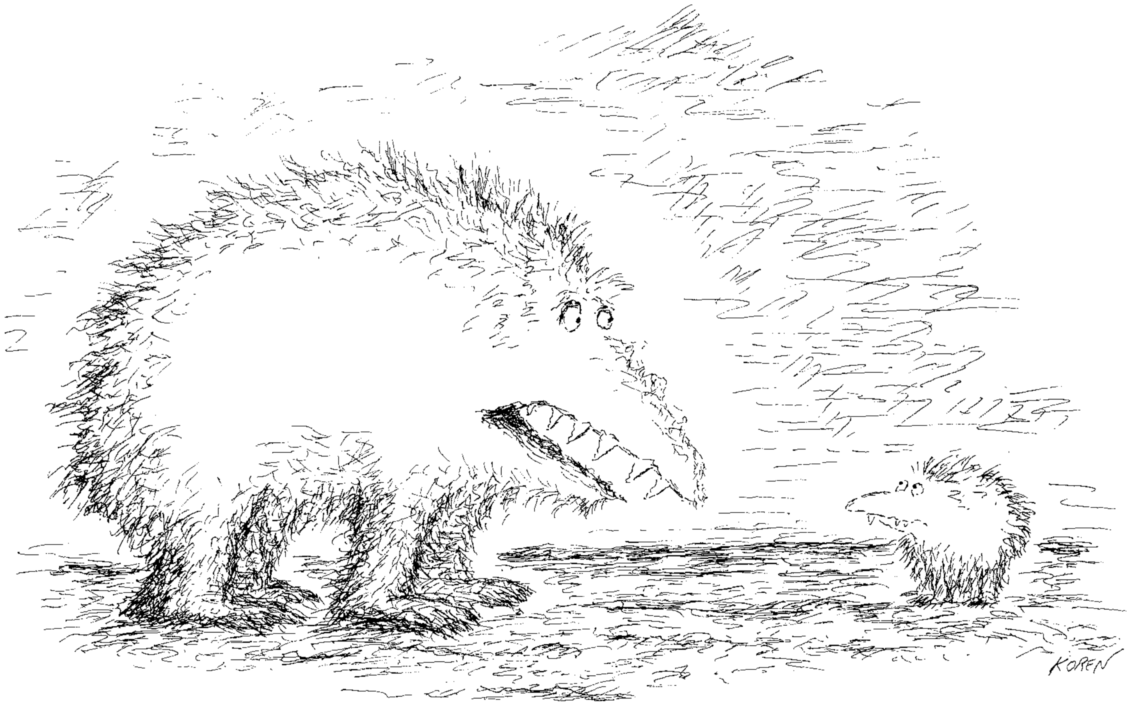
Flanagan had this effulgence on his mind: "There were older Detroit guys like Milt Jackson and Hank Jones and Lucky Thompson, who left early and came back to play gigs," he said. "And there were local guys like Willie Anderson, who never left. He had long, beautiful fingers, and he was self-taught and could also play bass, saxophone, and trumpet. Benny Goodman tried to hire him, but he never would go—maybe he was embarrassed at not being able to read. And there was a whole bunch of us—some younger, some older—who didn't get away so fast: Roland Hanna, who went to school with me; Paul Chambers; Doug Watkins; Donald Byrd; Kenny Burrell (he loved Oscar Moore, and we put together a Nat Cole-type trio); Sonny Red Kyner; Barry Harris; Pepper Adams, who came from Rochester and played clarinet when I first knew him; Curtis Fuller; Billy Mitchell; Yusef Lateef; Tate Houston; Frank Gant; Frank Rosolino; Parky Groat; Thad Jones and Elvin Jones, who are Hank Jones' brothers and came from Pontiac, a little way out; Art Mardigan; Oliver Jackson; Doug Mettome; Frank Foster, who's from Cincinnati; Joe Henderson; J. R. Monterose; Roy

Brooks; Louis Hayes; Julius Watkins; Terry Pollard; Bess Bonnier; Alice Coltrane; and the singers Betty Carter and Sheila Jordan. We gave weekly concerts at a musicians' collective—the World Stage Theatre. We worked at clubs like the Blue Bird and Klein's Showbar and the Crystal and the Twenty Grand. We played in the Rouge Lounge, and at El Sino, where Charlie Parker worked. As teen-agers, we'd stand outside the screen door by the bandstand, looking in at Bird. All this lasted into the mid-fifties. Then people began to leave—Billy Mitchell ended up with Dizzy Gillespie, Thad Jones with Count Basie, Paul Chambers with Paul Quinichette, Doug Watkins with Art Blakey, Louis Hayes with Horace Silver. I stayed around until 1956, when Kenny Burrell and I left for New York.

"They still had jam sessions uptown then—Monday at the 125 Club, Tuesday at Count Basie's, Wednesday at Small's—and they were the best place to get exposure. Of course, if you were new in town you had to wait a long time to sit in. Sometimes I didn't get on the stand until three-thirty or four in the morning. But I made my first record after I'd been here only a few weeks. It was for Blue Note, and it was called 'Detroit-New York Junction,' and Thad Jones and Billy Mitchell were on it, and so were Kenny Burrell and Oscar Pettiford and Shadow Wilson. Not long after that, I did a date with Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. I met Coleman Hawkins through Miles, and I did a date with him. I had my first night-club gig at Birdland, when they asked me to fill in for Bud Powell. I first appeared with Ella Fitzgerald that July at the Newport Festival. Then I joined J. J. Johnson, and I was with him a year, and we travelled all over Europe. I stayed in New York after that, working around and recording. I married my first wife, Ann, in 1960. We were divorced in the early seventies. We had three children—Tommy, Jr., who lives in Arizona, and Rachel and Jennifer, who both have babies and live together in California. Ann was killed in an auto accident in 1980.

"I started the first of two long gigs with Ella in 1962, and I stayed with her until 1965. Then I spent a year with Tony Bennett. By this time, I had moved to the Coast. I did mostly casuals, which is what they call club dates. Things were sewed up out there—it was very cliquish. Ella was living in California, too, and in 1968 I got another call from her, and I stayed ten years as her musical director. She was great to work for after you got to know her, but it was rough in the beginning. I was insecure anyway, and when I'd make a mistake she would say something like 'If it's going to be like this, I'm getting out of the business.' So I'd say to myself, 'I've got to tighten up my act. After all, I'm the musical director, and I don't want to be responsible for her quitting.' But she never forgot our birthdays—things like that. Working for Ella was different from working for a lot of singers, because she had such high standards. Her intonation was perfect. Jim Hall once said that he could tune up to her voice. I finally left Ella because the travelling got to be too much for me and because in 1978 I had a heart attack."

The doorbell rang, and Flanagan let in his wife, who was loaded to the gunwales with groceries. "I'm sorry, Tommy," she said. "I couldn't get at my keys with all this stuff. I got some grapes and some cookies. I'll bring them out after I get things unpacked." She is a handsome, dark-haired woman. Her hair sets off her face, which is very pale and has an almost Victorian transparency. Her voice is louder than Flanagan's, and she moves twice as fast. Flanagan sat down again, and said, "My heart attack kept me in the hospital seventeen days, even though they kept telling me it was a mild one. I quit smoking and cut down on drinking and started getting some exercise, which is mostly walking. I walk all over the city. I work up to a good pace. Maybe I take after my father, who was a postman. My brothers and I figured out once that he walked at least ten miles on his mail route. Before he carried mail, he worked for the Packard motorcar company, but the government was a lot safer during the Depression. He was born in 1891, near Marietta, Georgia. He served in the Army during the First World War, and after the war he came North. Before that, he had floated around in Florida and Tennessee. He was about the same height as me, and we looked alike—we both lost our hair early. He loved music, and sang with a quartet, which dressed in spats and all. I saw a picture of him once holding a guitar, but I



"I *never* get what I want."

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never heard him play one. I was the youngest of six children, five of them boys. What with so many boys, he laid down the law. He kept us in check. He had a way of sending us to the basement, of taking privileges away. But he showed us all the things of how to be a good person. He had the kind of sense of humor where he'd start telling a joke and laugh so hard he never got to the punch line. My mother, Ida Mae, was short and small and beautiful. She was from Wrens, Georgia. She was born in 1895, and she came North about the same time as my father. She had some Indian blood. They were married just before the twenties. She did a lot of church work—in fact, my parents started a church *near* where we lived. She loved music even more than my father did. She knew who people like Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson were, and when I'd put on one of their records she'd say 'Is that Art Tatum?' or 'Is that Teddy Wilson?' and that made me feel good. She taught herself to read music. She was shy and easygoing, and very resourceful about things like cooking and sewing. She made a lot of our clothes, and she made beautiful patchwork quilts. It was rough going in the thirties, but she smoothed everything over and always made it seem like we had enough. She died in 1959, and my father died in 1977, at the age of eighty-six. My oldest brother, Johnson Alexander, Jr., moved into my father's house to take care of him before he passed, and my brother and his wife still live there. My sister, Ida, worked for a doctor, but she's retired. She had seven children, the last two twins. My brother James Harvey passed a little while ago, and Douglas works in the Detroit school system. Luther lives in Lansing, and is with a community-service agency. My father's house has a front porch and a back porch, now enclosed, and four bedrooms, two up and two down. There's a milk door in the kitchen, where we used to put the empties for the milkman. When I was little, it still looked very country where we were. The streets were dirt and had deep gullies on both sides. They weren't paved until the late thirties. I walked a mile to my first school, and took two buses to high school, which was not in our area, and which my sister and brothers went to, too. The schools were mixed, but there was a lot of racism everywhere in Detroit. The result, of course, was the race riots of 1943.

"We always had a piano in our

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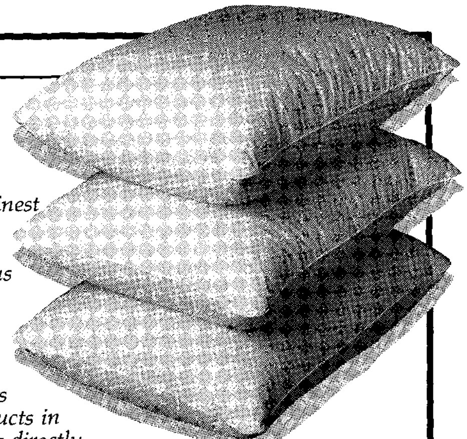
house, and I was fooling with it as soon as I could crawl up on the bench. On my sixth Christmas, we were all given musical instruments. I got a clarinet, and the others got a violin and drums and saxophones, and the like. Eventually, we had a little band, and we played some strange music. I didn't like the clarinet too much, because it was so hard to get a sound out of. But I did learn to read music on it. I sent away for a fingering chart to a Dr. Matty, who had a radio program, and I learned through listening to him and because they used the same chart in school. I could play some by the time I got to intermediate school, and in high school I could blend in with the band without sounding too terrible. I started piano lessons when I was ten or eleven, and built up to Bach and Chopin. I studied with Gladys Dillard. Her classes got so big that she opened her own school and had a staff of seven or eight teachers. I saw her recently in Detroit when I gave a solo concert, and she looked real good. All this time, I had been listening to Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum and to all the big bands. In high school, Bud Powell took hold, and so did Nat Cole. Nat Cole had that same thing as Teddy—a nice, clean technique, a bright attack. He could swing, he made his notes bounce.

"I didn't escape the Korean War. I got drafted near the end, and I spent two years in the Army. I did my basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, in Missouri, which was on the same latitude as South Korea, and even had a similar terrain. So the minute basic was finished they cut my orders to send me overseas. It was nightmare time. Then I discovered that they were holding auditions for a camp show. One of the skits had a pianist in it, and I tried out and got the part and stayed in Missouri. But I went over a year or so later. I had been trained as a motion-picture-projector operator, and I was sent to the port city of Kunsan. The war was still going. Late at night or very early in the morning, this North Korean plane would come over, flying under our radar, and drop a couple of bombs. We called him Bed-Check Charlie. The one good thing about my Army career was that I kept running into Pepper Adams."

DIANA FLANAGAN brought in a plate of grapes and a plate of ginger cookies. Flanagan took two



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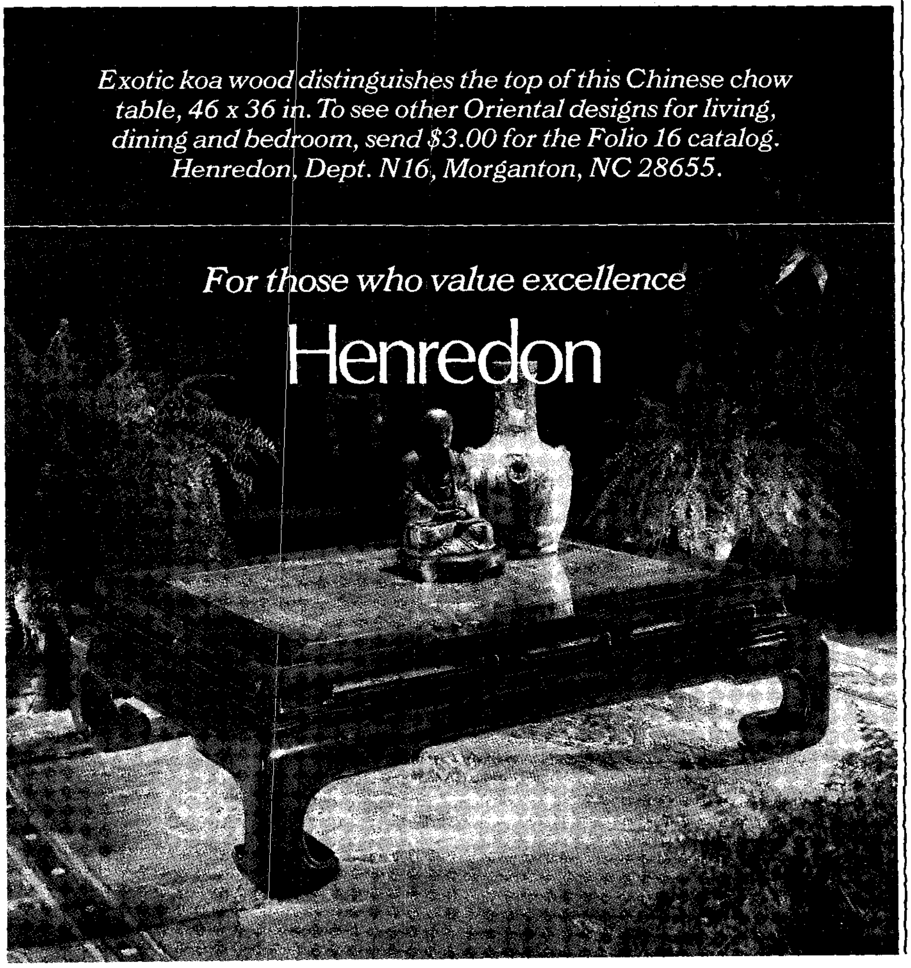
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cookies and thanked her, and she went back to the kitchen. Flanagan finished his cookies and ate some grapes. He was silent for a while. Then he said, "The other night at the Vanguard, somebody asked me for the umpteenth time what pianists influenced me. The fact is, I try to play like a horn player, like I'm blowing into the piano. The sound of a piece—its over-all tonality—is what concerns me. If it's a blues in C, you play the whole thing like a circle. You have the sound of C in your head, your mind is clouded with the sound. The chords of a tune are not that important, and neither is the melody. But they are both there if you get lost. Hardly any of my material is new, although it may be new to me. When you add new songs, it gives your playing a lift. I particularly like Kern and Arlen and Gershwin. I also love Ellington and Strayhorn and Tadd Dameron. No matter what you play, though, it's hard work. After I do a week's gig, I like to rest, I like to heal."

Flanagan demands close listening. His single-note melodic lines move up and down, but, since he is also a percussive player, who likes to accent unlikely notes, his phrases tend to move constantly toward and away from the listener. The resulting dynamics are subtle and attractive. These horizontal-vertical melodic lines give the impression of being two lines, each of which Flanagan would like attention paid to. There are also interior movements within these lines: urgent double-time runs; clusters of flatted notes, like pretend stumbles; sudden backward-leaning half-time passages; dancing runs; and rests, which are both pauses and chambers for the preceding phrase to echo in. Flanagan is never less than first-rate. But once in a while—when the weather is calm, the audience attentive, the piano good, the vibes right—he becomes impassioned. Then he will play throughout the evening with inspiration and great heat, turning out stunning solo after stunning solo, making the listeners feel they have been at a godly event.

Diana Flanagan came into the living room. Flanagan stood up and stretched and said it was time for his walk—that today he was going down toward Lincoln Center and back up through Central Park. He put on a tan cap and left. Diana Flanagan took a cookie and sat on the sofa. She said that the two smartest things she had ever done were to come to New York and to marry Flanagan. "I had come from Ames, Iowa, where my father finally settled," she said. "He was born in Russellville, Kentucky, and when I was growing up we lived in Clarksville, Tennessee, and Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and Goldsboro, North Carolina. My father sold insurance. He sold men's clothes. He worked for Frigidaire. He worked for National Cash Register. He was a quiet, subtle, sweet person, a courtly person. His name was William Kershner, and he was of Scottish, Irish, and German descent. Tommy, whose father spent time in Tennessee, and my father, who spent time there, too, used some of the same colloquialisms—like 'slipperspoon' for 'shoehorn.' My father died in 1971. My mother is almost ninety, and lives in a nursing home now. She was born in Philadelphia. Ruth Stetson. Her father was English, and her mother was French and Irish. She has always been interested in music and books. She's very witty, very emotional. I had a scholarship and studied music for two years at the University of Iowa. Then I came to New York. It was 1949. I had always thought New York was my destination. I had been brought to the World's Fair in 1939, when I was nine or ten, and I never got over it. I went to Columbia, and took courses in drama. I had been a violinist, and I was also a singer. I used the professional name of Diana Hunter, which is pretty embarrassing. I sang around New York, and went on the road with Elliot Lawrence and Claude Thornhill. Thornhill was very kind to me. He still played beautifully—those dreaming single-note things, like 'Snowfall.' In 1957, I married a tenor saxophonist named Eddie Wasserman. He'd been to Juilliard, and he had worked for Chico O'Farrill and Charlie Barnet. And he was in the Gene Krupa quartet a long time. I stopped singing professionally in 1962, and Eddie and I were divorced in 1965. I went to City College and graduated with a degree in English literature. Then I studied education at Bank Street. I taught music, English, and black studies for ten years—first in Bedford-Stuyvesant and then in the South Bronx. I quit just before Tommy and I were married, in 1976.

"We read to each other quite a bit. He's interested in everything I am, and I'm interested in everything he is—except sports. His gentleness and quietness are deceptive. He is a strong man, and he has a lot of spirit and funniness. He's lovely to live with. Everything he says has a kind of double meaning—an edge to it. We have a lot of play like that between us. We laugh all the time. He dances—little tap steps, little side shuffles—around here, but he won't do it in public. Once, when we went to hear Duke Ellington at the Rainbow Grill, he took me out on the dance floor and just stood in one spot, swaying from side to side. I still sing sometimes late at night, and he plays for me. We know a thousand songs nobody else knows anymore."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

A WALK

When I go for a walk and see they're tearing down
some old red-plush Rialto for an office building
and suddenly realize this was where Mama and I
saw "Lovers of Teruel" three times in a single sitting

and the drugstore where we went afterward for ice cream's
gone, too, and Mama's gone and my ten-year-old self,
I admire more than ever the ancient Chinese poets
who were comforted in exile by thoughts of the transience of life.

How *yesterday*, for instance, *quince bloomed in the Emperor's courtyard*
but today wild geese fly south over ruined towers.
Or, *Oh, full moon that shone on our scholarly wine parties,*
do you see us now, scattered on distant shores?

A melancholy restraint is surely the proper approach
to take in this world. And so I walk on, recall-
ing Hsin Ch'i-chi, who when old and full of sadness
wrote merely, "A cool day, a fine fall."

—KATHA POLLITT

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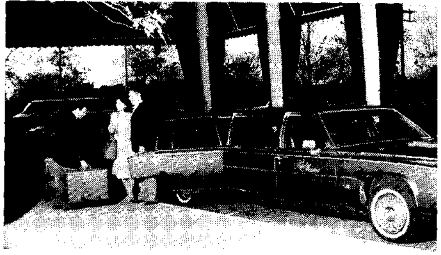

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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE Roundabout's revival of "Room Service," haunted by the ghosts of the impeccable Sam Levene, in the original production, and the Marx Brothers, in the subsequent movie, is a major disappointment. It is no excuse to say that the play is dated—it is sturdy foolishness, with a period charm that here goes entirely by the board. "Room Service," by John Murray and Allen Boretz, opened on Broadway in 1937, with Mr. Levene as the shyster producer Gordon Miller, and Eddie Albert as the first-time playwright Leo Davis. The setting is Miller's room in a Broadway hotel, where eventually he, his director, the playwright, and the rest of the staff are holed up, along with the cast of twenty-two actors who have been rehearsing his show in a theatre downstairs. There is not a cent among them, they cannot even order food (the play's title is the tip-off), and opening night seems to be an impossibility. The action deals with their attempts to hornswoggle the manager of the hotel and his assistant, so that the show can open. None of the old show-business hands' trickery works, and it is, of course, the hick playwright from Oswego, quick to adapt to the prevailing chicanery, who outthinks everybody and brings about the happy ending.

The good news—virtually the only good news—about the performance is that Keith Reddin (author of the estimable "Rum and Coke," now at the Public) acts as well as he writes. His innocent young playwright and eventual outsmarter becomes the funniest character in the play, and is always believable and legitimate. It might also be mentioned that Mr. Reddin downs, in full view of the audience, a large pitcher of milk and goes right on performing. As for the rest of the company, most of them actors with the strongest credentials, they seem at sea much of the time. I never realized more keenly, though I suppose I've always known it, that farce demands as much precision and discipline in the playing as does, for example, "King Lear"—maybe more. The actors certainly seem to be enjoying themselves onstage, but the fun stops at the footlights, and a lot of comical business and good gags, sight and sound, are wasted. One exception to the general disorientation is Pierre Epstein, as a hotel waiter and veteran of the Moscow Art Theatre, whose audition for a role in the play-within-the-play has just the right frenzy. The cause of a theatrical mishap, or even a theatrical dud, is often guesswork, and I guess that marvellous, invaluable, extraordinary, clever Alan Arkin didn't direct "Room Service" with a sufficiently firm or experienced hand. His son Anthony, however, who is making his début in the bit part of a bank messenger, contributes a thoroughly solid piece of work. The set is by Daniel Ettinger, the costumes are by A. Christina Giannini, and the lighting is by Barry Arnold. —EDITH OLIVER

HIGH ROAD
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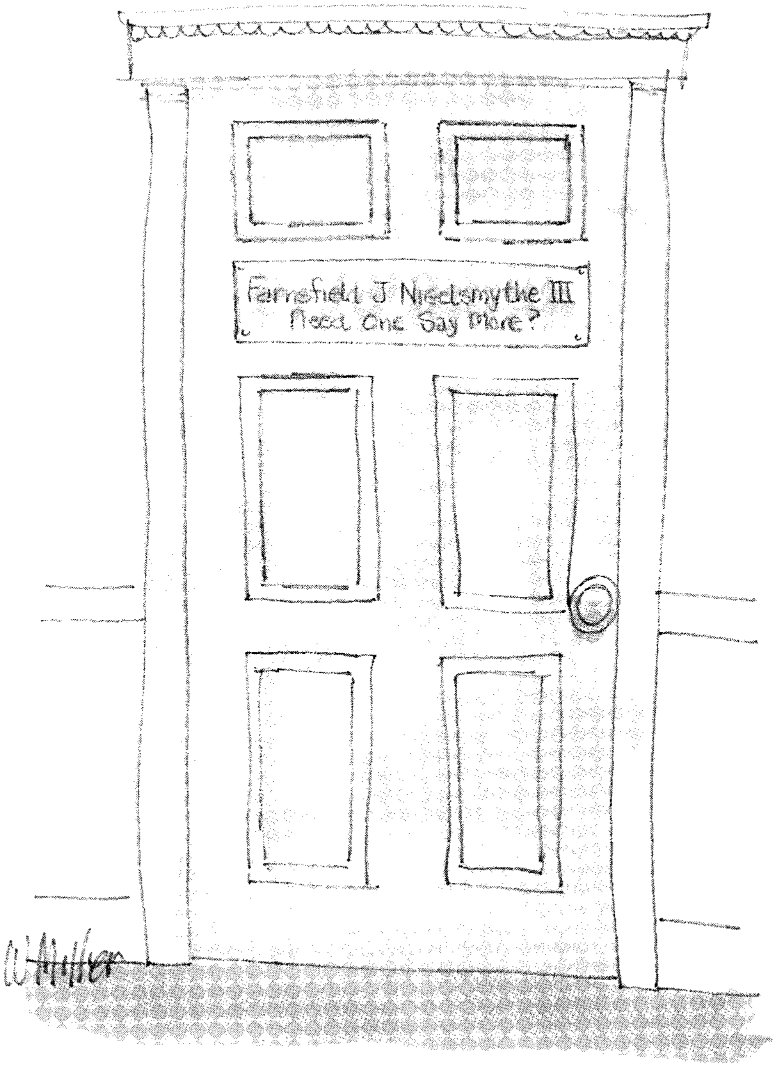
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Couples

"A SOUFFLÉ flipped like a Frisbee"—that's how Ron Shelton describes "The Best of Times," which he wrote and Roger Spottiswoode directed. The description also fits other small-town comedies where the whole population is caught up in some glorious foolishness, such as Preston Sturges's "Hail the Conquering Hero" and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," and Jonathan Demme's "Citizens Band." The town in "The Best of Times" is Taft, California (population roughly five thousand), where every smart-aleck has been ribbing Jack Dundee (Robin Williams) for thirteen years—ever since he fumbled the beautiful touchdown pass that the high school's star quarterback, Reno (Kurt Russell), threw to him at the end of the Big Game with Bakersfield (population roughly a hundred thousand). That game in 1972 was Taft's only chance to beat Bakersfield in sixty years of competition, and it doesn't look as if the townspeople will ever stop taking out their sour feelings on butterfingered Jack, who's vice-president of the local branch bank. (His father-in-law is the president, in Bakersfield.) Dressed in a three-piece suit, and with his hair parted low on the side and plastered across his forehead as if it had crawled that far and died, Jack is the image of a smarmy, self-satisfied tightwad. Underneath, he's ticked off, and cantankerous voices rasp out of him—manic takeoffs of the kidders who infuriate him. One afternoon, during Jack's weekly visit to a hooker (she was an attendant in the homecoming queen's court), when he's complaining, as usual, about the never-ending shame of having dropped the ball, she suggests that he should replay the game, and he fastens on this addlepated notion and won't let go of it.

Reno, whose bright future as an athlete was cooked when he threw that pass and half the Bakersfield team jumped on top of him and wrecked his knee, now runs a garage that specializes in repairing vans. (He also paints reproductions of masterpieces on them.) Reno is more tolerant of Jack than other people are, but he refuses to get involved in the idea of a rematch; he doesn't need to redo the past to make himself a hero—he *was* a hero. At this point, Jack's gimmicky, manipulative brain goes to work: he tricks the people of Taft into thinking that Bakersfield has insulted them, rounds up the former players and starts them working out to lose their beer bellies, and sees to it that Reno is riled up and ready to train by gulling him into believing that the wife whom he adores (for good reason) has been humiliated by Bakersfield bullies.

The town of Taft comes to life; it's charged with a new do-or-die spirit. But not Jack's wife, or Reno's wife, either—they don't go for this football enthusiasm, and what makes the movie more than a football fantasy is how the rematch affects the marriages. This movie does one of the best jobs of putting couples together that I've ever seen. As the two pairs of high-school sweethearts who are now married lovers, Robin Williams and Holly Palance and Kurt Russell and Pamela Reed are as close to comic perfection as we're likely to get. When Jack's tall, lanky father-in-law (Donald Moffat) drops in on him at the bank, his hooting contempt for his squatty, ball-fumbling son-in-law is unconcealed. But when Jack and his tall, lithe wife embrace, her arms wrap around his shoulders and her thighs wrap around the rest of him. When he dances with her, it's as if he's enveloped in woman. Nobody has done a better job of demonstrating why a short man would dream of a tall wife than Holly Palance does here; she's cool and smart and funny. And Pamela Reed may be the only major young American actress who has the comedy flair to sing a song—as she does in her job at the local night spot, the Safari Room—while keeping her mouth in a Kewpie pout. Reed recalls the Claudette Colbert of "It Happened One Night," but with an eighties independence. Her big-eyed doll face is so pretty here that you have to grin when you look at her; after thirteen years of marriage, Kurt Russell still melts and goes weak in his bad knee whenever she's around. This movie gives marriage a

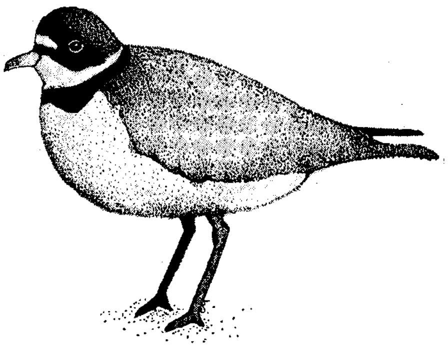


good name, in the way that "The Thin Man" pictures did, but with a more farcical (and open) sexiness.

Jack's standing date with the hooker doesn't reflect any dissatisfaction with his marriage; on the contrary, he's so happy at home he wants even more. He's a horny little Caspar Milquetoast. Robin Williams' Jack is a cartoon figure playing off the film's skewed naturalism, yet, even with uncontrollable, vicious mimicry breaking out of him, he never loses the character of Jack. He goes through the whole movie with this crazed multiple personality inside the runty bank official. He's like a Preston Sturges–Eddie Bracken hero with a murderous alien inside him, and Spottiswoode keeps the other performers reacting to him as if he were simply smiling Jack, the guy who always louses things up. In a dinner-party scene, where the two men are trying to pacify their touchy wives, the wine and the careful talk are having their effect and the wives are softening until Jack thinks he can get by with surreptitiously watching Monday Night Football on TV, and everything goes to hell. What's weirdest about Robin Williams' performance here is that his character is always at maximum awareness: Jack's loony psyche operates at full tilt. And he'll get his way. If one ploy doesn't succeed, his teeming noggin is ready with others and others and others. He's so nervous he's unstoppable. The mellow Russell is a great straight man to him: the way Russell plays Reno, you see his transparent normality in every curve of his face. His Reno has the sexual presence of a jock, but he's not a boor; his love for his wife has gentled him.

Maybe you have to know Bakersfield to appreciate the joke when the people of Taft refer to it as the big city, but we've all known people who screwed up when they had their one big chance—or, at least, people who claim they did. The movie has a good comic premise and, since eccentricity blossoms in small towns, some fine, knobby marginal characters, such as Margaret Whitton's Darla the hooker. In the scenes at the men's club, the Caribou Lodge (which were shot at the Moose Lodge in Glendale), M. Emmet Walsh is the head Caribou, and if he puts a motion before the house Dub Taylor, with the alacrity of a born lickspittle, chimes in to second it. Eager to improve Taft's morale, the Caribous get behind the game in a big way, and attend it wearing their antlers. "The Best of Times" is a movie of absolutely no importance, but it's an enjoyable soft-shoe farce. Spottiswoode and Shelton are the team who worked on "Under Fire," and they think out their material—they don't put the stresses in the same old places. The rematch at the climax is satisfyingly wacko, but the two couples are the movie's real creations. Robin Williams is prodigious: Jack is the kind of aggressive schemer who threatens to call in the mortgage on his friend Reno's garage if Reno won't play ball, yet you can't help being pleased when he's finally able to stand up to his father-in-law. You like the little swine.

Woody Allen's "Hannah and Her Sisters" is an agreeably skillful movie, a new canto in his ongoing poem to love and New York City which includes "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure. At the start, the whole clan gathers at her sprawling upper-West Side apartment for Thanksgiving dinner. It includes her two flailing-about sisters: the wildly insecure cocaine-nut Holly (Dianne Wiest), whose acting career has never taken off, and the unsure-of-herself Lee (Barbara Hershey), who goes to A.A. and turns to men she can look up to. It includes the three sisters' bickering show-business-veteran parents: their boozy, habitually flirtatious mother (Maureen O'Sullivan) and their affable, but underconfident father (Lloyd Nolan). And it includes Hannah's financial-consultant husband (Michael Caine), who is swooning with passion for Lee, and an assortment of friends and relatives. Not in attendance is Lee's artist lover (Max von Sydow), who has no patience for sociable chatter. The movie ends at another Thanksgiving celebration, two years later; by then, Holly has pulled herself together, Hannah's husband has had his fling with Lee, and Hannah's ex-husband, Mickey Sachs (Woody Allen), a TV writer-producer, has rejoined the clan. And things are rosier. Like Ingmar Bergman's "Fanny and Alexander," which was also about a theatrical family, the film is full of cultured people, and it has a comfortable, positive tone. Bergman's central character, Alexander, was clearly based on Bergman as a child; Allen's heroine is clearly based on Mia Farrow. And, like Bergman, whose cast included old friends, an ex-wife, an ex-lover, and a few of his children, Allen uses several actors he has worked with before, has Mia Farrow's mother playing Hannah's mother, and uses Farrow's actual apartment and seven of her eight children.



Hannah is meant to be the still center of the film, but mute would be more like it. Casting Mia Farrow as an ideal creative, nurturing woman in demure, plain-Jane dresses, Allen turns her into an Earth-Mother symbol and disembodies her. Most of the time, Hannah the Madonna seems barely animate. Allen has got her so subdued and idealized that she seems to be floating passively in another world. Barbara Hershey has a luscious presence here. She has a sexual vibrancy about her, and she fits her role—it's easy to believe that her brother-in-law would become obsessed with her. But Allen hasn't written enough sides for her—or for anyone else—to play. Dianne Wiest does all she can with her role—she makes a style out of neurosis. Her Holly is so fouled up that she's always angry at herself and everybody else, too. Her nerves aquiver, she seems to be holding back either screams or tears; she lives in a tizzy. (And she's so completely lacking in confidence that she's bound to match up with the Woody Allen character.) But Allen's script, for all its shrewdness about sisterly relations and its considerable finesse, doesn't cut very deep. There's a basic, bland unadventurousness about the picture: it never makes us wonder about anything. Hangups are there to be got through; the characters are like patients in the hands of a benevolent, godlike therapist.

"Hannah and Her Sisters" would be lifeless without Woody Allen's presence as Mickey Sachs, who is convinced he has a fatal disease. It needs his mopey personality, and it needs his jokes, even though they're throwbacks to earlier gags. It's a funny thing about Woody Allen: the characters he plays learn to accept life and get on with it, but then he starts a new picture and his character is back at square one. Mickey is a hypochondriac, terrified of dying and obsessed with the same old Woody Allen question: If there's no God and no afterlife, what's the point of living? Mickey takes a year off from his work in TV to ponder the meaninglessness of everything. He tries to find faith in Catholicism and then, for a moment, in Hare Krishna (because of the sect's belief in reincarnation); he attempts suicide. Then he sees the Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup," and when they sing "Hail, Fredonia" he realizes that he wants to enjoy life for as long as he can. He'll settle for romantic love, for a "relationship." But we've been through all this with him before.

Still, the picture needs him desperately, because the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story. Michael Caine flails around confusedly trying to bring something to a role that's out of bedroom farce but that he seems expected to give other dimensions to. At first, you attribute Caine's discomfort to the character's crush on Lee, but afterward he goes on being ill at ease. Maureen O'Sullivan (who was born in 1911) comes through with a ribald-old-trouper performance that's gutsier than anything she ever did in her M-G-M years. But it's a small role. So is that of Lloyd Nolan (born in 1902), who made his final appearance here; he brings to his part the dapper weariness of a vain man whose wife goads him unconscionably—he may suspect that tormenting him is what keeps her on her toes and beautiful. In a larger role, Max von Sydow has nothing to play but an aspect of the earlier Woody Allen characters: he's a rigid intellectual, a man so devoted to high culture that he's exasperated by other people's delight in pop. He's like the Woody Allen of "Stardust Memories," and his determination to educate Lee recalls the Woody of "Annie Hall."

This character's gloom and the way he cuts himself off from other people tell us that Woody Allen is saying here that the high arts are not everything—that we also need the ease and relaxation of pop culture, that superficiality isn't all bad. Allen's love for the romantic, "civilized" pop music of the past is expressed throughout the movie, which features Rodgers and

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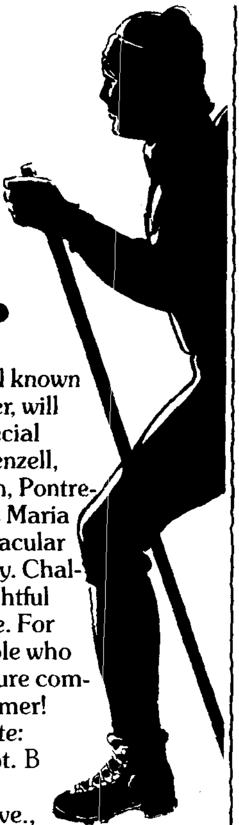

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Hart songs, a couple of Harry James recordings, and some Count Basie, as well as Gustav Leonhardt playing Bach. Allen draws the line at high-powered rock, though: part of Holly's coming to her senses is her graduating from the downtown life of CBGB's to classical music. Woody Allen can't seem to get rid of a streak of draggy pedantry; he's still something of a cultural commissar. (I could have done without the quick tour of Manhattan's architectural marvels that's included in the movie.)

Like Bergman, Allen shows his intellectuality by dramatizing his quest for meaning and then shows his profundity by exposing the aridity of that quest. This celebration of family is essentially a celebration of sanity and of belonging to a group—of satisfying the need for human connections. It's a tribute to human resilience, a look-we-have-come-through movie, and the people who were deeply moved by "Manhattan" are likely to be still more deeply moved by "Hannah." The infertile Mickey even becomes fertile; the picture goes the traditional life-affirming route. Yet what he has come through to is so lacking in resonance that it feels like nowhere. "Hannah" is very fluid in the way it weaves the characters in and out; Allen's modulated storytelling has a grace to it. The picture is certainly better than three-fourths of the ones that open, and it's likable, but you wish there were more to like. It has some lovely scenes—I was particularly taken with the one in which Holly and a good friend (played by Carrie Fisher) are out in a car with a man (Sam Waterston) whom they're both interested in, and at their last stop before calling it a night they discuss the logistics of which one he should drop off first. Yet, over all, the movie is a little stale, and it suggests the perils of inbreeding. It might be time for Woody Allen to make a film with a whole new set of friends, or, at least, to take a long break from his sentimentalization of New York City. Maybe he'd shed the element of cultural self-approval in the tone of this movie. There's almost a trace of smugness in its narrow concern for family and friends; it's as if the moviemaker has seen through the folly of any wider concern.

Woody Allen has joined a club that will have him, and that may help to explain the awesome advance praise for the film. Like the Robert Benton picture "Kramer vs. Kramer," which also stirred up enormous enthusiasm in the press, "Hannah" evokes the "family/style" pages in the *Times* and all the books and editorials and "Hers" columns about people divorcing and remarrying and searching to find meaning in their lives. It's about people that members of the press can identify with; it's what they imagine themselves to be or would like to be. They're applauding their fantasy of themselves.

All the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here, as it was in "Interiors," but this time he's made the picture halfway human. People can laugh and feel morally uplifted at the same time. The willed sterility of his style is terrifying to think about, though; the picture is all tasteful touches. He uses style to blot out the rest of New York City. It's a form of repression, and, from the look of "Hannah and Her Sisters," repression is what's romantic to him. That's what the press is applauding—the romance of gentrification.

DIRECTED by Robert Mandel, from a script by Robert T. Megginson and Gregory Fleeman, "F/X" is an ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown), based in New York, who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program. They hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach) in a crowded restaurant, so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. When things don't go according to what our wizard thought was the plan, he's in the position of the innocent heroes in such Hitchcock films as "The 39 Steps" and "North by Northwest," except that he has all his special skill at creating illusions to aid him in staying alive. He also has the awareness that he has been played for a sap—that the government men flattered him into the trap. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and Mandel keeps you inside the beleaguered man's consciousness; killers are out to get him, but he doesn't know why, or who they are. (The premise of "F/X" may seem farfetched, but there have been actual cases of special-effects men being asked to stage fake killings; whether any of them have risen to the bait isn't known.)

The film has a dark, rich glint to it; much of the action takes place with people charging through the streets at night, and the cinematographer, Miroslav Ondříček, gives the glassy surfaces of cars and buildings a loving sleekness. You can almost feel their texture; the city seems dangerously alive. Mandel's work is clean and brisk; the movie is gory—our wizard specializes in splatter films—but there's no real nastiness in it. It's not the kind of kicky thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. Despite the high body count, you have a fast-moving hour and three-quarters and then it's over—no aftermath, no lingering, childlike dread of "evil." Horror fans may miss that after-fear, but "F/X"—the letters are the movie-industry shorthand for "special effects"—has a snappy professionalism that gives it a different kind of kick.

Bryan Brown is joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, built like a barn and sporting a big, messy mustache, as a rogue cop. They make a fine pair: Brown acts close to the vest, while Dennehy grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Diane Venora, who hasn't been seen much in movies, has a few good, showy moments as Brown's actress girlfriend—especially at the opening, when she's playing a blond tart in a cheapo-picture massacre scene (it appears to be a deliberate evocation of De Palma's "Scarface"). Joe Grifasi, as Dennehy's serious-minded, deadpan partner, has the best scene in the movie. He's in his squad car and he plows through a wholesale meat market, with the slabs of beef flying over the hood; it's mysteriously beautiful and funny. I thought that the film lost something—that it breached its rapport with the audience—when it took a turn toward an acceptance of corruption; but as a suspense fantasy it all holds together. Megginson and Fleeman give Dennehy some sharp tough-guy lines, and he sends them home like a master comedian. Dennehy is so enthusiastically overscaled that he fills the screen. He's the kind of actor John Wayne would have been if he'd been an actor.

—PAULINE KAEL

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If negative numbers were to sixteenth-century algebra what Kandinsky's haystacks were to nineteenth-century painting, then the so-called imaginary numbers were to sixteenth-century algebra what Picasso's cubism was to twentieth-century painting.—*"Bridges to Infinity," by Michael Guillen.*

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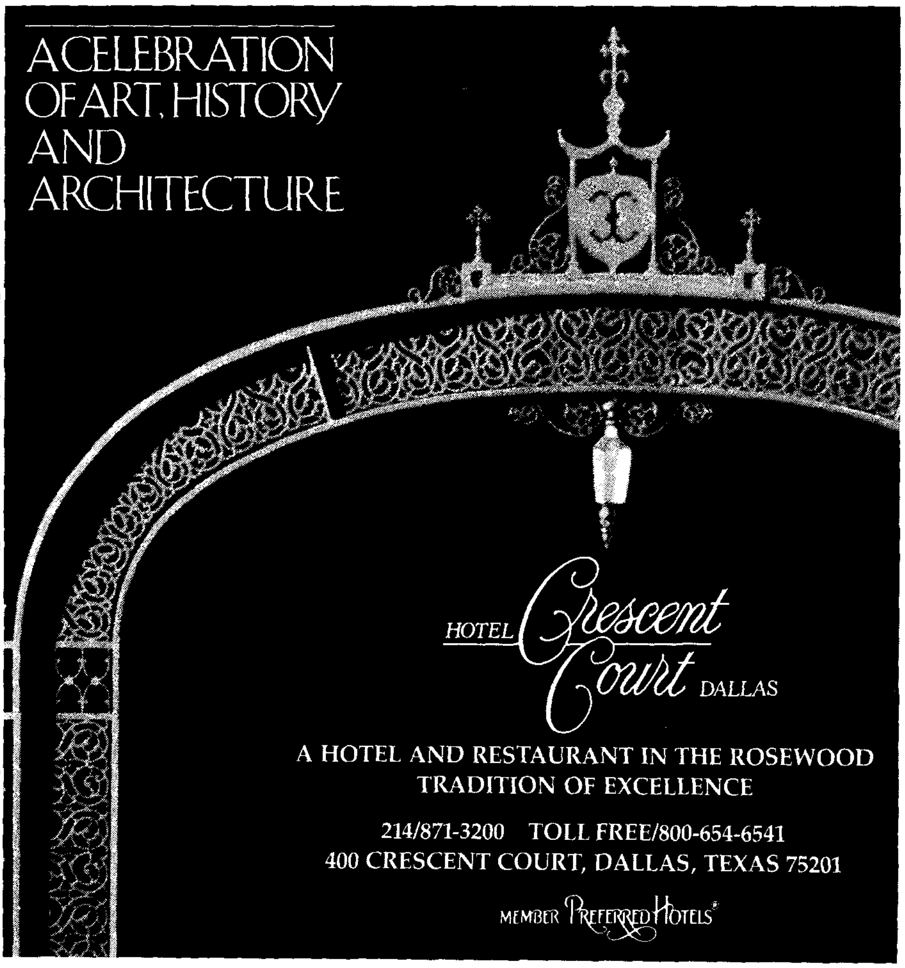

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Scenes Without Settings

IT has been a busy season for concert opera. "Anna Bolena" in Avery Fisher Hall and "Rigoletto" and "Duke Bluebeard's Castle" in Carnegie Hall have already been noted. This month, the American Symphony, conducted by John Mauceri, performed the second act of "Parsifal" in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Mauceri is a thoughtful conductor, concerned to discover what composers intended—what they wanted to hear—rather than simply to conform to current practice. In England and Italy last year, he conducted accounts of "Rigoletto" heedful of the metronome markings in Verdi's score, and this "Parsifal" moved at gaits influenced by those of the old conductors—Carl Muck, Siegfried Wagner—who made "Parsifal" records. The platform disposition—with a double-bass foundation laid out across the back wall, not off center on the right—was unusual. I'd like to call the result a revelation, but it wasn't. The tone of the orchestra was not broad or beautiful enough. The strings didn't sing. On a Carnegie platform narrowed by bevies of flowermaidens at either side, the sound seemed cramped. "Parsifal" needs plenty of space; outside Bayreuth, the acoustically most impressive performance I've heard was in the Albert Hall.

Gary Bachlund, a tenor from Los Angeles and a winner of the Frank Sinatra Auditions, took the title role. He is a find, for he has a strong, easily produced, young-heroic voice of agreeable quality. The Kundry was Gail Gilmore, a beautiful woman, a "presence," and a singer with some lovely sounds in her voice but no sure, even control of them through wide-ranging phrases. Eric Halfvarson was a fierce Klingsor. Reginald Goodall, who in London is preparing "Parsifal" for the English National Opera's Easter production, asked for his principal flowermaiden to be taken out of all other roles during the rehearsals and the run, lest her voice lose its finest bloom. Private enterprise cannot afford such care. Mr. Mauceri's principal flowermaiden, Dawn Upshaw, had been singing Schubert up in Symphony Space two days earlier, and she was due to appear the following day in the première of the Met "Samson." (In the event, she withdrew from it, indisposed.) The solo flowermaidens were not a particularly seductive sextet; the choral ones, drawn from the Dessoff Choirs, the Mannes College Chorus, and the Y Chorale, were assured but lacked fragrance of timbre and rhythmic beguilement.

The American Symphony seems to be in an unsettled state. Its January concert—Mahler's Ninth Symphony, conducted by Benjamin Zander—sounded underrehearsed and was not well played. Before the "Parsifal" act, however, Mr. Mauceri conducted a noble Sibelius Seventh: excellently paced, and rendered with bold, full, yet sensitively shaded orchestral colors.

ON New Year's Eve, and four times again last month, in Fisher Hall, the Philharmonic played a Wagner program: the overture and bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," the prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan," the "Siegfried Idyll," and the finale of "Götterdämmerung." Edo de Waart conducted, deputizing for Klaus Tennstedt. His work was much like that in the San Francisco "Ring"—episodes of nicely planned and neatly executed detail, but no long line, no inevitable-seeming flow. The orchestral sound was not ample and glowing, and the brass produced some raucous climaxes. Ute Vinzing was the Isolde and the Brünnhilde. She has won some renown as a Wagnerian heroic soprano, and one heard why: the high notes rang out clearly, narrow in timbre but brightly and forcefully projected. Her chest register was also telling. But there were some harsh mid-phrase transitions, and the faces Miss Vinzing pulled while she sang seemed to reflect a strenuous, uneasy method.

THE Opera Orchestra of New York, directed by Eve Queler, began its Carnegie series last month with "I Lombardi"—Verdi's fourth opera and second great success. This was the first opera I heard Miss Queler conduct, twelve years ago, when her cast was Renata Scotto (who sang her role with flashing energy), José Carreras, and Paul Plishka. Mr. Plishka returned for the revival, Aprile Millo was the soprano, and Carlo Bergonzi the tenor. I had not heard Miss Millo before but had read praise of her Met appearances last season in second casts of "Simon Boccanegra" and "Ernani." It is easy to be moved to critical overenthusiasm by the excitement of hearing a fine young artist for the first time. Let me say, temperately, that Miss Millo struck me as being superior to most of the Verdi heroines active today, and the equal of any. For a start, she had the whole voice under control, through all the registers. She filled the long, arching spans. She sang accurate and brilliant coloratura. Of both dramatic declamation and lyrical cantilena she had an easy command. She never pushed her voice into edginess or impurity but let it pour out, shining and true. Beyond that, she showed keen musical and dramatic instincts, timing phrases and uttering words in ways that made one listen. Before the performance, it was announced that she was indisposed yet would sing all the same. She began cautiously and appeared somewhat ill at ease in Act I; thereafter, nothing noticeably dimmed a performance at once disciplined and generous, technically and emotionally secure.

Mr. Bergonzi is perhaps the last big tenor left who is able to turn a melting phrase. He spoiled things at times by grunting before an attack, by hanging on to his best notes for as long as they would last—whether or not the sense called for it—and by pushing swelled notes to a grunted cutoff. Those failings apart, he remains an artist with a rare feeling for phrase and line, and—at sixty-one—retains a timbre both virile and liquid. Mr. Plishka was in the imposing form he seems regularly to find for Carnegie Hall appearances. The other important tenor role was bravely sung by Dino Di Domenico. Miss Queler's conducting was urgent and committed.

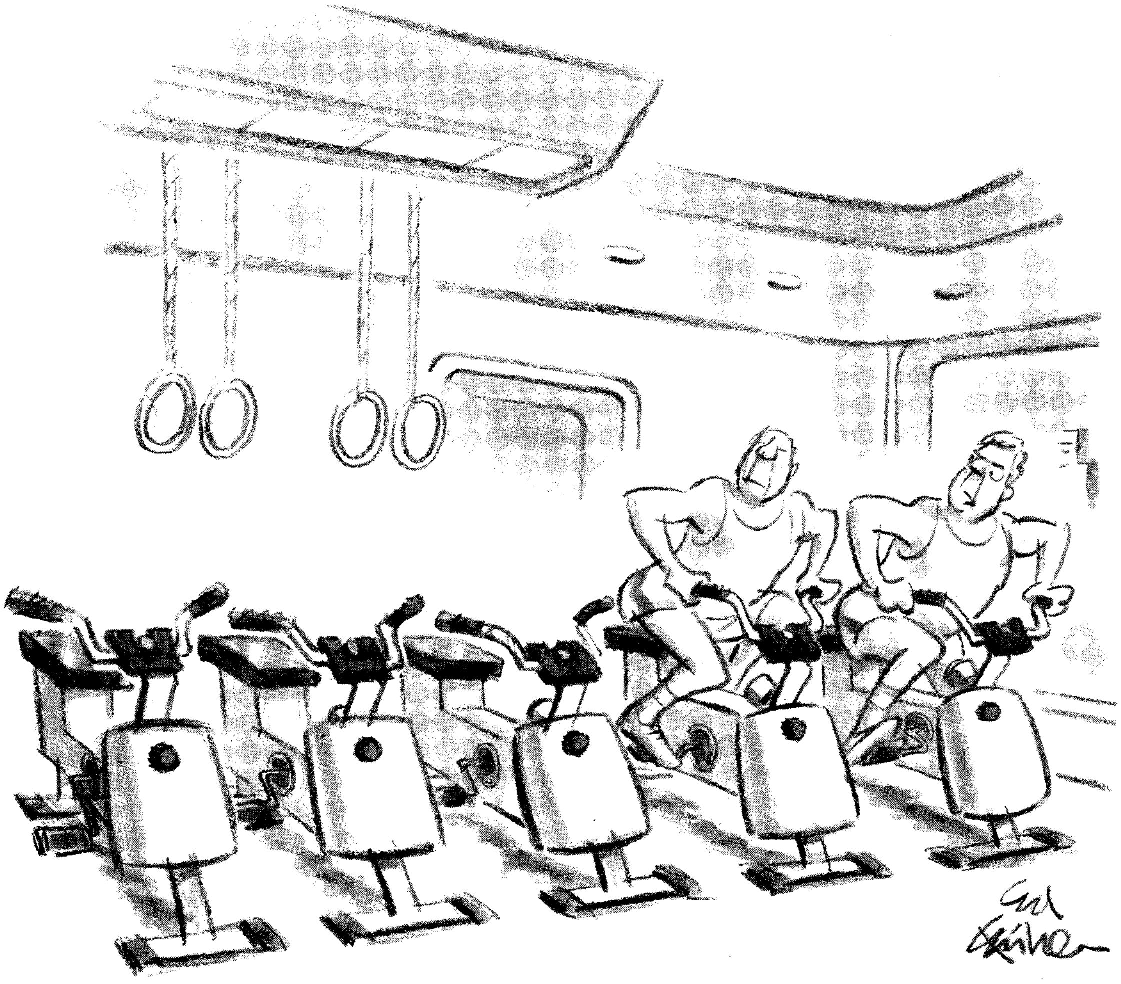
EARLIER in the season, Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," his seventh opera, was performed in Fisher Hall with an eminent cast: Margaret Price, Mr. Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. Miss Price has a real Verdi voice, full, unforced, and beautiful except when it loses purity above the staff. She is not an impetuous artist, does not take chances or yield to the inspiration of the moment. In recitatives, she tended to prolong penultimate notes, like an old-style oratorio singer. The soprano role of "Giovanna," like that of "I Lombardi," was written for Erminia Frezzolini—whose voice, Verdi's amanuensis, Emanuele Muzio, said, was like Jenny Lind's in its ability to sustain even, flexible phrases—and it is almost equally demanding. Miss Price had worked out an interpretation that matched its demands to her own considerable abilities. It was not an ample, fiery account of Verdi's Joan that she offered, but it was an accomplished and satisfying one.

Mr. Milnes was in good voice. The baritone's first aria is marked *grandioso declamato*. The second rises to a *grandioso*, but it also has phrases marked *piano*, which Mr. Milnes sang loudly, and it should close with a *pianissimo* F-sharp on the staff, not a bellowed one an octave higher. Few baritones are prepared to trust Verdi and try for the excitement of very soft, charged, intense singing of vigorous passages—an effect he often called for and counted on—with volume held in reserve for the opening-out moments.

Richard Bradshaw conducted, making his New York début. His merits as a Verdian are receiving ever wider recognition; reviews of a "Falstaff" he conducted in San Francisco this season were enthusiastic. "Giovanna," one of Verdi's shortest scores, was cruelly abridged. (Miss Queler's account of the much longer "I Lombardi" was almost uncut.) But Verdi himself—in practice, though not in principle—tailored scores to the circumstances of a particular performance. In a Seattle "Forza" that Mr. Bradshaw conducted and I directed, we did likewise. A spell in the theatre, "dirtying my hands" with matters I usually just write about, persuaded me that a shortened version may sometimes be preferable to an under-rehearsed full one. Peter Brook in "The Empty Space" argues cogently that "the more the critic becomes an insider, the better," and that "a closer relation with the work will in no way put the critic into the position of connivance with the people he has got to know." At the worst, "a tiny social problem—how does a critic talk to someone whom he has just damned in print?" may arise. It is an argument sometimes contested in this country. So, since I "got to know" Mr. Bradshaw while working with him, let me mute my admiration for his prowess in "Giovanna" by saying simply that he seconded the strengths of his cast, of the Orchestra of St. Luke's, and of the New York Choral Artists in ways that made "a work of brilliant patches" (Julian Budden's phrase for the opera, in his Verdi monograph) consistently exciting; and—since a critic's final concern is with a result, not the reasons for it—reiterate that extensive cuts in a high-priced, metropolitan performance of a rare Verdi opera are unacceptable.

Carnegie Hall's own annual series of opera presentations, in cooperation with Columbia Artists, devised and supervised by Matthew Epstein, aims at the ideal and, by careful casting and long, careful rehearsals, seeks to reach it without corner-cutting. Three Rossini operas were done in 1982-83: "La Donna del Lago," "Semiramide," and "Tancredi," with Marilyn Horne the hero in each. In 1983-84, there were three opéras comiques, with Frederica von Stade: Offenbach's "La Périchole," Massenet's "Chérubin," and Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon." The next season brought Handel: "Orlando," "Ariodante," and "Semele" (plus a fourth opera, "Alessandro," from the Kennedy Center Handel Festival). This year, it is Richard Strauss: "Capriccio," "Intermezzo," and "Daphne."

The "Capriccio," last month, hardly fell into the category of concert opera. It was costumed, fully acted, imaginatively lit, and laid out in a furnished stage space much as a theatre performance might be. The only, not unimportant differences from a stage presentation were that there was no décor—beyond Carnegie Hall's own architecture—to house the scene, and that the orchestra was onstage



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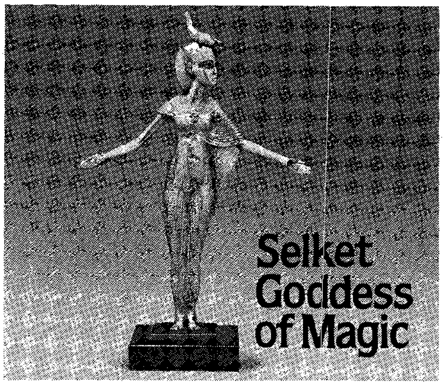

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with the singers. John Cox, who directed Glyndebourne's "Capriccio" in 1973, was again in charge.

"Capriccio," a civilized and constantly engaging piece, closed the long line of autobiographical works in which Strauss considered, and demonstrated, what it means to be a composer. As a young man, he had composed "Feuersnot," a lively, ardent challenge to the conservatism of opera publics. In 1940, when he composed "Capriccio," he was wise, like Hans Sachs, to what was valuable in the old traditions, yet was still as spontaneous and lyrical a creator as Walther von Stolzing. Onto the stage of "Capriccio" he brings a poet, Olivier, and a composer, Flamand, who are both idealists (like the Composer in his "Ariadne auf Naxos"); an impresario, La Roche, who asserts that, above all, the public must be pleased; the famous actress Clairon; ballet dancers; Italian singers. The year is about 1775; at the Opéra, Gluck's reforms are under way. The cast has gathered in the salon of Countess Madeleine, near Paris, to discuss plans for honoring her birthday. Both the poet and the composer are in love with her. Olivier has written a sonnet for her; Flamand sets it to music. The piece wins her heart, but which of them does she love? Words or music, which is more important? The opera ends with the question—although a radiant orchestral interlude introducing the finale has already provided an answer. Meanwhile, the subject has been discussed from every angle. La Roche has announced his plans for a grand theatrical spectacle, all stage effects, and has been howled down by the two young men. In reply, he delivers a magnificent monologue justifying the ways of theatrical managers to creative artists. Eventually, it is decided that the day's events shall be made the subject of a new opera, in which they will play themselves.

That isn't all. Besides the words-or-music argument and its parallel in the poet-composer rivalry, emotional crosscurrents arise from the fact that Olivier was once Clairon's lover and that the Count, Madeleine's brother, is now flirting with her. There is a servants' chorus, as in "Don Pasquale;" a mysterious and touching scene in which the prompter, M. Taupe, who has fallen asleep, emerges to find himself alone in the darkened theatre; a brief dance divertissement; an Italian duet. The opera is bubbling with ideas, and although the people do

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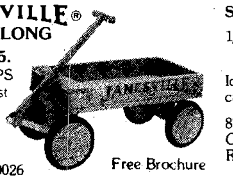

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nothing but talk, it seems to be filled with movement. There are teasing, brilliant allusions—to Gluck, to opera buffa, to Strauss's own works. The overture is a string sextet composed by Flamand, and when the curtain goes up the company is listening to it—or, in La Roche's case, sleeping through it. The intellectual content of the discussions is not profound, but Strauss gives distinction and subtlety to familiar observations by making the points directly in music. More than most operas, "Capriccio" demands quicksilver, attentive following of words and music at once. It is an excellently planned piece—rich, various, and concise. In Grove, Michael Kennedy remarks rightly that none of Strauss's earlier opera scores "is more refined, more translucent, more elegant, more varied and none ends so magically." He compares it to Verdi's "Falstaff."

The Carnegie performance was given in German, which must to some extent have lessened the enjoyment of anyone unversed in that language. (A bilingual libretto was provided, but close attention to that would distract eyes from the actors.) The cast caught the spirit of the piece, played as a fine-tuned ensemble, and at the same time created individual characters. In 1973, Mr. Cox used the décor of Glyndebourne's earlier production but redecorated the eighteenth-century room in a more modern style, matched to the score rather than to the text. The Countess had Braques and Marie Laurencins on her walls. A young Cocteau and Poulenc might have been vying for her affections. The references to Gluck, to meeting Goldoni "last night," to horse-drawn carriages were retained; a piquant "double focus," inherent in the conception of the opera, proved undisturbing. There was a pleasant sense of continuity, of being still concerned with matters that the eighteenth century debated with similar eagerness. In Carnegie, the time was the present. The "triple focus" was somewhat less readily convincing. Felicity Lott, in her American opera début, sang the Countess. She is an intelligent, cultivated artist, with a clear, easy soprano, who moves many people to high enthusiasm. I find something bland—perhaps the word is "English"—about her performances, which keeps my admiration from being wholehearted. Thomas Stewart was a powerful La Roche. (It was his début role, thirty-two years ago, in the American première of "Capriccio," at the Juilliard.) Richard Stilwell's Olivier has matured from the shy, constrained poet at Glyndebourne in 1973 into a darkly passionate yet controlled portrayal. Jerry Hadley's Flamand was less polished, and he sometimes sang too loudly; in this company he seemed callow. The cast included Evelyn Lear (Clairon), Walton Grönroos (the Count), Reri Grist and Chris Merritt (the Italian singers), and Hugues Cuénod (at eighty-three, still a delicate and excellently audible M. Taupe). Jeffrey Tate's conducting was poised, and there were fine details in the playing of the Orchestra of St. Luke's. The "magical" passages one looks forward to in "Capriccio" made rather less than their wonted effect, and the platform disposition—inevitably, when one stage holds both actors and orchestra—often precluded intimate, spur-of-the-moment, blink-of-the-eye adjustments.

VIRGIL THOMSON'S opera "Lord Byron" was given a "staged concert performance" in Alice Tully Hall in December, by the New York Opera Repertory Theatre. "Lord Byron" is also, in essence, a "conversation piece" (Strauss's term for "Capriccio"). I wrote about it at length nine years ago, after a broadcast of the first performance (which was given at the Juilliard in 1972). There have been no other productions. In brief, it is a work decorously controlled but also lively, distinguished by a remarkable ear for the interplay of verbal and musical rhythms, and for poetic inflections transformed into attractive melodies, simple yet subtle. The Tully Hall performance was disappointing, in that it did not proceed from the words. These were largely inaudible. The singers rendered the notes; they didn't bring Thomson's phrases to life. Karen Beardsley (Augusta Leigh), Donna Stephenson (Lady Byron), and Frances Ginsberg (the Countess Guiccioli) were partial exceptions in a large cast that otherwise seemed unable to make sense of its native tongue. The merits of "Lord Byron" have still to be revealed. —ANDREW PORTER

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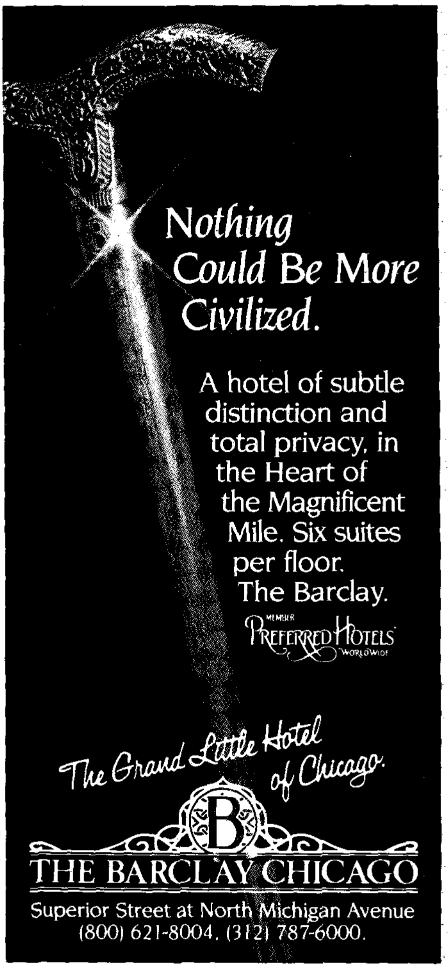
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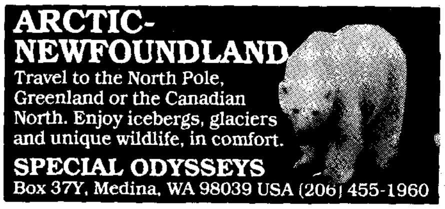
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BOOKS

Latin Strategies

Mario Vargas Llosa, a fifty-year-old Peruvian, has replaced Gabriel García Márquez as the South American novelist for gringos to catch up on; the agreeable impression made here four years ago by the translation of "Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter" was deepened by last year's awed reception of "The War of the End of the World," which won the fifty-thousand-dollar Ritz Hemingway Award in Paris. His newly arrived novel, "The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta" (translated from the Spanish by Alfred Mac Adam; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $16.95), is a dazzling performance—perhaps, it might be offered in cavil, a shade too much of a performance. But never mind; Señor Vargas Llosa has all the moves, and the reader's awareness of the author's virtuosity is in this case woven right into the intricate and suspenseful texture of his tale. In Spanish, the novel is called simply "Historia de Mayta;" the English title reminds one of Nabokov's "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight"—and, whether or not the echo is intentional, Nabokov does keep coming to mind as Vargas Llosa ingeniously, incessantly shuffles past and present, writer and character, "I" and "he," a historical Peru and a futuristic Peru, a mock-documentary manner and the ingenuous camaraderie of the professed fictionist. He begins by describing himself (or a narrator very like him) jogging along Lima's Malecón de Barranco and lamenting to himself the dumping of garbage in this fashionable district, down the cliffs that look toward the sea. "The spectacle of misery was once limited exclusively to the slums, then it spread downtown, and now it is the common property of the whole city, even the exclusive residential neighborhoods—Miraflores, Barranco, San Isidro. If you live in Lima, you can get used to misery and grime, you can go crazy, or you can blow your brains out." A new paragraph marks the next sentence: "But I'm sure Mayta never got used to any of it."

Alejandro Mayta was the narrator's classmate at the Salesian School. A pudgy, awkward boy of humble background, he was unduly sensitive to the beggars and other unfortunates of the Lima streets, and once asked the priest of his Communion class, "Why are there rich and poor people, Father?" The question never rests for him; he goes on a hunger strike, loses his Catholic faith, and becomes a Communist revolutionary—for two decades, a purist of the left who finds doctrinal adequacy in a tiny, seven-man cell of Trotskyites, and then, at the age of forty, an incongruous man of action, a leader of an abortive uprising in the Andes town of Juaja, in 1958. (This chronology, we might observe, puts Mayta's birth in 1918, which makes him and his classmate a generation older than Vargas Llosa, who was born in 1936.) Now, twenty-five years after the uprising, in a Peru supposedly racked by guerrilla warfare and turned into a battlefield by a "Russo-Cuban-Bolivian invasion" and American Marines supporting the ruling junta (fiction, though the conditions to make it plausible exist), the narrator decides to explore the life of Mayta, and to compose a novel based upon the violent events long ago in Juaja. He interviews a number of people around Lima, and in the process gives a good walking tour of the once beautiful viceregal capital, now an overcrowded, filthy, and run-down urban sprawl. These interviews—with Mayta's aunt, with former Trotskyite associates, with radical nuns and a former Stalinist whose paths have crossed Mayta's, and with a woman, Adelaida, whom Mayta, a homosexual, had persuaded to be his wife—all alternate, sometimes several times on a page, with scenes from, as it were, the novel in progress, from Mayta's life in 1958 as the writer imagines it. The double focus is expertly manipulated and sometimes—as when a present-day senator's smooth slanders are interspersed with scenes of his homosexual seduction by Mayta as a young man—provides a stunning stereoptical effect, of lives as they exist in the depths of time. On occasion, Vargas Llosa seems to have too much going all at once, as when the former wife's description of her sham marriage and the fate of the son she conceived with Mayta is played against not only her present marriage, middle-aged self, and dumpy

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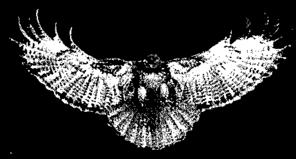

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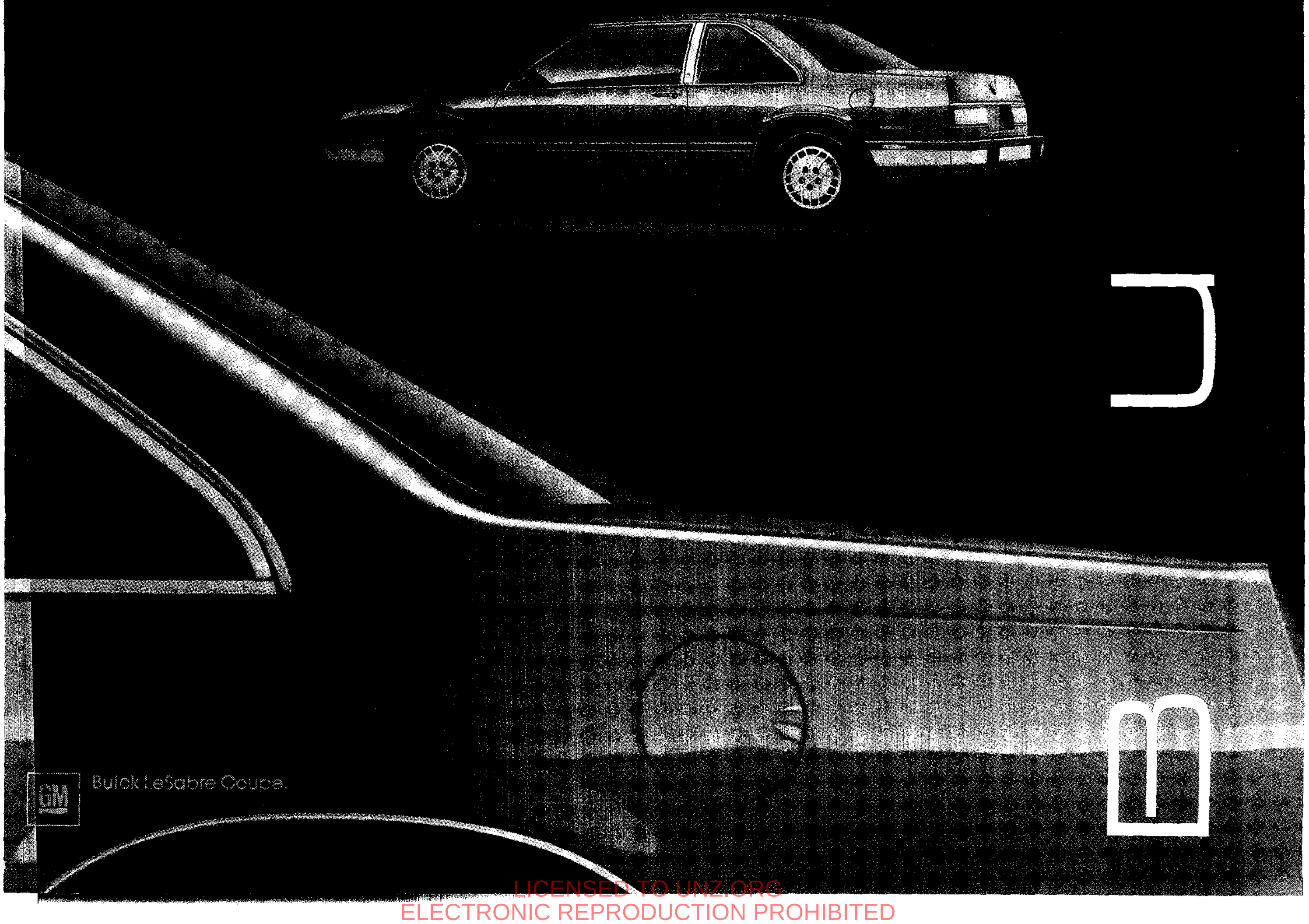

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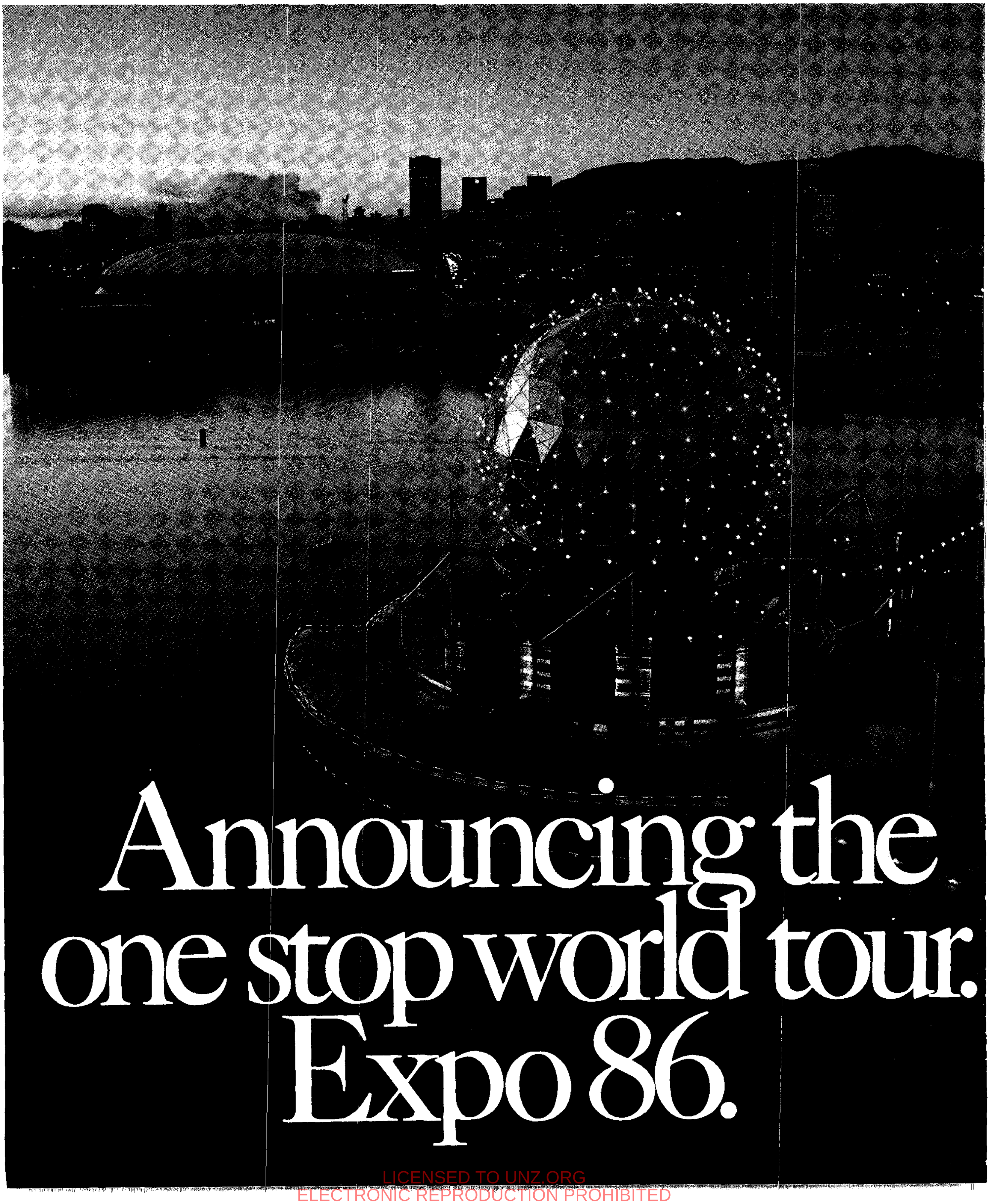


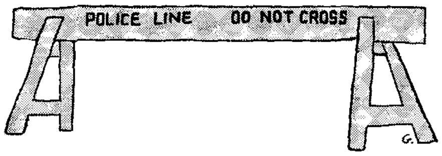
surroundings but an apocalyptic background of the destruction of Cuzco in the imaginary Peruvian war. This science-fiction element, when the plain truth about Peru would be ominous enough, unnecessarily confuses a novel already luxuriantly complex; also, in this chapter the narrator's "I" creeps over into Mayta's consciousness, slipping one more transparency into the overloaded projector. Still, having elected certain instruments, an artist is obliged to use them to the hilt, and all manner of interesting anticipations and retrospections are generated by Vargas Llosa's glinting devices. Generally, any sustained double focus—other examples are Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's "Heat and Dust" and Anne Tyler's "Earthly Possessions"—drains tension from the foreground action; the frequent interruptions emphasize the authorial presence and suggest that all this business exists on an airier level than forward-plodding, one-day-at-a-time reality. However, this novel's climactic chapters, portraying the abortive revolution at Juaja, seamlessly blend the accounts of surviving eyewitnesses with the twenty-five-year-old events, and a fine cinematic momentum is achieved.

Even here, the reader can't ignore the novelist-reporter, a more volatile and accessible character than do-gooding, pedantic, flat-footed (literally) Alejandro Mayta. We are invited to admire, as spontaneously as we admire the handsome, pin-striped hidalgo on the back of the book jacket, the imagination that can conjure up, say, the comic fussiness of a tiny left-wing splinter group in solemn session, or the nauseated feelings of a young wife who discovers that her husband is a homosexual, or the numb exaltation of a citified idealist engaging, while beset with altitude sickness, in a gun battle in the Andes. All wonderfully done, though we are disconcertingly reminded that it might have been done quite otherwise, that art is as arbitrary as truth is relative. The last chapter, like one of those Nabokovian endings wherein the scenery falls away and the cocky puppetmaster faces the audience directly, piles twist upon twist and should be left its provocative surprises. The author (it may not be too much to reveal) engagingly confesses to his character, "This conversation is my final chapter. You can't refuse me now, it would be like taking a cake out of the oven too soon."

The question keeps arising, in the reader's mind and on the printed page, why did our hero (the author) take as his subject this obscure and defeated revolutionary, Alejandro Mayta? Because, the answer suggests itself, the subject is political, and it is the proper and inevitable task of the South American novelist to write politically. As the Vargas Llosa persona explains to an interview subject, "I think the only way to write stories is to start with History—with a capital H." Lima, the city founded by Pizarro, from which Spain administered a continent of gold and slaves, certainly has History; the riddle of Latin-American poverty and unrest and crisis has its answer here if anywhere. The physical degradation of the city is far advanced; ubiquitous garbage begins and ends the novel. The proliferating slums, and even the horrors of the dreadfully overcrowded jail, are remorselessly described. Nor is there a rural idyll to offer contrast or relief. The Indians still flock to the wretched shack cities, from Andean towns like Quero:

> All the houses in Quero had to be like that: no light, no running water, no drainage, and no bath. Flies, lice, and a thousand other bugs must be part of the poor furniture, lords and masters of pots and pelts, of the rustic beds pushed up against the daub-and-wattle walls, of the faded images of the Virgin and of saints nailed to the doors. . . . Yes, Mayta, millions of Peruvians lived in this same grime, in this same abandonment, amid their own urine and excrement, without light or water, living the same vegetable life, the same animal routine . . .

Some reviewers in the United States have taken "The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta" to be a satire on left-wing commitment. It is true, comedy and even farce are found in the ineffectuality of the seven-man Trotskyite cell, utterly isolated with its strenuous jargon from the masses it seeks to educate and liberate, and in the inadequacies of Mayta's uprising, whose main troops consist of seven schoolboys, who, failing to learn the "Internationale," instead sing a school song and the national anthem as they bounce along in the revolution's solitary truck. But, Vargas Llosa seems to say, a revolutionary seed *is* planted that day, amid all the absurdity; and in any case the need for a change shouts out on all sides, in the circumambient misery and disorder. His is a model of the most that political fiction can be: a description of actual social conditions and a delineation of personalities motivated by political concerns. Such motivation, of course, comes mixed with sexual and other intimate, clouded motives; yet it exists. All the political-minded interviewees are left-wingers; there are no junta spokesmen, or intransigent landowners, or fresh-faced *norteamericanos* insidiously urging the virtues of free enterprise. But in his shrewd and lively portraits of Peruvian lawyers and barbers and storekeepers Vargas Llosa catches well enough the tone of the cagey, improvising citizenry that makes do with a system and, having made do, resists sweeping change. The conservative inertia of a society is suggested, while its agitators are dramatized. The dozens of little anticlimactic careers sketched in the margins of Alejandro's own anticlimactic career persuasively imply the limits of human protoplasm and the defeat that awaits each dreaming, idealistic organism. If the novel has a moral, it might be, as a Peruvian bureaucrat tells the narrator, "When you start looking for purity in politics, you eventually get to unreality."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The intelligence of Mario Vargas Llosa plays above the sad realities and unrealities with a coolness that should be distinguished from Nabokov's hermetically aesthetic ardor and Gabriel García Márquez's surreal fever. These two write prose that crests in poetic passages; whereas Vargas Llosa, to judge from this translation, writes in a way that is always adequately evocative but never spectacular. In the three hundred pages there is scarcely a simile. We are told that Mayta's splayed feet "looked like clock hands permanently set at ten minutes to two," and the sound of rats in the ceiling stirs the prose to this flourish: "Just then, they heard above their heads tiny sounds: light, multiple, invisible, repugnant, shapeless. For a few seconds it seemed like an earthquake." Vargas Llosa is a great noter of the undermining sensation, the private cross-current: Mayta all through his day of violent revolution struggles against the dizzying, thumping symptoms of mountain sickness, and during his crucial hearing within his Trotskyite cell he "felt that the pile of *Workers Voice* he was sitting on had begun to tip over and he thought how ridiculous it would be if he slipped and took a fall." This is one of the few novels I have read where the characters, in the midst of fighting for their lives, catch colds, as people

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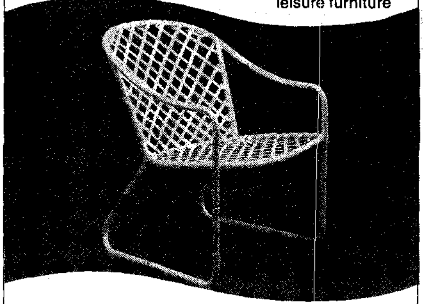

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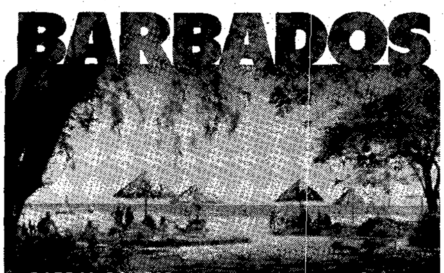

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do. I wish the translator had suppressed the rhyme in this rendering: "Yes, the small man in his vest and hat, surrounded by guerrillas, ducking bullets being fired by guards from up in the mountains, begins to sneeze. Trying to put the squeeze on him, I ask . . ." And he disturbingly translates "*josefinos*"—the small boys from the Colegio San José who are meant to run errands for Mayta's revolution and who end by carrying its rifles—as "joeboys," a word I found in no dictionary but one of American slang, where it is defined as "the male counterpart of a flapper," and ascribed to "subdeb use" circa 1941.

ALMOST the only rich character alluded to in the tangled history of Alejandro Mayta is called Fuentes. It may be a coincidence, but the real Carlos Fuentes is indeed rich in acclaim and honors, on both sides of the border; he is Mexico's best-known novelist. His commendable determination to comprehend both his native land and the United States (where he now lives, in Boston) and his generous desire to explain one to the other make me regret my opinion that his new novel, "The Old Gringo" (translated from the Spanish by Margaret Sayers Peden and the author; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95), is a very stilted effort, static and wordy, a series of tableaux costumed in fustian and tinted a kind of sepia I had not thought commercially available since the passing of Stephen Vincent Benét:

> . . . the others blindly remembering the long spans and vast spaces on both sides of the wound that to the north opened like *the Rio Grande itself rushing down from* steep canyons, as far up as the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, islands in the deserts of the north, ancient lands of the Pueblos, the Navajos and Apaches, hunters and peasants only half subdued by Spain's adventures in the New World, they, from the lands of Chihuahua and the Rio Grande, both seemed to die here, on this high plain where a group of soldiers for a few seconds held the pose of the Pietà, dazed by what they'd done and by an accompanying compassion, until the Colonel broke the spell . . .

Some spell. We are asked to believe that Ambrose Bierce—perhaps the least appealing figure of enduring worth in American literature—joined up with Pancho Villa in 1914; this has been often rumored, but the verifiable facts show only that he disappeared into Mexico in 1913. Bierce, in Fuentes's fantasy, crosses the Chihuahua desert and becomes an instant father figure both to Tomás Arroyo, a young rebel general who has returned to destroy the Miranda hacienda where he, the illegitimate son of the owner, was raised as a peasant, and to Harriet Winslow, a thirty-year-old schoolteacher from Fourteenth Street in Washington, D.C., who has arrived to give English lessons to the Miranda children, not knowing that the entire family has suddenly and shrewdly departed. Harriet's biological father, we are often reminded, was an Army captain who supposedly died in Cuba but, by another interpretation, surreptitiously lived right over on Sixteenth Street, sleeping with a black woman in the basement of a derelict mansion. Bierce, meanwhile, the old gringo, just wants to die, if only to get away from William Randolph Hearst, who has been employing him off and on for twenty years. He marches straight into enemy fire, but it doesn't touch him; finally, he has to court death by burning the precious papers—"papers as brittle as old silk," a grant from the Spanish Crown—that prove to Tomás Arroyo his legitimate claim to the hacienda and its acreage. While waiting for their sour spiritual father to rig this roundabout suicide, General Arroyo and Miss Winslow take note of each other, and she is not too much the embodiment of interfering North American Puritanism ("Look at them, what these people need is education, not rifles. A good scrubbing, followed by a few lessons on how we do things in the United States, and you'd see an end to this chaos") to do some fancy rutting in the General's railway carriage, while thinking sweet nothings like "damn the ugly greaser." From these earthy moments (the lowest point comes when "he kissed her again, entombed in her mouth as in a cellar of menacing dogs") the prose beats upward to such flights as "If it is necessary, our atomized consciousness invents love, imagines it or feigns it, but does not live without it, since in the midst of infinite dispersion, love, even if as a pretext, gives us the measure of our loss." There is much similar rumination, leavened by a smattering of overheard Hemingway ("Harriet looked at the old gringo exactly as he wanted to be looked at before he died"), a neat trick or two ("Each closed his fists over the other's;" "From the middle of the silent throng of sombreros and rebozos emerged those gray eyes fighting to retain a sense of their own identity, of personal dignity and courage in the midst of the vertiginous terror of the unexpected"), lots of phlegm and ochre dust, and dialogue of the noblest cardboard:

> “No, I’ll never forget,” General Frutos García told his friends after the Revolution, after the former colonel was promoted, to make amends this way for Villa’s defeat and unite the many factions of the Revolution. “The gringo had come looking for death, nothing more. What he was finding, though, was glory—and the bitter fruit of glory, envy.”

The Greek chorus of talk about the central figure (“The old gringo came to Mexico to die;” “Yes sir, you could see ‘farewell’ in his eyes”) doesn’t bring Ambrose Bierce to life; nor does the occasional paraphrase of one of his stories. He doesn’t even have a sense of humor, this writer of a thousand sardonic jokes. He remains a fist clenched upon nothing, upon the announced intention to die, as Harriet Winslow and Tomás Arroyo remain clenched around a few stylized, heavily insistent memories. The most vivid and least programmatic pages of “The Old Gringo” portray a middle-class Mexican woman’s reaction to a sudden onslaught of rebel forces; these kindle an unforced interest and power, as if taking by surprise Fuentes’s stiff army of symbols. But generally the only thing moving in this sere landscape is the author’s mind as it spiders among his checkpoints, thickening the web of mirrors and keys and Oedipal fixations.

On the back of the book jacket the author states, “I have lived with this story for a long time.” He conceived it forty years ago, wrote the first ten pages in 1964, and took it up again for a month in 1970. He held the inspiration and its emblematic figures too long in his head, perhaps; they became petrified. Although the novel goes through the motions of establishing geographical and historical authenticity, we learn little about Mexico we didn’t know after seeing “The Treasure of Sierra Madre” and “Viva Zapata!” The glimpses of Washington, and Harriet’s life there, seem more animated, more exciting to the writer, than the horde of rebel Mexicans, with their slit eyes and terse mutterings. Revolution, which in Vargas Llosa’s book figured as a refracted complexity of mini-events and psychological shadows, has become in “The Old Gringo” a stock phantasmagoria the writer has sought to enrich with portentous Freudianism. Apropos of international as well as personal relations, Fuentes makes a point —“Did you know we are all the ob-

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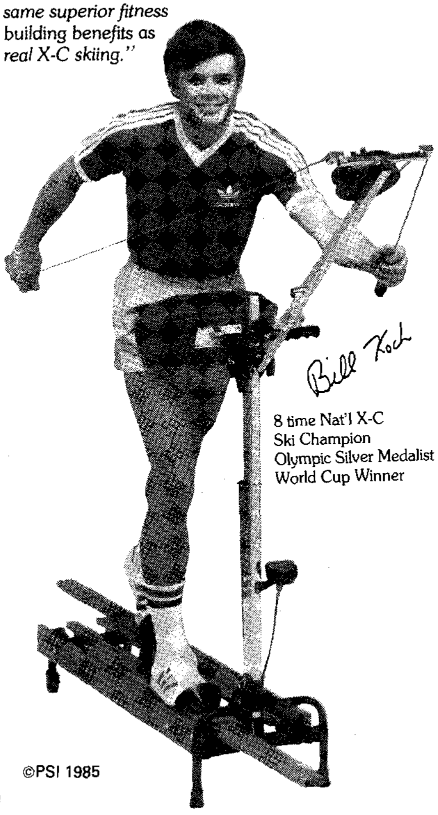

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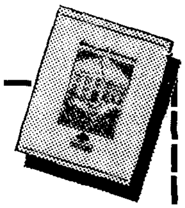

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ject of another's imagination?"—not far from the point of Vargas Llosa's ambiguous mock researches. But in the Peruvian novel the details are seen in a constantly changing light, by a restless intelligence. Fuentes is certainly intelligent, but his novel lacks intelligence in the sense of a speaking mind responsively interacting with recognizable particulars. Its dreamlike and betranced glaze, its brittle grotesquerie do not feel intrinsic or natural; its surrealism has not been earned by any concentration on the real. Latin-American surrealism has enchanted the globe, but its freedoms cannot be claimed as a matter of course. Mere mannerism results. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

POPPIE NONGENA, by Elsa Joubert, translated from the Afrikaans by the author (Norton; $15.95). Elsa Joubert shifts nimbly between first-person and third-person narratives as she reconstructs ironical, telling scenes of the harsh life of a woman of the Xhosa people of South Africa: from an Afrikaans lullaby she sang as a child around the time of the second of "the two great white people wars" to a funeral song rehearsed by fearless Cape Town schoolchildren born years after the pass laws were invented. In between is the chronic anxiety of being the wife, and then the widow, of a migrant worker in Cape Town. Near the end, black "city-borners" and "homelanders" burn and stone each other—proving, tragically, that "the big daddy who's in charge," as one of Poppie's brothers calls him, was right when he said that "unity makes strength." This book was first published, in South Africa, in 1978.

WILD BANANAS, by Sandra Thompson (Atlantic Monthly Press; $15.95). On the first page of this rueful first novel, a bride is carried across a threshold. On the last page, a divorcée crosses it alone. The intervening pages are about a wife—whose husband is a law student—during the intervening months. A pair of shoes that pinch her feet become a symbol of her misery, and a trip to a shoe store becomes a declaration of war. Sandra Thompson, who graduated from college in 1965, sets her story in Birmingham in 1966—a time and place in which nobody wonders why husbands do not do clerical work or make casseroles while their wives study torts.

THE COMPLETE SHORTER FICTION OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, edited by Susan Dick (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $16.95). Susan Dick cites Chekhov and De Quincey in her introduction, and Virginia Woolf salutes George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë in one of her pre-1914, "apprentice," pieces, but "Tristram Shandy" and Albert Einstein spring to mind as Mrs. Woolf probes the implications of the fact that "the precious stuff of which books are made lies all about one . . . and accumulates with every tick of the clock." Some of these forty-six sketches and stories, written between 1906 and 1941, can be considered speculative exercises set almost between ticks; but even "Kew Gardens" (1919), which illustrates relativity, in a way, by spanning a small time and space in the life of a snail, has nightmarish implications. (Mrs. Woolf will face them in "Scenes from the Life of a British Naval Officer," twelve years later.) "Speech is an old torn net," a skeptic says in the next story, "through which the fish escape as one casts it over them." In her net of written words Mrs. Woolf catches that torn net and more. Susan Dick has done well to arrange the collection chronologically; isolating the seventeen previously unpublished pieces, say, or the ones that mention Mrs. Dalloway would have obscured the evolution of Mrs. Woolf's vision, and of her despair. In the last piece, "The Watering Place," she sees a seaside spa as a fish skeleton full of empty shells.

GENERAL

THE CASE OF THE BAFFLED RADICAL, by Harold Rosenberg (Chicago; $25). A volume of previously uncollected essays and interviews, which originated in such journals as *Partisan Review*, *ARTnews*, *The New York Review of Books*, and *The New Yorker*, and which the author was compiling at the time of his death, in 1978. The book is divided into two sections. The first is headed "Unfinished Works and Fugitive Essays," and contains pieces on a wide range of topics. "All About Everything," the second section, deals with art and artists, and includes interviews with painters and transcripts of public discussions. Rosenberg the writer and thinker, it may well turn out, was as important as Rosenberg the critic of art. He had a shining intelligence and a fluent, astringent style, and he took a surgeon's approach to aesthetic cant and to sloppy thinking in general. The sociopolitical pieces in this collection—on Watergate, German and Nazi war guilt, liberalism versus conservatism—are brilliant commentaries, and they make plain the loss the world suffered at his death, and how useful a man he would have been to have around in the last few years.

Estrangement: America and the World, edited by Sanford J. Ungar (Oxford; $19.95). Twelve essays drawn from a symposium sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Some are historical, others are economic, and still others are psychological or philosophical, but all agree that the United States' dominance after the Second World War was a temporary phenomenon and that this country has not yet found appropriate responses to the relative diminution of its power. The editor mentions several recent small instances of our insensitivity (such as our refusal to support the World Health Organization's efforts to arrive at international standards for baby formula) as symptoms of the way we have become estranged or alienated even from our friends. The contributors do not hold all other nations and all foreign statesmen blameless, but the emphasis is primarily on America's failure to understand other nations' problems as well as its own. Lester C. Thurow succinctly points out that "America's political and military allies are at the same time its economic competitors. . . . But, ironically, America's greatest military competitor, the Soviet Union, cannot threaten it economically." This country's future task is perhaps best summed up by J. Bryan Hehir: "The challenge today is to move . . . from the fact of interdependence to the formulation of rules and institutions for the management of interdependence."

A Testament of Hope: The Essential Writings of Martin Luther King, Jr., edited by James M. Washington (Harper & Row; $22.50). A six-hundred-and-fifty-page compilation of speeches, sermons, and articles, and of interviews and press conferences, in which Dr. King articulated his philosophy of

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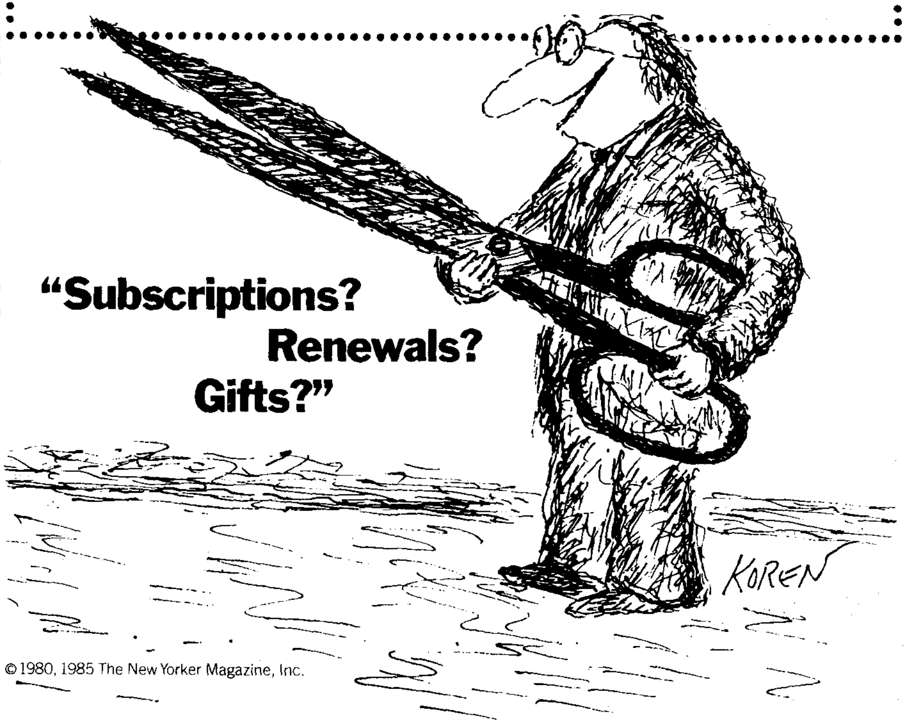
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nonviolent direct action to right great wrongs. The pieces range chronologically over an eleven-year period, from a sermon preached in Montgomery, Alabama, at the outset of his struggle for social justice, to the last speech—"I See the Promised Land"—which he delivered in Memphis, Tennessee, on the eve of his assassination. Included is his now famous "Letter from Birmingham City Jail." The eloquence of Dr. King's public oratory is well known. This book reveals the breadth and depth of his philosophical thinking, his tough-mindedness, and the sophistication and forensic skill that he could bring to argument.

THE GREATEST CRUSADE, by Richard Hough (Morrow; $17.95). The jacket line of this narrow slice of history reads "The Maritime Aspects of Both World Wars As Personified in the Friendship of Two Great Men," and no second sight is required to guess that the men in question are Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy from 1913 to 1920, and Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1911 to 1915, and again in 1939. Mr. Hough suggests that the two men's naval backgrounds made their wartime relationship closer than it might otherwise have been. This notion is less a thesis than an excuse for retelling a number of primarily naval anecdotes of both wars, but Mr. Hough is an accomplished, knowledgeable storyteller, and his chatty book is a spotlight on history from an unusual direction.

NEMESIS, by Donald Goldsmith (Walker; $15.95). There are few subjects in recent science that have captured as much general interest as the problem of the extinction of the dinosaurs, some sixty-five million years ago. One view is that the extinction was sudden, occurring when a comet slammed into the earth and caused a prehistoric version of "nuclear winter"—a rapid dropping of the earth's temperature as the debris raised by the collision obscured the sun. It is even claimed that such collisions have occurred periodically—every twenty-six million years. Whatever the merits of any particular theory, anyone with the remotest interest in the problem should read this book. It is a model of how to write for

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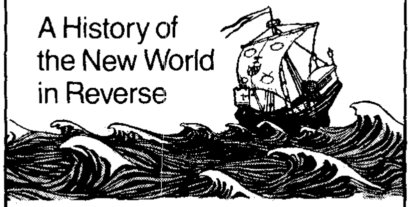

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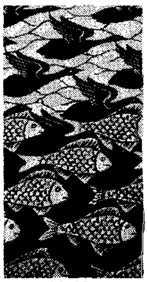

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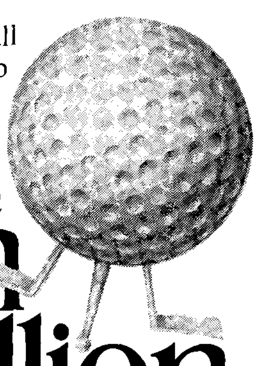
laypeople on a very speculative branch of science. Dr. Goldsmith has an open mind, and he presents the arguments for and against each idea with just the right balance of humor and seriousness.

THE BOOK OF MUSICAL ANECDOTES, by Norman Lebrecht (Free Press; $19.95). Mr. Lebrecht, who writes about music for the London *Sunday Times*, has brought together seven hundred and eighty-six anecdotes involving musicians or composers which are intended, he writes, "to put a human face on a millennium of music." Here is a sample: Toscanini played cello at the première of Verdi's "Otello." "Returning to Parma some days later, he reached home at night and found his mother asleep in bed. He shook her awake. '"Otello" is a masterpiece!' he shouted. 'Get on your knees, mother, and say "Viva, Verdi!"' " Here is another: Rossini, in a note of thanks to Baron Rothschild for a gift of hothouse grapes, wrote, "Splendid though your grapes certainly are, I don't take my wine in pills." And another: Sir Thomas Beecham was asked if he had heard any Stockhausen. " 'No,' he replied. 'But I believe I have trodden in some.' "

THE ROME OF ALEXANDER VII, 1655-1667, by Richard Krautheimer (Princeton; $25). In his earlier "Rome: Profile of a City, 312-1308," Mr. Krautheimer covered a thousand years of architectural history in one giant step. He here examines a mere dozen years, but what a dozen years they were! They very largely produced the look of Rome that we see today. We owe to the inspired, if far from humble, Pope Alexander VII (and to his willing architects—notably Bernini) the whole or most of such urban architectural glories as the Piazza S. Pietro, the Piazza del Pantheon, the Piazza Colonna, the Piazza della Minerva (with its obelisk-bearing elephant), the Piazza del Popolo, the salvaged Pyramid of Cestius, the route of the Via del Corso, the Sapienza and its magnificent S. Ivo. Mr. Krautheimer's text—lean, vigorous, and occasionally ironic—is beautifully complemented by more than a hundred photographs and drawings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ENDLESS GAME, by Bryan Forbes (Random House; $17.95). The ti-



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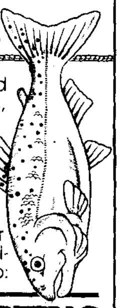

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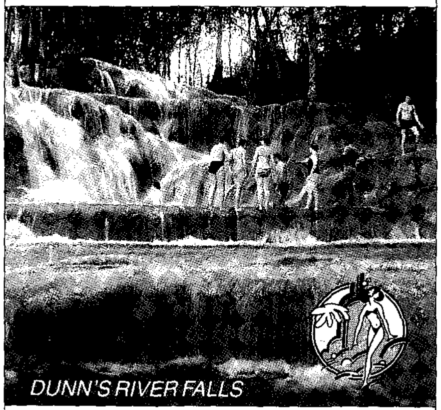

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tle refers, of course, to the business of espionage, but it might also apply to the flood of fictions that espionage has inspired since the days of John Buchan. Mr. Forbes' story is solidly in the tradition: it examines once again the apparent ease with which members of the British upper class in positions of public trust are subverted by the Soviets. But if the model is familiar the use of it is not. We begin with the murder (most grisly) in an English nursing home of an English woman spy returned home in an almost comalike state after intensive Russian interrogation. Apparently, somebody feared that her practically burned-out brain still retained a dangerous ember. A fellow-agent, once her lover, involves himself in the investigation, and the game is irresistibly afoot. Mr. Forbes, a distinguished film director ("Séance on a Wet Afternoon"), moves his narrative with cinematic precision: every scene acts, and interacts with every other; every character is photographically alive. He is also an interesting writer, with a tone suggesting Graham Greene in the days of his "entertainments." And he has, as well, a sense of fun: "There were no great expectations; it was the worst of times."

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK, by John Minahan (Norton; $13.95). A rapist—brutal and kinky, intelligent and dazzlingly handsome—is on the loose in Manhattan, and because the fellow also often robs his victims Mr. Minahan's reliable Detective John (Little John) Rawlings, of the Nineteenth Precinct robbery detail, is assigned to the case. Rawlings tells us, in his jaunty and oddly sensitive style, just how it went. It is a genuinely gripping narrative, with some striking asides, made all the more interesting by the author's apparent familiarity with current police procedures.

•

In the third quarter, five technical fouls were called on the Lakers. Earvin (Magic) Johnson received the final two and was ejected ejected—the first time that has happened at any level of his career.—*The Times.*

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•

In 1966, Ronald Reagan was elected ggverfgr gf Cadafgrfaa.—*Fayetteville (Ark.) Northwest Arkansas Times.*

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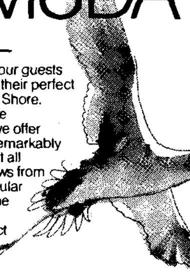

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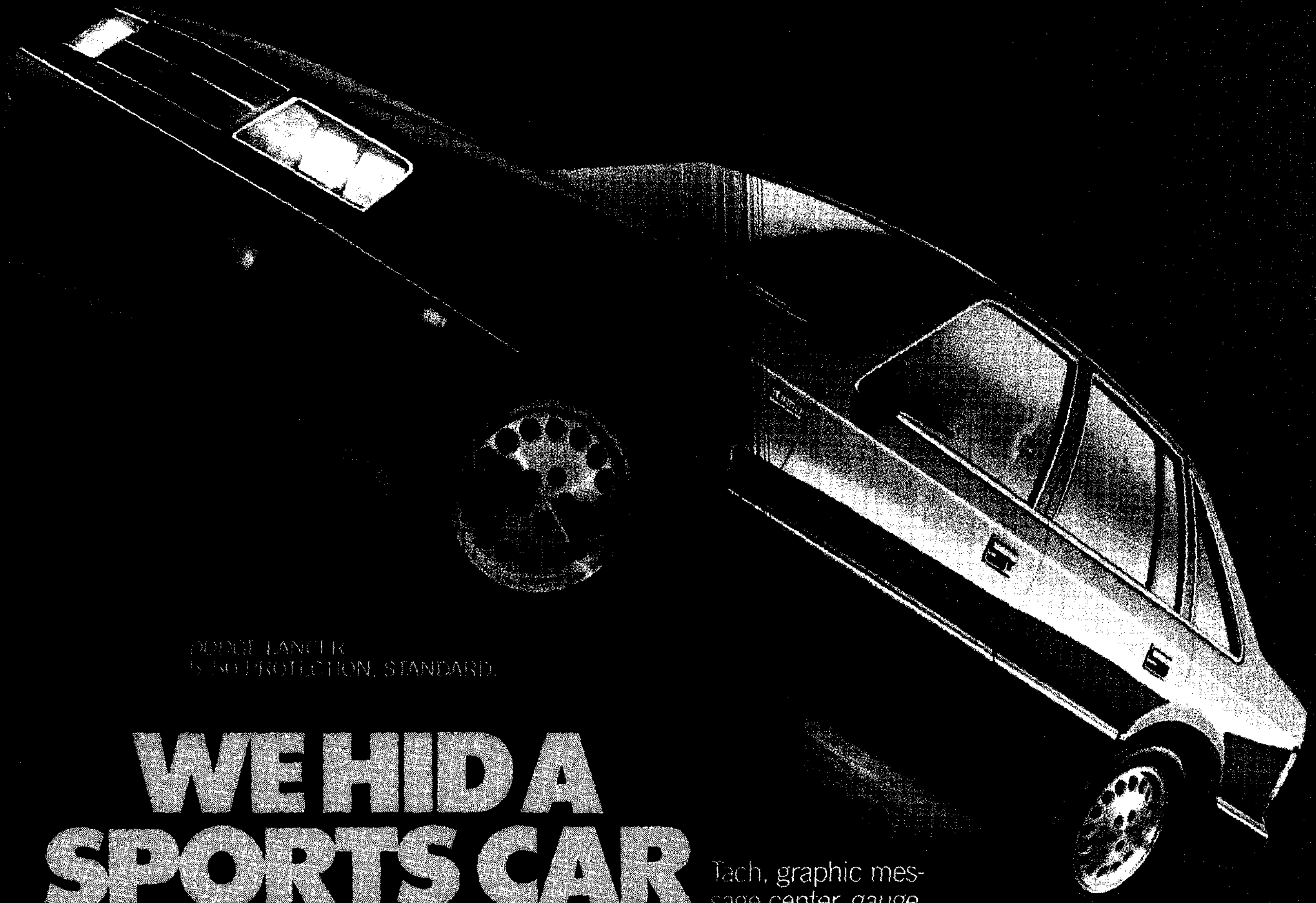

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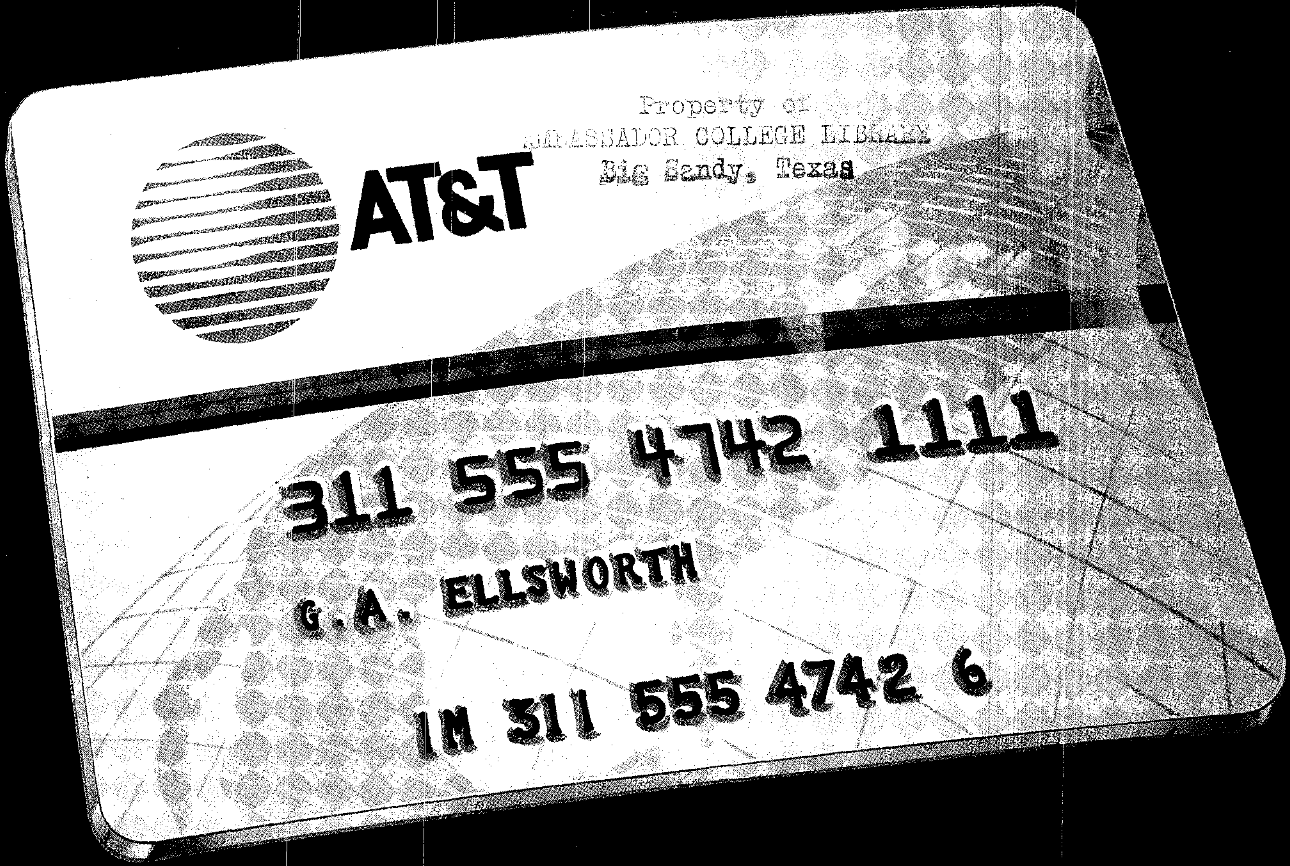

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